FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Saturday Review World

November 30, 1974

CHINA'S LOST GENERATION

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas
NON-CIRCULATING

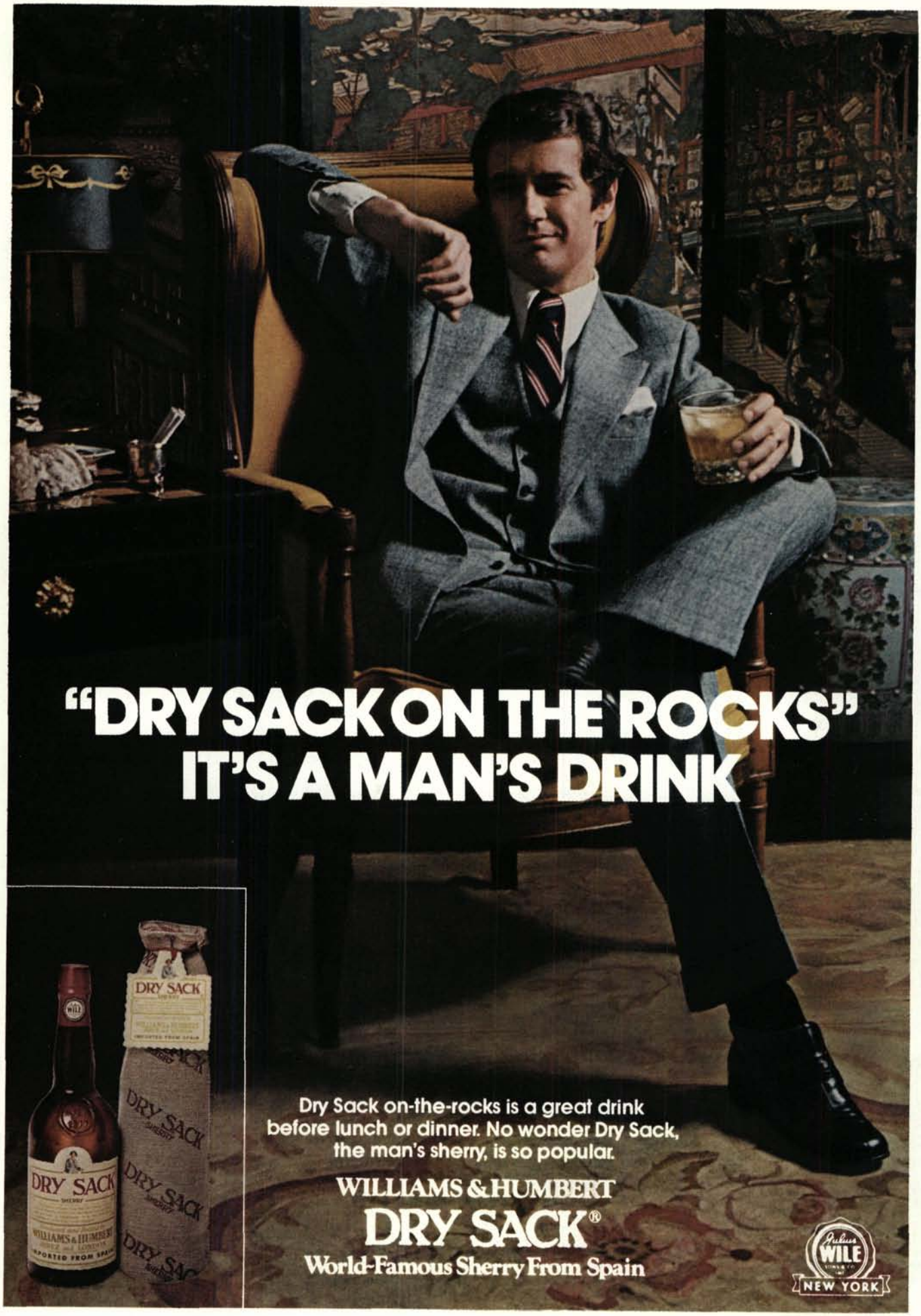
HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS

Pablo Picasso

From Goodbye Picasso
by David Douglas Duncan

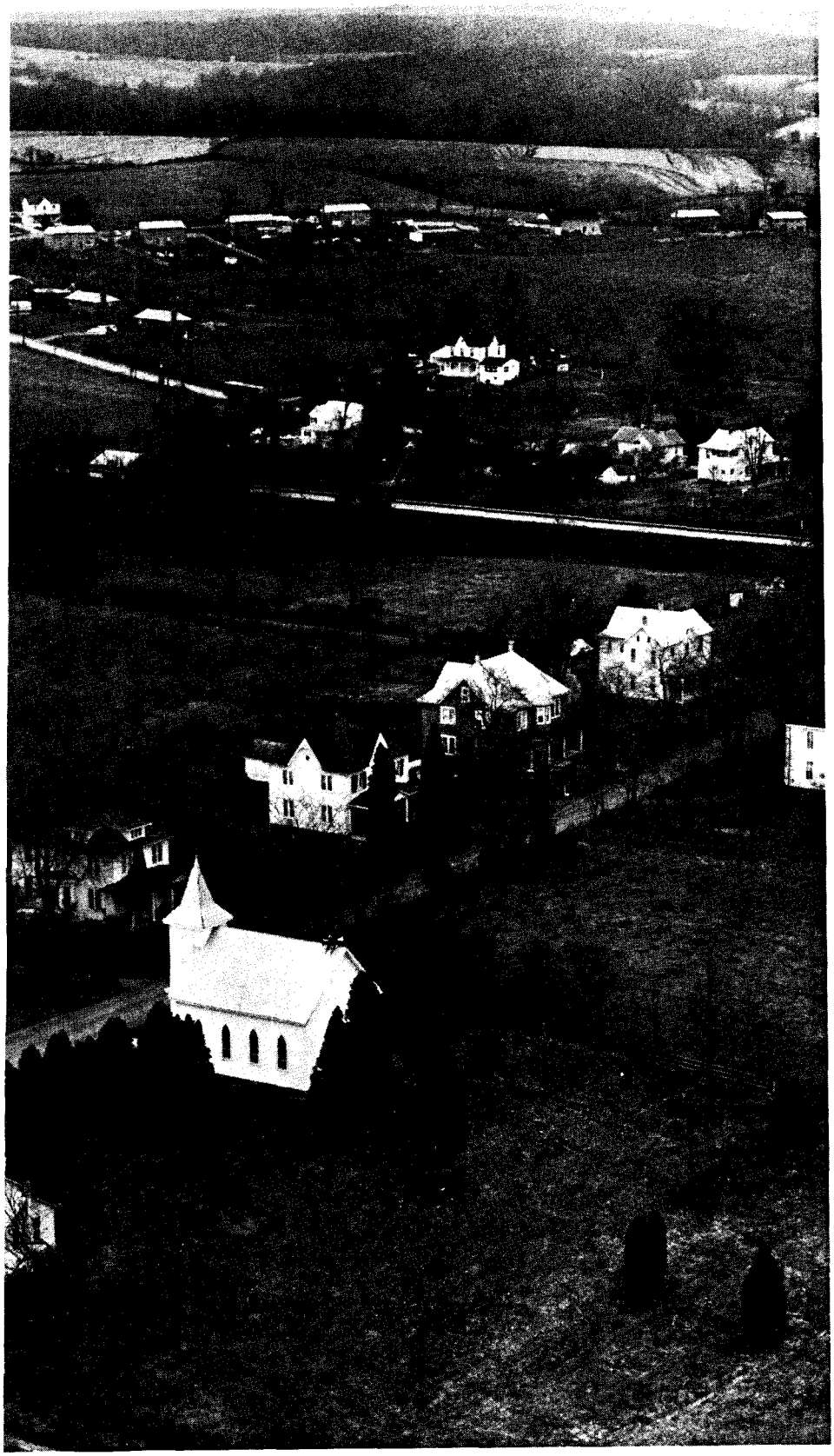
4JD R75755774PRIAMB97EZ
PRIODICALS DEPT
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BX 111
BIG SANDY TX 757

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


"DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS"
IT'S A MAN'S DRINK
DRY SACK
Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink
before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack,
the man's sherry, is so popular.
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK®
World-Famous Sherry From Spain
Julius WILE
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rural America . . .
Land of Many Faces



1,700,000 miles

That's one way to measure the sweep of rural America—supplier of food and raw material for a nation . . . new home for crowd-weary citizens . . . expansion room for commerce and industry.

That's how far our lines extend to serve consumers in 2,600 of the nation's 3,141 counties—an average of only four consumers per mile . . . over mountains and deserts, rolling prairie, hills and valleys.

Rural America is our home. We grew up with it, and its values—pride in doing one's best, willingness to tackle the most difficult tasks—values that have served us well.

Only 40 years ago we were called upon to light the nation's countryside. Now, as the energy crisis challenges our resourcefulness, we continue to apply those basic values to the development of a national energy policy that puts consumers' interests first, foremost, and final.

Our success is not measured in miles of line . . . but in service to people.

We have a big job . . . but then, we work for a big country.

America's Rural Electric Systems

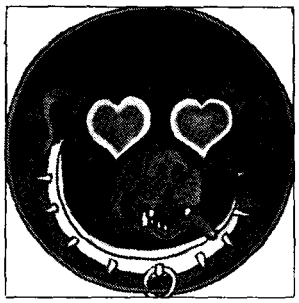
RE

We care . . . we're consumer owned
®

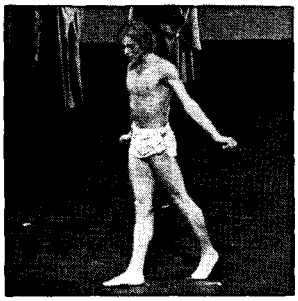
National Rural Electric Cooperative Association/2000 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Page 12



Page 26



Page 40

November 30, 1974

FEATURES

4 Editorial by *N.C.*

6 Guest Editorial *by George C. McGhee*

7 Letters From Readers

8 World Progress Report

10 Report From Dundee *by Roland Gelatt*
Scottish nationalism, long quiescent, is flaring anew.

36 Diversions *by Leo Rosten*

37 World Environment Newsletter

39 Curmudgeon-at-Large *by Cleveland Amory*

58 Light Refractions *by Thomas H. Middleton*

ARTICLES

12 China's Lost Generation: The Fate of the Red Guards Since 1968 *by Miriam London and Ivan D. London*
Their crusade ended, Mao's now-embittered and disenchanted "little generals" rankle in rustic exile.

BOOKS

20 Books for Christmas Giving *by Anne Hollander*
A sampling of holiday-season art and picture books, many of them undeniably beautiful possessions at undeniably high prices.

26 Children's Books: The Best of the Fall Season *by William Cole*

30 Just Looking: A Pre-Christmas Roundup of Picture Books *by Margaret R. Weiss*

MUSIC

40 Britten's "Death in Venice," Live and Recorded *by Irving Kolodin*

40 New, Giftworthy, and Previously Unrecorded *by Irving Kolodin*

TRAVEL

45 Two for Tee *by Horace Sutton*

SCIENCE SUPPLEMENT

49 Who in Government Is Watching? *by Albert Rosenfeld*

50 The Strange Case of the Painted Mice *by Barbara Yuncker*
A young dermatologist's unexplained impulse to alter research evidence halts a promising career and tarnishes the reputation of a leading cancer-research institute.

54 The Mid-Atlantic Ridge: Window on the Earth's Core *by Alan Anderson, Jr.*
Geologists aboard the Alvin *scour the seafloor for clues to the movement of continents.*

GAMESMANSHIP

36 Literary Crypt No. 22

39 Wit Twister No. 35

59 Double-Crostic No. 62

Cover photograph by David Douglas Duncan

Cartoonists: Earl W. Engleman, Joseph Farris, John Kane, V. Gene Myers, Joseph Sabo, William P. Hoest, Malcolm Hancock, Richard McCallister

SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD published bi-weekly by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Board of Directors: Eli Black, Benjamin J. Buttenwieser, Nathan Cohn, Norman Cousins, S. Spencer Grin, Rev. Donald S. Harrington, Joseph S. Iseman, Philip M. Klutznick, David F. Linowes, Cecilia DeGolyer McGhee, George C. McGhee, Patsy R. Nasher, Raymond D. Nasher, Leo Nevas, Carl Schaeffer. Norman Cousins, President; S. Spencer Grin, Executive Vice-President; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice-President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Senior Vice-President; Roland Gelatt, Editorial Vice-President; Joseph S. Iseman, Corporate Vice-President and Secretary; Lyn White, Vice-President, Corporate Relations; T. Swift Lockard, Vice-President, Marketing; Robert A. Burghardt, Vice-President of Advertising Services; Advertising Sales—Terry Gwyn, Fraser S. Howe, Joseph Luyber, William H. Pearson, Richard Walsh; Director of Advertising Services, Robert Ziegler; Advertising Production: Joan Grant; Advertising Representatives—Western Region, R. J. Friedman Associates, Inc., 5643 Lemona Avenue, Van Nuys, Calif. 91411; Midwestern Region Joseph Wall & Associates, 400 Ascot Drive, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068; Southeastern Region, James A. Kridel, Inc., 7600 Red Road (Suite 215—A), Miami, Fla. 33143; Circulation Director, George Reeves; Fulfillment Manager, James Hoagland; Classified Advertising Manager, Charlotte Henkel; Accounting Department, Dave Freed, Barbara Levasseur; Advertising Administration, Barbara Harmon; Administrative Assistant to the President, Emily Suesskind; Administrative Assistants, Marion McAvoy, Dorothy Murray, Dorothy Re, Mary Swift, Jean Winters. Subscription price in U.S. and its possessions: one year—$12; two years—$20; three years—$25 (all other countries—additional postage $2 per year). Vol. 2, No. 6, November 30, 1974. Back issues are $1 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.

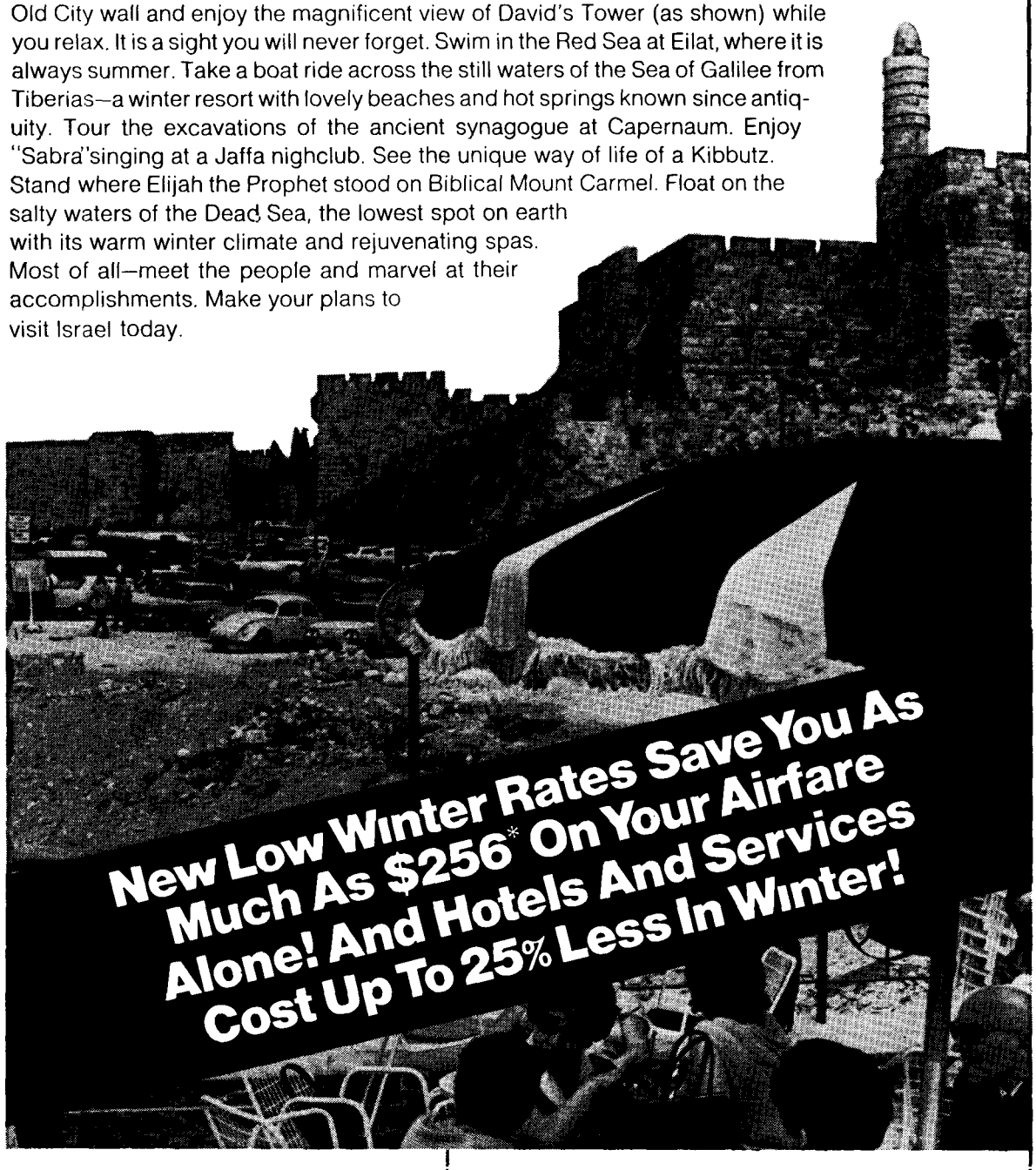
© 1974 by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., assumes no responsibility for any non-commissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD Magazine, P.O. Box 2043, Rock Island, Ill. 61206, or phone Ms. André, 319-732-3451.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF ISRAEL

JOIN OVER 200,000 AMERICANS VISITING ISRAEL THIS YEAR FOR THE VACATION OF A LIFETIME! There is so much to see and do in Israel. Your choices are endless. Visit Jerusalem, the most inspiring city on earth. Pause in a charming cafe near the Old City wall and enjoy the magnificent view of David's Tower (as shown) while you relax. It is a sight you will never forget. Swim in the Red Sea at Eilat, where it is always summer. Take a boat ride across the still waters of the Sea of Galilee from Tiberias—a winter resort with lovely beaches and hot springs known since antiquity. Tour the excavations of the ancient synagogue at Capernaum. Enjoy "Sabra"singing at a Jaffa nighclub. See the unique way of life of a Kibbutz. Stand where Elijah the Prophet stood on Biblical Mount Carmel. Float on the salty waters of the Dead Sea, the lowest spot on earth with its warm winter climate and rejuvenating spas. Most of all—meet the people and marvel at their accomplishments. Make your plans to visit Israel today.



*Comparison is based on lowest available winter fare—10 day round trip vs. lowest available summer fare—2 weeks round trip—from New York. Rates effective Nov. 1, 1974. Subject to government approval.

VISIT ISRAEL NOW

For information about travel to Israel fill out and mail coupon or *contact your local travel agent.*

VISIT ISRAEL NOW

The Israel Government Tourist Office
488 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me information on travel to Israel this winter.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ S

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review **World**

Managing Editor
Peter Young

International Editor
Roland Gelatt

Editorial Director
Horace Sutton

Executive Editor
Richard L. Tobin

Lively Arts Editor
Hollis Alpert

Music Editor
Irving Kolodin

Senior Editors
Hallowell Bowser • Roger M. Williams

Editors-at-Large
U Thant • R. Buckminster Fuller • J. Robert Moskin

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Cleveland Amory • Frank Appleton
James Cass • John Ciardi • William Cole
Henry Hewes • Fairfield W. Hoban • Katharine Kuh
Thomas H. Middleton • Albert Rosenfeld • Leo Rosten
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss

Art Director
Judith Adel

Editor — Norman Cousins

Publisher — S. Spencer Grin

Chairman, Board
of Directors — George C. McGhee

Copy Editor
Michael Schrader

Book Review Editor
Susan Heath

Assistant Art Director
Pauline Ann Girard

Assistant Editors
Sharon Fass • Dena Kaye
Susan Schiefelbein

Associate Publisher
Marketing
T. Swift Lockard, Jr.

Controller
Nathan Cohn

Associate Publisher
Corporate Relations
Lyn White

Vice-Chairman
Walter H. Johnson, Jr.

The Ultimate in Communication

Long before President Kennedy startled the world with the announcement that the U.S. government intended to mount a project that would put Americans on the moon, he had studied the reports of scientists and technologists. These reports detailed the technical problems, identified the risk, assessed the probability of success, and estimated the cost. President Kennedy made the decision to go ahead after satisfying himself that the project was worth the gamble.

Among the multitude of papers and reports President Ford inherited from his predecessor is a proposal that is as electrifying to the imagination as the report recommending a journey to the moon. The proposal, called "Project Cyclops," offers a plan for communicating with intelligent life beyond earth. The proposal was drafted by 24 scientists and engineers and is the result of existing knowledge, new research, collective analysis, and philosophical thought. The authors of the report believe that:

• First, approximately the same forces that brought life into being on the planet earth in this solar system also exist on planets in solar systems beyond our own.

• Second, it is possible that some of these extra-terrestrial civilizations have achieved a far more advanced level of individual and collective life than our own and might therefore offer information of considerable value in helping us to meet some of the overriding problems now confronting the human species, including the need for new forms of energy, replacement of vital resources, ways of dealing with famines, and even the elimination of mass violence between aggregations of supposedly intelligent creatures.

• Third, the attempt to send manned or even unmanned spaceships to distant stars would require too much time and money. The speed of our present spaceships is about 25,000 miles per hour. This is horse-and-buggy travel, given the galactic distances to be covered. Even if we multiplied the speed of our spaceships a hundredfold, it is doubtful whether we could get very far beyond our solar system in a century of continuous travel. Microwave transmission is a far better bet.

• Fourth, such microwave signals may already exist in abundance in the universe, and, in fact, signals from intelligent civilizations may already be falling on the earth. Even with existing instrumentation, "noise" that might originate beyond the solar system has already been detected. It is both feasible and possible to sort out this "noise" through a sophisticated new system that would use the low-frequency end of the "microwave window"—that is, frequencies from 0.5 to 3.0 GH_Z. Within this band of the spectrum lie the lines of hydrogen and hydroxyl. Hydrogen and hydroxyl together make water. It is likely that other forms of life are also based on water, and therefore the hydrogen and hydroxyl regions would be a natural communicating area.

• Fifth, the proposed Cyclops system would consist of a vast circular grid of 1,000 to 2,500 saucer-like electronic "ears" or antennae. The antennae would be capable of two-way transmission of high-speed radio signals to distant galaxies.

• Sixth, the process of coding and decoding these signals is well within the range of human intelligence.

• Seventh, the cost of constructing and operating the Cyclops system would be on the order of $6 to $10 billion and would cover operations for 10 to 15 years.

• Eighth, even if the project does not bear fruit in that time, we should make a continuing commitment beyond that time for as long as may be necessary, confident that it will succeed and that the ultimate rewards will more than justify the efforts.

This last point is a significant reflection of the spirit in which the Cyclops report is written. The word *faith* is not generally regarded as a primary term in the scientist's lexicon. Yet the report recognizes that faith is the vital ingredient in the Cyclops project—"faith that humans will survive to reap the benefits of success, faith that other [extra-terrestrial] races are, and have been, curious and determined to expand their horizons."

As a first step, the 24 scientists involved in the report urge a series of studies to test their basic findings. They also recognize the need to search for alternate systems of communicating with intelligent life in the far reaches of the universe.

Inevitably, the question that will spring to the minds of most people is, How seriously can such a report be taken? The answer has to be, Very seriously. In the words of the report, "The search for extra-terrestrial intelligent life is a legitimate scientific undertaking and should be included as part of a comprehensive and balanced space program." Certainly, the chances of success are no less promising than were those of the atomic-energy project or the moon voyage at the time those undertakings were first proposed. The search for new knowledge does not require that the full nature of the results be known in advance. Science would have been stymied in its infancy if this condition had been imposed on the first

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scientific experiment. Research is at its best, not when everyone knows exactly what the research will yield, but when investigators are free to test their assumptions and to pursue their hunches. Goals in science are of primary value when they inspire pursuit.

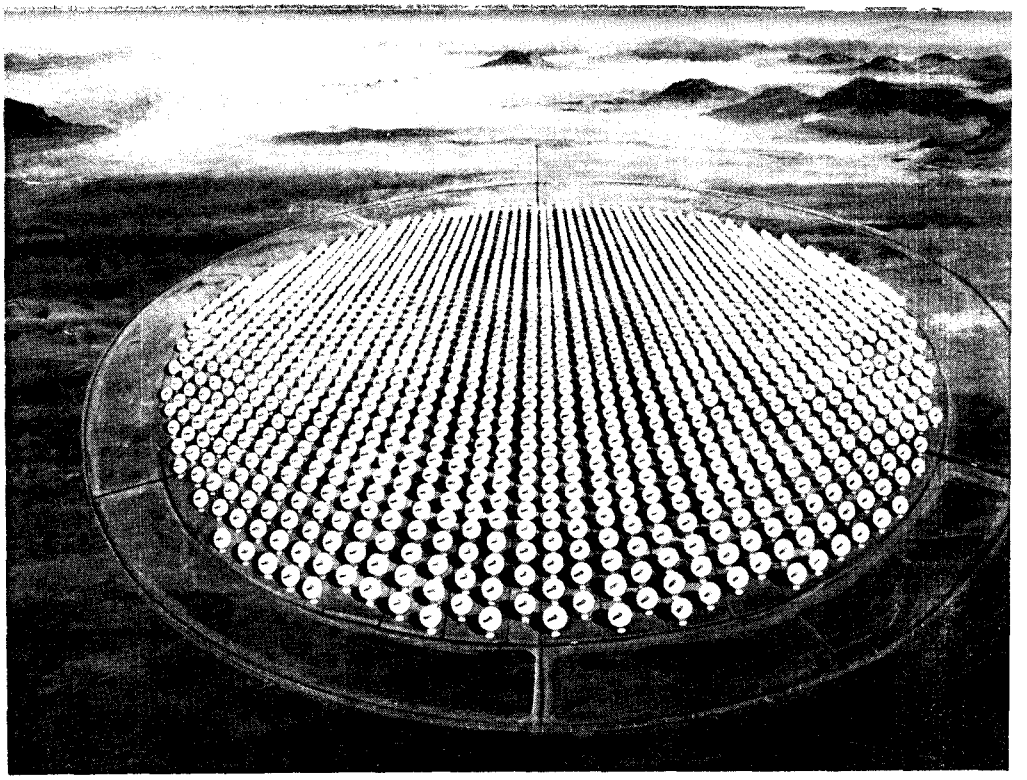
It will be argued that the cost of Cyclops is too high. "Too high" by what standards? What value is to be attached to human adventure? It was the sense of adventure, not an aversion to discomfort or dark places, that brought the human species out of the cave. If the issue is to be decided on what we get in return for our money, then it might be useful to ask ourselves what it would be worth to have a peek at civilization a thousand years or more hence. It is possible, of course, to get into a philosophical argument over whether the invention of the spinning wheel or the manufacture of electricity actually turned out to be of human benefit. But it is too late to rescind the Industrial Revolution. The big job right now is to harness it to human needs without pockmarking the earth and destroying all human values in the process. We have much to learn if the earth is to be made fit for human habitation. Have other creatures in the universe evolved to the point where they have achieved a balance between resources and population and have eradicated war and deprivation? Such information might constitute the greatest advance in knowledge in our history.

People will also ask how scientists can be so confident that intelligent life exists on planets in distant solar systems. Here we borrow from an earlier editorial on the subject. It is unscientific to say that within the many billions of galactic systems, ours is the only planet that supports life in advanced form. Nature shuns one of a kind as much as it abhors a vacuum. Infinity applies both to space and time. If anything occurs at one place or at one time in the universe, it is bound to occur in another, given infinite time and infinite space. The possible becomes the inevitable whenever there are no limits on laws of chance.

The same conditions that make life possible make life certain. The interaction of these conditions forces life into being. So long as these conditions continue to interact, life will persist or recur. Infinity supplies the stage.

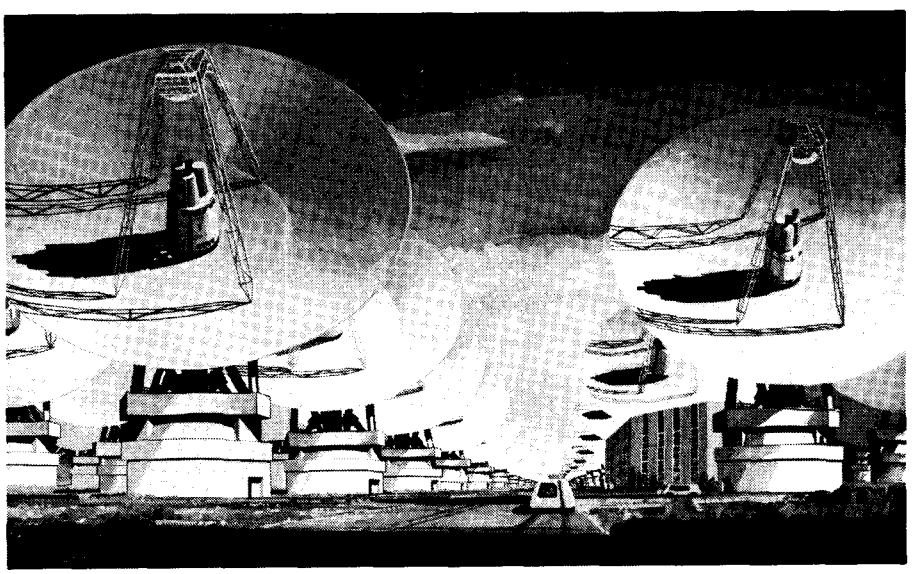
The underlying universal principle here is that infinity converts that which is possible into the inevitable. Therefore, only a limited notion of infinity inhibits the concept that life—life with intelligence and sensitivity and the capacity for perfectibility—exists elsewhere in the universe.

Finally, people will say that we ought to solve the vexing problems on earth before we tax ourselves to find out about life elsewhere. The reply is that we might develop answers to our problems—answers that cannot now even be imagined. Even if we didn't, even if we failed in the attempt to make sense of the signals now falling on the earth, or failed even to know whether our own signals were being received, we would still gain a larger perspective. This is the eternal quest—the ability to see deeply and clearly into the phenomenon of life. N.C.



Photographs: NASA

Artist's concept of high aerial view of the entire Cyclops system.



Artist's view of Cyclops system antennae, showing the central control building.

On a Hopeful Note

The editors believe that there is a counterface to the gloom that pervades many parts of the universe; that there are hopeful signs that we will overcome problems of population, food, environment, inflation, and energy. Accordingly, the two issues of December have been combined in a special double year-end issue entitled An Inventory of Hope, devoted in its entirety to the restoration of confidence. The issue, dated December 14, will carry articles and commentary by one of the most exciting lists of contributors ever assembled by *SR/W*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guest Editorial

English—Best Hope for a World Language

One of the great remaining barriers to international understanding is the unfortunate fact that the peoples of the world do not speak a common language. Differences in language have always separated peoples—as do their cultural and religious differences, their poverty or wealth, and the way they organize productive enterprises. Language, however, is a particularly vicious barrier in that it concerns the very essence of cooperation between peoples—the ability to comprehend what the other says or writes. There are five official languages for the United Nations.

This is in many cases much more serious than one thinks. Difficulties are particularly acute between peoples who speak quite different languages. It has been said that there are only 80 Americans who can speak Japanese properly. A much greater percentage of Japanese can speak English. However, those of us who have attended conferences with Japanese have often, at the end, not been sure that we had really understood each other—even with the best of translation.

What hope is there for a common language, and how can this goal best be achieved? There are, of course, advocates of new international languages. Esperanto has made considerable progress, though it is improbable that it will ever provide the answer. Few people are willing to learn a new language that has no roots in history or literature and whose ultimate survival is uncertain. It follows that if one language is to prevail, it must be one of the existing ones. Which will it be?

Perhaps we should first consider how many people speak the existing official languages. In round numbers these are as follows:

Chinese (various)	700 million
English	300 million
Russian	200 million
Spanish	165 million
Hindi	165 million
German	100 million
Japanese	100 million
Bengali	100 million
Arabic	100 million
Portuguese	90 million
French	75 million

Of these, the language spoken by the most people, Mandarin Chinese, has no chance of becoming the international language. No one outside of China except a few scholars would ever be willing to learn it. Russian has been mastered by many foreigners studying in Russia, but by few others. French, although it will always be widely spoken around the world among artists, intellectuals, and diplomats, is the official language for only 75 million people. German, with slightly more official users, and at one time widely accepted as the language of science, has made little progress as a world language. Of the rest, English has by far the best start. It has been estimated that more than 600 million people speak it as their primary or secondary language and can therefore be "reached" through English. What is more important, this number includes most of the world leaders. According to a prominent Turk who studied at Cambridge, the English language—since it is now spoken by more non-English than English people—must now be considered as "belonging to the world."

It follows that no matter how you look at it, the only language with any real chance of becoming the world language is English—which in fact is taking place. This is not because English is necessarily the best language. Indeed, it has many deficiencies. It is a rich language, but its spelling is difficult, its pronunciation inconsistent. In many ways French is more pleasing and more precise in its formulation. English is winning (to borrow a French expression) by a *tour de force.* It is by far the most useful from the standpoint of business, science, and literature generally. More is written in English in every field. More television programs use it. There are English-language newspapers in most important non-English-speaking cities. If one language is to win, it's almost certain to be English.

The challenge, then, is to facilitate English's becoming everybody's second language, assuming it is not their first. It should be made clear that this does not mean that English should ever compete with the national language of any other country. Every nation must have its own traditional language as a primary language, which if it was not English is not likely to be. Indeed, in Tanzania English is being deliberately sacrificed in order to make way for Swahili, which is required

(Continued on page 57.)

"Stupid, it's 👁 *before* 3 *except after* ~ *!"*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters From Readers

The Economics of Womanhood

. . . It is unfortunate that Anthony Astrachan ("People Are the Most Precious," October 19) concerned himself only with non-substantive issues as far as women are concerned in an otherwise sound and issue-oriented article. For instance, he completely ignored the fact that unless women take an active part in the development process and have an active economic role, population growth soars while economic development stagnates. Indeed, educational attainment and economic participation by women can be directly correlated with the well-being and advancement of a developing country and reduction of the birth rate.

In a conference that reached the consensus that population control without economic development is unacceptable, Mr. Astrachan failed to point out this all-important conclusion: Unless the status of women is substantially changed, especially in the developing world, and unless women gain control over their lives and fertility, economic development will remain an empty promise, no matter how much money is spent.

Fran P. Hosken
Lexington, Mass.

To Have and Have Not

As one of those involved in planning the Midwest Conference of the National Organization for Non-Parents, I would like to clear up Cleveland Amory's misrepresentation of the "trouble" that he felt went with our conference (*Curmudgeon-at-Large*, September 21).

Ike Hill (of the Chicago Bears) and Sandra Hill (Chicago attorney) were selected in July to be NON's Midwest-Non-Parents of the Year with the *full knowledge* that they were expecting a child. It was felt that because our organization supports responsible, thoughtful parenthood as well as non-parenthood, the selection of the Hills was more than appropriate—that it was an important way for those first learning about NON to know that we are for parenthood which has been carefully and thoughtfully chosen. . . .

The "trouble" had to do with "what's in a name." It was decided, to avoid confusion, that we would crown the Hills Midwest NON's "Responsible Parents of the Year"—an honor to be shared equally with Joan and Bob Wilt of Detroit, the Midwest's Non-Parents of the year.

Thus, it seems that the Chicago Bears and the Midwest membership of NON can do something right.

Joan DeLuca
Midwest Director of NON
Dayton, Ohio

Coaching From the Couch

Had I known Dr. Mandell ("A Psychiatric Study of Professional Football," October 5) was doing research on player behavior, I could have referred him to my old high-school coach in Tidioute, Pa., Oscar Lord. . . .

He knew football was both a primitive battle and a religion. . . . If Mandell had given him that "systematic insight" about defensive players' being messier, he would have chewed on his cigar and said, "Yeah, they damn well better be. Ya can't knock people down and keep a uniform clean." When we played defense, it's true, he taught us to hate structure, especially the structure of the opposing offense, and he wanted us to mess up every play we could. . . . If the San Diego defense was as wild and free as Mandell says, Oscar would wonder why Mandell didn't stow that insight about lockers and tell Harland Svare that his defense was disorganized. Oscar wouldn't have been surprised about the ineffectual Chargers' offense, either, when the "most gifted runner of all time" is "never where you expect him to be, on or off the field," and the offense wants "to maintain the status quo." "The status quo when the game begins is 0-0," Oscar might say, "and that ain't worth preserving. . . ."

Arthur W. Pitts
Mansfield Center, Conn.

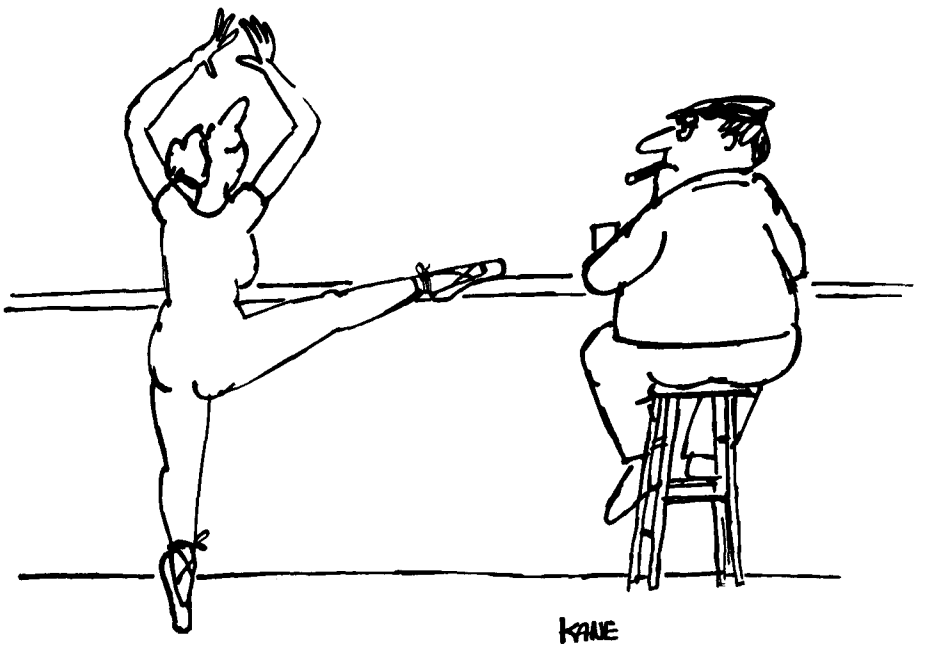
Monogamous Coyotes

I take issue with Roger M. Williams ("The Oldest Profession in Nevada—and Elsewhere," September 7) on one point, as a proponent of our wildlife and its preservation. . . . I object to Mr. Williams's saying the symbol button bearing a coyote's head has "a look as lascivious as the animal's reputation. . . ."

This unfairly abused animal is out of good repute, because he occasionally eats the ranchers' lambs and sheep. He also eats other life—rodents, rabbits, and deer—thus balancing the ecology. But doing so does not make him a lascivious animal. This honor is for man. It is a known fact that the male coyote has one mate throughout his life span. . . . Of how many men can the same be said? And since when is eating from hunger a lascivious act? . . .

Marie d'A. Gerry
Houston, Tex.

Editor's note: *The illustration used on page 53 of the November 16, 1974, issue is by Edward Epstein from* Oriental Cooking the Fast Wok Way.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Progress Report

The Business of Minorities

"Despite efforts to change it," rues a recent publication of the giant Bethlehem Steel Corporation, "we live in a basically white business world." Nevertheless, as Bethlehem's experience demonstrates, a purposeful policy of support by established corporations for smaller, younger, minority-owned enterprises can make a vital difference. Bethlehem has established continuing relationships with more than 100 minority-owned and -operated firms, and the goal is to triple the volume.

In an article in the *Bethlehem Review*, the company illustrates its progress with the following four case histories, involving three blacks and one Japanese:

• Andrew McNeill, who runs the only black-owned general and precision machine shop in the Baltimore area, has counted Bethlehem among his steady customers since his introduction to the company through the Council of Equal Business Opportunity. Perhaps equally important, Bethlehem specialists were assigned to McNeill's shop to redesign its layout for improved efficiency and to revise his bidding procedures to help him compete for new business.

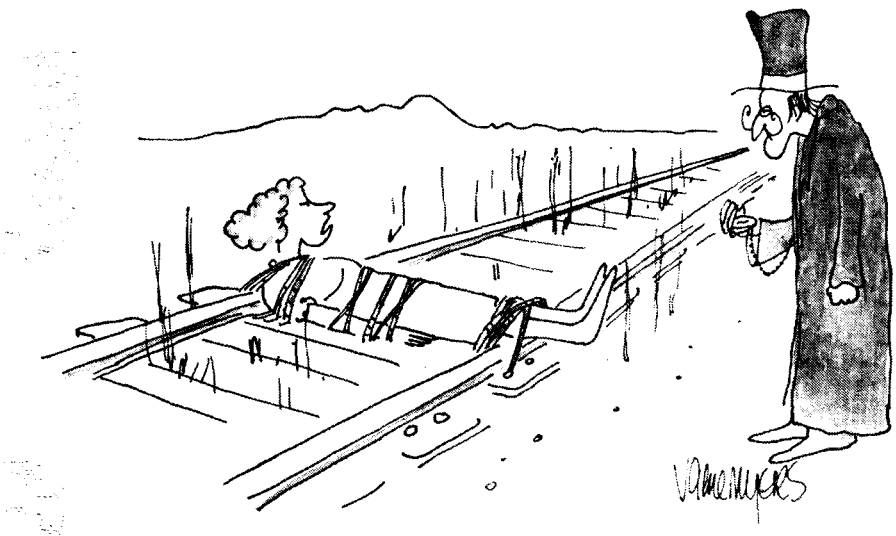
• Former Illinois football star Isaiah Owens, president of a Gary, Ind., handtool and heavy-duty supply house, began by filling orders for Bethlehem's nearby Burns Harbor plant. Now he ships his wares to the company's plants in Pennsylvania and New Jersey as well, while doubling his gross in 1973.

• Azell Mance, who started out as a railroad dining-car waiter and redcap, is now president and chairman of the board of Mance Enterprises, Inc., in Chicago. Following a meeting with Bethlehem at a 1969 Minority Business Opportunity Fair, he began supplying lighting equipment to the Burns Harbor plant. He has since earned an increasing share of Bethlehem's lighting and reflector orders.

• Printer Tsutomu Umezu of San Francisco provides a unique service for Bethlehem's many ocean-hopping personnel, bridging the language barrier with business cards whose English lettering on one side is translated into intricate Japanese characters on the other.

While taking pride in its minority-business policy, Bethlehem notes that its minority suppliers succeed on "quality products, prompt service, and competitive prices"—just like anyone else.

STILL ANOTHER business-oriented, minority-group initiative is AIM (Association for the Integration of Management). AIM's programs try "to accelerate the advancement of minority-group managers into key management roles in major business organizations." AIM also tries to ease the many strains attendant on the assimilation of blacks and other minorities into the business community. To this end, the New York City–based group runs career workshops, management seminars, and other programs. Many corporations—for example, ATT, CBS, Ford, Sears, Roebuck, and Xerox—provide financial support and services, and the leadership is interracial (AIM's president is German-born Wolfgang Sannwald, of MBA Communications, Inc.).



"I keep telling you, people are flying these days."

Orphans of the Storm

In the troubled peace that follows war, none suffer more terribly—or more innocently—than the orphans, many of them the abandoned children of departed soldiers. Estimates of orphaned children in Vietnam go as high as 750,000, of which only 25,000 are in orphanages. James Reston of *The New York Times* reports that there may be as many as 100,000 half-American war orphans in Vietnam, and there are many more orphans without any adequate care in the streets and shantytowns of other Asian countries.

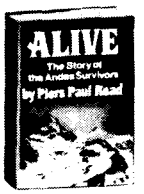
Ten years ago, the Pearl S. Buck Foundation was founded in Philadelphia by the late novelist, who was born in China. Its purpose was to help care for the helpless, hopeless children of war-torn Asia. Through the foundation's Support Program, Americans can become the "foster parents" of one of these children for $16 a month—enough to provide health care, education, and food. In 1971 the foundation was able to support 1,500 orphans; by this year the number had increased to 5,000.

ANOTHER WOMAN, Rosemary Taylor, a 34-year-old American, went to Vietnam in 1967 and was so appalled by what she saw that she has devoted her life to *les misérables* ever since. At present she supervises a staff of 200 Vietnamese and 20 professionals, including nurses and physical therapists. Her philosophy is that she must train Vietnamese personnel to do the work she sets up, and, with this in mind, she operates a two-month intensive training program for each new orphanage staff that comes into being.

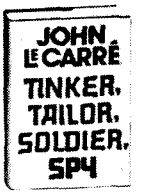
Even more important, perhaps, Rosemary Taylor was responsible for the placement of almost 300 small, homeless creatures in 1973. Having just opened a fifth orphanage (a home for retarded, emotionally disturbed, and cerebral-palsy orphans), she is the recognized leader in her field of social welfare in Vietnam. Sustaining her remarkable program requires ever-increasing sums of money, much of which is raised through Friends of Children, 14 Brookside Road, Darien, Conn. 06820. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

166 Pub price $7.95



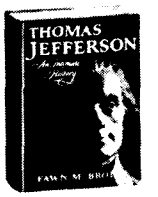
275 Pub price $10



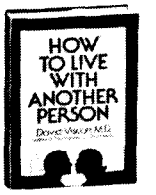
338 Pub price $7.95

272 Pub price $7.95

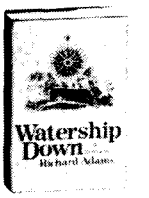
178 Pub price $8.95



554 Pub price $12.50



151 Pub price $5.95



268 Pub price $6.95

528 Pub price $8.95

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB® is America's Bookstore

...where you can window-shop, browse and buy without ever leaving home

140 THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. Illustrated (Pub price $12.50)

315 KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERS: The Last Testament *by* NIKITA S. KHRUSHCHEV *Translated and edited by* STROBE TALBOTT. Photos (Pub price $12.95)

362 THE ENDURING HEMINGWAY: An Anthology of a Lifetime in Literature *Edited by* CHARLES SCRIBNER, JR. (Pub price $14.95)

197 Pub price $9.95

320 WASHINGTON The Indispensable Man *by* JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER Illustrations and maps (Pub price $12.50)

210 ELIZABETH I A Biography *by* PAUL JOHNSON Illustrated (Pub price $12.95)

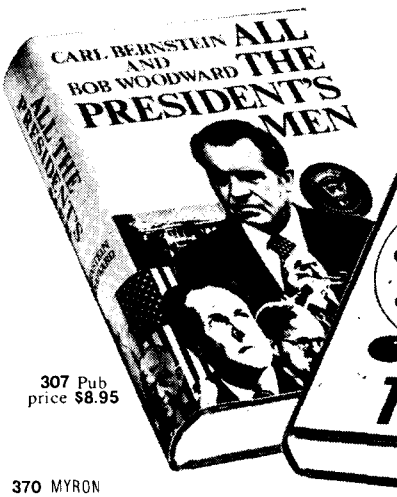
540 THE ANATOMY OF HUMAN DESTRUCTIVENESS *by* DR. ERICH FROMM. (Pub price $10.95)

399 THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: The Southern Voyages Vol. II *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON Illustrated (Pub price $17.50)

396 THE PALACE GUARD *by* DAN RATHER *and* GARY PAUL GATES (Pub price $8.95)

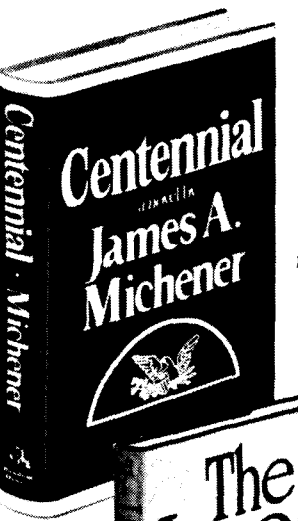
161 JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER Illustrated (Pub price $8.50)

323 TALES OF POWER *by* CARLOS CASTANEDA (Pub price $7.95)



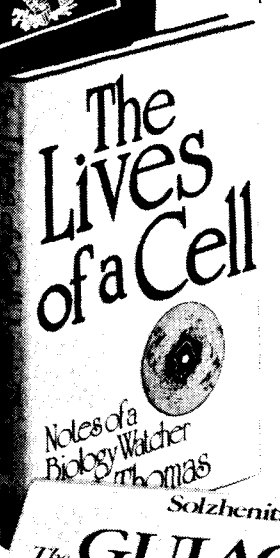
307 Pub price $8.95

110 Pub price $12.50



109 Pub price $12.50

253 Pub price $6.95



370 MYRON *by* GORE VIDAL (Pub price $6.95)

228 THE PLUNDERED PAST *by* KARL E. MEYER. Photos (Pub price $12.95)

348 THE SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE MACHINE *by* IRIS MURDOCH (Pub price $8.95)

385 ERIC *by* DORIS LUND (Pub price $7.95)

459 KISSINGER *by* MARVIN *and* BERNARD KALB (Pub price $12.50)

398 MARILYN A Biography *by* NORMAN MAILER More than 100 photographs. (Pub price $19.95)

293 CARRYING THE FIRE: An Astronaut's Journeys *by* MICHAEL COLLINS. Photos (Pub price $10)

216 BABE: The Legend Comes to Life *by* ROBERT W. CREAMER. Photos (Pub price $9.95)

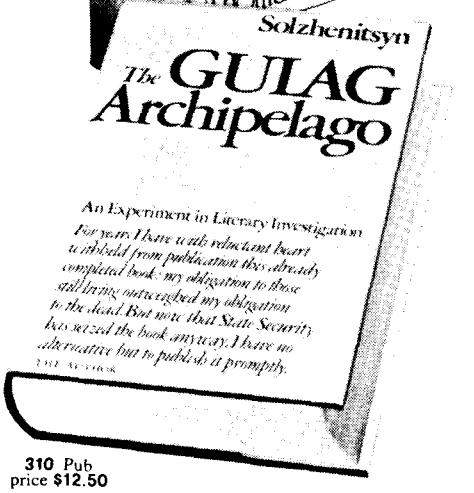
You are invited to choose

ANY 4 FOR ONLY $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose

DURING the past forty-eight years, people in every American community have come to depend on the Book-of-the-Month Club for the best books and the most convenient way to buy them. And nowadays the Club's sensible shop-at-home service is particularly advantageous. Without setting foot outside your door, you can browse and buy to your heart's content—saving yourself time, energy and money, too. And by continuing your membership past the trial period, you'll be eligible for our unique Book-Dividend® plan—a delightful way to save even more, at least 70% of publishers' list prices. So why not start shopping in America's Bookstore right now?

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.,
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012



310 Pub price $12.50

175 THE BEST *by* PETER PASSELL *and* LEONARD ROSS Illustrated (Pub price $5.95)

132 AUGUST 1914 *by* ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN (Pub price $10)

340 I NEVER MET A HOUSE PLANT I DIDN'T LIKE *by* JERRY BAKER Illustrated (Pub price $9.95)

244 THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK *by* CRAIG CLAIBORNE Illustrated (Pub price $12.50)

117 THE WHITE HOUSE TRANSCRIPTS (Pub price $15)

Prices shown are publishers' U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally somewhat higher.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Highland Fling

by Roland Gelatt

Dundee, Scotland

Although Scots and Englishmen can look back on a long history of scrapping, they haven't literally been at each other's throats since Bonnie Prince Charlie went down to defeat at the Battle of Culloden, in 1746. Now old antagonisms are hotting up again. More and more Scots are getting fed up with England and its—as they see it—bankrupt, spendthrift government. If they have their way, Scotland will break away from an increasingly disunited United Kingdom to become an independent nation, with its own Parliament, its own currency, and its own seat at the United Nations between Saudi Arabia and Senegal.

The chief agent of this burgeoning disaffection is the Scottish National party, which has almost overnight become an uncomfortably prickly thistle in the body of British politics. The S.N.P. has been preaching self-government up and down the land, and in Britain's recent general election, the party was supported by one out of every three Scottish voters. Next time the Nationalists hope to become Scotland's majority party—and then to set the wheels in motion for full independence.

Here in Dundee during election week, evidence of support for the Nationalist cause was apparent everywhere, with S.N.P. posters filling windows throughout the town. The taxi driver who took me to an S.N.P. campaign meeting explained it this way: "Scotland has had a raw deal for years. Parliament gives everything to England. We get the leavings. Why should we have to pay tolls on our bridges when the bridges in England are free? You may say it's a small point, but it's the sort of thing that rubs us the wrong way. Sure, right now the Tory and Labour parties are promising us the world. But, I can tell you, nothing will come of it. We've heard it all before. No, sir, this time I'm voting S.N.P. It's the only party that will look out for Scotland."

The meeting that night was held in the combined gym/assembly hall of a new school in a new public-housing development, and the audience was predominantly working class and predominantly young (S.N.P. support is strongest among under-35 voters). Gordon Wilson, member of Parliament for Dundee East and probable future chairman of the Scottish National party, spoke. He is an intense, rangy man of 35, a lawyer with a head for figures and the eloquence to clothe them with strong conviction. "When we entered into union with England," he began, "we were a partner, but as time wore on, Scotland became a servant. Scotland's administration has been handled by people who regard this country as only a small part of a larger whole. As a result, we've been consistently shortchanged, and we've come to regard recessions here as a way of life. Instead of complaining, Scots have gone abroad.

Do you realize that a million Scots, 20 percent of our population, have emigrated since 1945?"

Gordon Wilson paused for that rhetorical question to sink in and then began to accentuate the positive. "Isn't it time," he asked, "to put things right ourselves? Scotland is basically a rich country. We can feed ourselves. We export more goods than we import. And we have abundant sources of energy. We've suffered in the past because of misguided economic policies in London, policies that took advantage of Scotland and restricted our economic development. Well, it's time to put a stop to that. It's time to choose our own social and economic priorities. It's time to regenerate the Scottish community. Take Scotland's side and vote S.N.P."

That one-third of Scotland's electorate did exactly that speaks forcibly not only for the party's powers of persuasion but also for the country's latent nationalism and sense of identity. Though the union with England is two and a half centuries old, Scotland has always maintained its own law, church, and educational system. During the British Empire's heyday, however, national aspirations were submerged by tides of imperial glory. "The scale of British operations abroad," a historian has observed, "afforded Scotsmen the opportunity of ruling an empire in exchange for ruling themselves in the north of the British Isles." That sense of Britishness lasted through World War II. Since then the ties have eroded. The ending of conscription, the dissolution of the Empire, the trivialization of the monarchy, all played a part in diminishing Scottish solidarity with England. But overriding everything was a growing awareness that England had lost its way in the post-war world.

Today the choice seems to be between a future as rich Scots or as poor Britons. The Scottish people have always been noted for industriousness and frugality, and they have done remarkably well since those dark days between the wars when mass unemployment spread like a plague across the Central Lowlands and when slum areas like The Gorbals of Glasgow became synonymous with the most abject poverty and wretchedness. Overseas investment has poured in during the past quarter-century and materially altered the industrial landscape. Dundee, for example, has a new belt highway lined with modern factories built by Timex, N.C.R., Burroughs, Michelin, and other multinationals. Scotch whiskey accounts for Britain's largest single source of dollar earnings—some $250 million last year to the United States alone. And now, to cap it all, comes the bonanza of North Sea oil.

It is the black gold off Scotland's coasts that has made independence such an attractive and viable proposition. Nobody can say for sure how much oil lies under those turbulent waters, but there is an awful lot of it. Eric Varley, Britain's secretary of state for energy, estimates the total reserves at 3 billion tons—which at today's prices have a value of something like $225 billion. Others consider this figure much too low. New discoveries continue to be made, and by the time Scotland's offshore seabed has been thoroughly probed, the petroleum deposits may turn out to be twice Mr. Varley's current estimate. So far, none of the oil has come ashore. North Sea oil is not immune to the delays and inefficiencies endemic to British industry, and everything is behind schedule. But, with a little bit of luck, the wells will start gushing soon, and by 1980 production will have reached a level of 145–165 million tons a year. This will make Britain wholly self-sufficient and still leave a good deal in excess for export.

Scottish Nationalists find the prospect

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

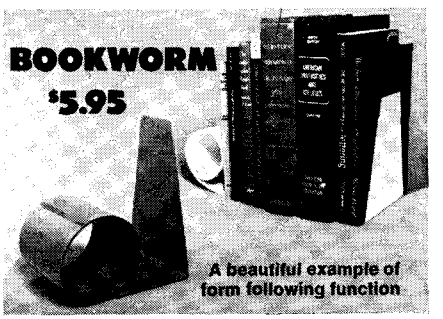
of all that wealth both giddying and alarming—giddying because of their realization of what it could do for an independent Scotland, alarming because of their fear that London will fritter it away. Britain (as distinct from Scotland) needs to exploit the oil with all possible speed in order to reduce its chronic, and now astronomic, balance-of-payments deficit. The plan is to pump it out at maximum capacity during the life span of the wells, after which . . . well, by then maybe an alternative source of energy will have been found. How long the bonanza will last is matter for dispute. The Nationalists say it will all be over in 20 years. *The Economist* disagrees: "Contrary to what is being said in Scotland, there is at least 40 years' oil in the North Sea and probably more." But however long it lasts, the essential S.N.P. fear remains unaltered. Why should we, they ask, have to endure watching Scotland's economic prospects being mortgaged in England's interest? The Nationalist scenario for an independent Scotland is based on the Norwegian model: Extract oil at a prudent rate and use the proceeds for the betterment of Scottish society. Instead of allowing "smash and grab" production of 165 million tons a year, an independent Scotland would hold output to 50 million tons—enough to meet Scotland's own needs (12 million tons) and still leave a generous surplus for export to England and elsewhere.

The decision for the moment is academic, and meanwhile there are political realities to face. Even though one out of three Scottish voters gave the Scottish National party their support in last month's election, it won only 11 out of Scotland's 71 seats in the House of Commons. This disparity is due to the vagaries of Britain's electoral system, which—as the Liberals know only too well—puts minority parties at a shocking disadvantage. Still, those 11 M.P.s—and the knowledge that they represent one-third of Scotland's electorate—are confidently expected to produce results all out of proportion to their numbers.

Complete independence, still the S.N.P.'s ultimate goal, is of course not in the cards. There is no mandate for it yet. And even if there were, it seems most unlikely that any British prime minister would—to borrow Churchill's phrase—preside over the liquidation of the United Kingdom. That North Sea oil is just too valuable to kiss good-bye. But though falling short of independence, Scotland is expected to travel a long way down the road to self-government. The Labour government is committed to the creation of a Scottish Assembly—a kind of sub-Parliament that would legislate on purely local matters. With some prodding from the S.N.P., it will probably be in operation within two or three years.

But what are "local matters"? The arguments over this question have a familiar ring; it is the old issue of "states' rights" all over again. Harold Wilson has affirmed that "in the wide field of control of affairs of Scotland by Scotland within Scotland there would be no interference from Westminster." But then he appended an ominous footnote: "Supposing the Scottish Assembly were to say 'we will not let any oil produced in Scotland cross the border into England,' that would be a matter on which the Westminster Parliament would also have views."

It doesn't take much of a seer to foresee some acrimonious squabbling on the horizon. Or to predict that if the Scots are fobbed off with an Assembly that is little more than a talking shop, the Scottish National party will have even more ammunition in their fight for total independence. Back in 1707, when England and Scotland joined together under the Act of Union, one of the Scottish signatories remarked as he signed the paper, "Well, there's an end to an auld sang." An end? Clearly, he didn't know that oldies sometimes reappear on the hit parade. □



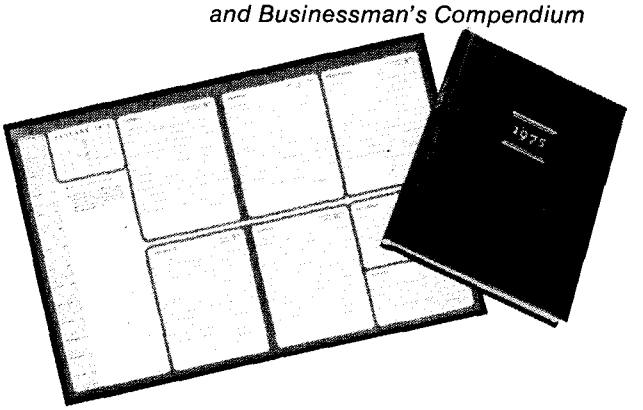
Imported from England, BOOKWORM is a one-piece bookend to end all bookends. Adjusts automatically when books are added or removed. Ingenious spring steel coil rolls out to hold up to 22 inches of books, tapes, directories.

Winner of the British Design Centre Award. Available in eight satin smooth finishes: white, black, red, royal blue, burnt orange, avocado green, plum, honey yellow. Only $5.95. State quantity and colors. Add 50¢ each for shipping. Send check or money order to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10011.

SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD

1975 EXECUTIVE DESK DIARY®

and Businessman's Compendium



. . . a perfect holiday gift for your friends, relatives, and business associates. It is so useful you should own one yourself.

It's the finest desk appointment book, diary, and information source in the world. A gift that your recipient will use and thank you for daily.

$9.95

TO: SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD DIARY
488 Madison Avenue, New York, 10022 Dept: D

Please send me _____ copies of the SR/W Executive Desk Diary and Businessman's Compendium at $9.95 each

ALLOW FOUR WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

☐ Special gift imprinting available at sixty cents per line. If you wish the stamping please indicate initials or name(s) to be imprinted:

_____

_____

My check or money order enclosed:

_____ Diaries at $9.95 each .....Total $_____

_____ Lines of imprinting at 60 cents per line .....Total $_____

_____ New York residents sales tax at Eighty Cents per book .....Total $_____

_____ Postage and handling at 75 cents per book .....Total $_____

TOTAL ENCLOSED $_____

☐ If at least six is your order we will pay the postage and handling for the order

CREDIT CARD USERS:
American Express or Master Charge. Please list your card number along with your name and address:

Name_____ Address_____

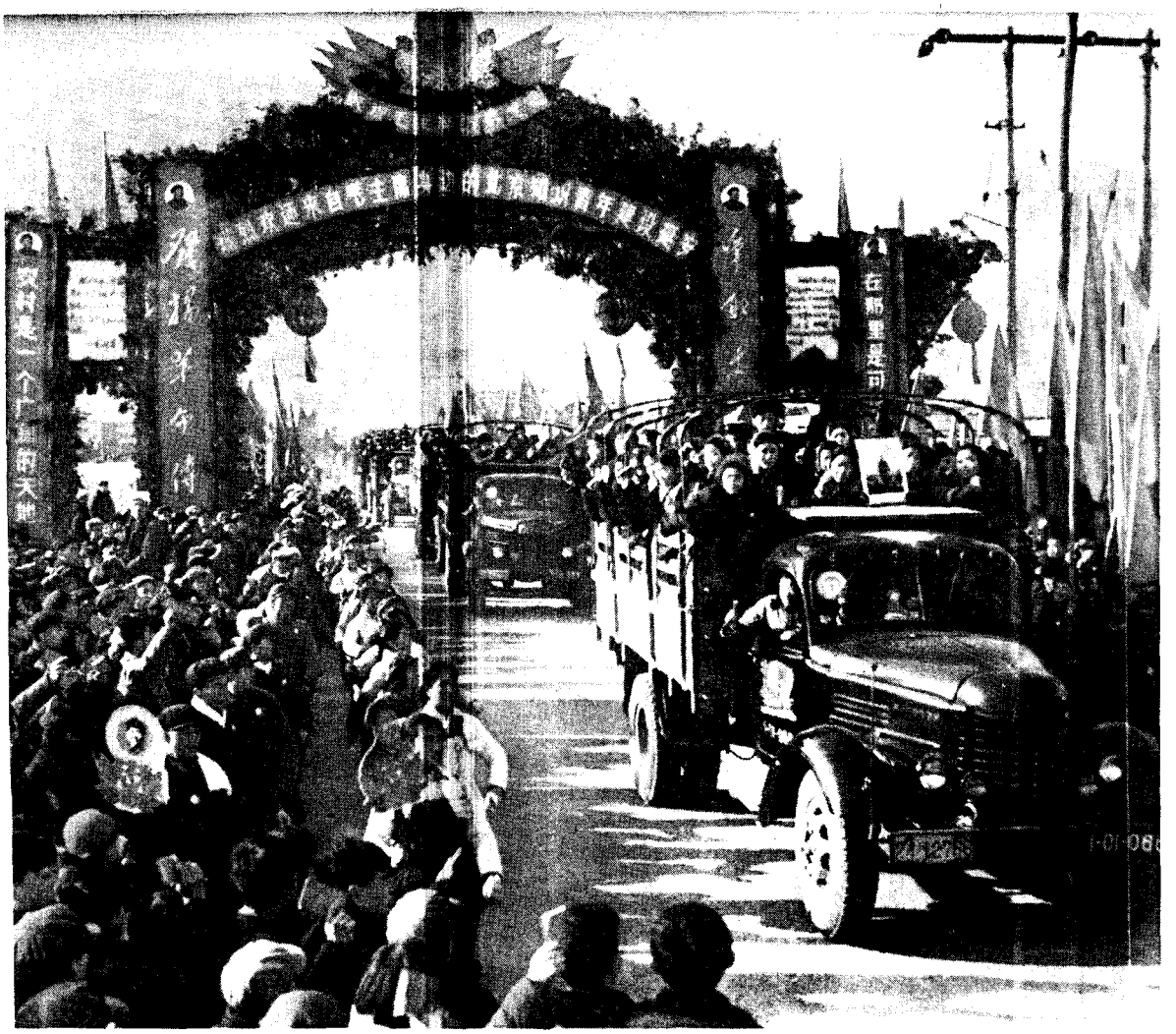
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

American Express ☐ Master Charge ☐

Expiration Date_____ Interbank No._____

Signature_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photographs: Eastfoto

Red Guard school grad- side of Shansi province Cultural-Revolution shock

CHINA'S LOST GENERATION: The Fate of the Red Guards Since 1968

by Miriam London and Ivan D. London

Where are the Red Guards of yesteryear? What are they doing and thinking now? From 1966 until 1968 millions of adolescents in the cities of China swarmed out of the school gates into "society" on a mission of unprecedented upheaval, but since then both they and the world curiosity that they excited seem to have vanished together. Yet the present dilemma and mood of these former "little generals" of Mao may have more consequences for the immediate future of China than has the cataclysm that they helped create.

Many sinologists have written about Mao Tse-tung's strategic use of the Red Guards for the purposes of "cultural revolution"; fewer have noted his equally masterful strategy for disposing of them. By mid-1968, when urban factional warfare was at last suppressed, a generation of Chinese youth became veterans, paradoxically seeking reentry into a society that they had just reduced to a shambles. As high up as the provincial level of government, the Communist party apparatus had been destroyed; secondary schools and institutions of higher learning were shut down; a number of the schools had sustained physical damage. Many teachers who had suffered humiliation and bodily abuse at the hands of their students in the early days of the Cultural Revolution were loath to return to their profession; others had been killed or had committed suicide. The students themselves, mentally aged and transmuted by their own deeds and experiences, wondered whether they could respect any teacher again, let alone tolerate ordinary classroom discipline. In any case, the new echelons of primary-school graduates had arrived, ready to displace former middle-school students from the limited number of classroom seats.

Job opportunities had contracted. Despite repeated appeals by the central authorities during the Cultural Revolution to "grasp the revolution and promote production," factory operation in many areas was disrupted and production had declined, especially after the involvement of workers in rival factions.

For those "backbone" Red Guards who stayed with the movement until the end, desperately obsessed with winning power for their own factional organization, a realization of the situation just described was late in coming. When it came, it was only part of the grim stock-

Miriam London is a research associate in Soviet and Chinese studies; Ivan D. London is professor of psychology at Brooklyn College of the City University of New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

es arrive in Yenan (left), leave for country-ove)—After a Mao-inspired power spree, the boondocks.

Down on the farm after they've seen Peking, "city slickers" listen to "old guard" peasant—Some escaped to Hong Kong; others settled for home-cooked meals.

taking following a stunning psychological blow.

Chairman Mao himself, the "red, red sun" in their hearts, delivered the blow. Sufficient evidence indicates that the thoroughly indoctrinated schoolchildren whom Mao propelled into the crusade of the century were, on the whole, his willing creatures—particularly the children of the favored "red" classes in society. A popular Red Guard slogan sums up the early fervor quite well:

If you cut off my head, it's not important
As long as my ideology is true.
While I live, I'll closely follow
Chairman Mao;
After I die, I'm going to see Marx.

As the revolution moved quickly through its successive phases, the Red Guards began to grow wiser. By 1967 the political power struggle against the late Liu Shao-ch'i showed plainly through the thin phraseology of destroying the old society in order to build the new; and the fact that Mao was using the Red Guards in this struggle was not lost on them. Yet it appears that the passing of naiveté was not fatal to their enthusiasm. After all, Mao had opened up a great adventure to them. Partly, they were children on an unimaginable spree; partly, they were precocious usurpers of adult power, setting the political stage of the future, in which some of them, at least, fancied that they had earned a role. It never occurred to them that it was precisely their own future that they had forfeited.

If Mao Tse-tung may be pictured as a great overlord surveying the cities of China in the summer of 1967 from Peking, he had a disturbing scene before him. Millions of the docile students, whom only one year before he had sprung from their classrooms, had mastered the techniques of protest and violence, had learned to form their own organizations, and had robbed the military of weapons and ammunition in order to battle one another for victory and seeming legitimacy in the eyes of the central authorities. With such dangerous experience and skills, how could these youth, now irretrievably displaced, be permitted to remain loose in the cities that were unable to reabsorb them?

We have no basis for speculation about Mao's reflections on his young legions at the time. But the measures he took, beginning in the autumn of 1967, were perfectly designed to dispose of the threat the youth presented, in the same manner as an infernal device is isolated, dismantled, and rendered harmless.

On September 5, 1967, the military were released from non-interference strictures, which had been clamped on them since April of that year, and they were permitted to use force in retrieving all firearms and in dealing with recalcitrants. In 1968 the student "rebellion-makers" were ordered back to the schools, as it was euphemistically expressed, to "carry out the revolution" there. In reality, the school premises were to serve as detention and relocation centers. After two years of extraordinary license, there were students, not surprisingly, who could not take these moves seriously. In Canton, for example, 20 or so students of Number 29 Middle School set out to call the military's bluff by walking out during the enforced school hours. They were fired upon, a few were killed, and others were injured. The lesson of Number 29 Middle School penetrated quickly in Canton.

Worker-peasant-military teams moved into the schools, and a campaign of generally low-pressure, but persistent, per-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The most important consequence of the banishment . . . is that they have had time to think and brood, not over what they have done, but over what was done to them."

suasion began: The proud little generals of Mao were asked to "volunteer" for the next great venture, to go to the rural villages and labor under the tutelage of the "poor and lower-middle peasants," the contemporary Chinese countryside's hereditary aristocracy in reverse. Again the students did not take this order too seriously; "encouragement" to go down to the countryside was nothing new. Only when Mao Tse-tung, in December 1968, personally ordered the "educated youth" to "enter the [rural production] brigades and settle down" for life did the banal truth dawn on them. Having served the master's purpose and being no longer needed, they were to be discarded in the vast dumping ground of China.

A young man, a former *t'ou-t'ou,* or leader within a factional organization, sitting before his home radio in Foochow on the evening of the announcement, reacted with one word: *"Wanle"* ("It's all over"). The wild adventure was over and, with it, not only fantasies of expanded future opportunity and power but also the former Chinese schoolboy's modest ambition to become a technician or a skilled worker—to distinguish himself by at least a modicum of training from the interchangeable millions of coolies and human water buffaloes.

The effect of "rustication" was to break up the factional organizations, to empty the cities of anarchic student mobs, and to disperse them in small groups over the face of China. These changes were made in stages, gradually, gingerly, and with elaborate formal hypocrisy. Teachers assigned to classrooms, in which nothing was taught, lyricized about the charms of the bucolic life, the beauties of nature, the unpolluted air, and so forth. Welcoming tea parties for the new arrivals, replete with speeches, gongs, and drums, became routine in the headquarters of rural large-brigades.

A former Cantonese Red Guard, a young tough of worker origin, whose turn for rustication came much later, in 1970, after an interval in a new "part-study, part-labor" junior middle school, has given the following description of send-off formalities:

> There was a big meeting attended by all the teachers and students. And a big red poster was put up with a special sign on top in gold, just as on a wedding announcement. And underneath were the names of everyone who was to be sent to the countryside. The way they presented it—you might think it was a great honor. When all the girls saw their names, they burst out crying. But we boys just laughed. Who cares? If you pointed 10 guns at me, I'd still laugh.
>
> Then an individual notice was sent to each home—with a whole ceremony, gongs, and firecrackers, more than on New Year's Day, and teachers and students, workers and soldiers going to each house to congratulate the parents, who got a day off from work, with pay. My parents had to hide their anger and pretend to be happy just to give them all some face.
>
> We students called this individual notice a message from the King of Hell, telling us to hurry on down.

Families who did not enter into this bit of theater and tried to keep their children home often encountered less gracious pressures and had less complimentary notices posted on their doors.

Even as the first "voluntary" migrations of former Red Guards into the villages began in the autumn of 1968, the central authorities moved toward settling accounts in the cities for excesses and transgressions that went apparently unnoticed during the Cultural Revolution. Again, explosive general reaction was averted by using gradual, phased tactics and by initially utilizing the vengeful passions of one faction against the other. "Central" finally showed its hand with regard to the "winning" faction in one city after another, and the leaders of the losing faction were thrown to their enemies. They were publicly humiliated, paraded with blackened faces or tarred arms, and mercilessly beaten. Some were held in confinement for prolonged torture by those of their factional enemies who had achieved positions of power in the new military-dominated revolutionary committees, which temporarily replaced the former Communist party structure.

Few of the former student Red Guard leaders of any faction "made it" into the revolutionary committees; of these, even fewer have survived until the present. In a succession of political movements after 1968, one former young firebrand after another was picked off for "counter-revolutionary" crimes, which had passed as feats of valor during the days of turbulence and license. Generally, the first targets were those of "wrong class" background, but even the sociologically pure who had gained too much exposure and had gone too far did not go unspared. During the widespread "anti-5-16" campaign in 1971—named after an extremist faction that had briefly existed in Peking five years before—the famous Tsinghua University student leader, K'uai Ta-fu, was "singled out" for punishment; his fate is unknown. Persistent rumors among former Red Guards also tell of the arrest and execution of Sung Ping-ping, the activist middle-school girl whose photograph—showing her turning one round cheek and two innocent pigtails to the camera as she shook the hand of a smiling Mao Tse-tung—had been circulated around the world.

Procedures for signing up to go to the countryside were initiated from school premises. In Fukien, for example, the first "volunteers" for the villages toward the end of 1968 filled out forms supplied at school by the worker-peasant-military teams, who then forwarded the completed forms to the county "Facing-the-Four-Directions Office"*—a new organization under the revolutionary committee.

From this office the applicant received a letter of introduction to the commune and production brigade to which he was assigned, and he was permitted, on completion of the appropriate forms, to leave school. He then reported to commune headquarters, which confirmed his arrival by telephoning the Four Directions Office.

Although the young recruits stated their readiness to go "wherever the party sent" them, it appears that, in practice, they requested, when possible, assignments closer to home. Some young people who forcefully proclaimed their willingness to face hardship anywhere for the party, believing that they would be rewarded for their zeal with softer assignments, were in for a surprise: They were taken at their word. In such a manner, a girl junior-middle-school student in Shanghai was assigned to Heilungkiang, part of the "Great Northern Wilderness" *(Pei Ta Huang),* where the so-called production and construction military corps,

*The name derives from a categorization into four general areas of employment: the rural villages, border areas, mines and industry, and basic social units (schools, hospitals, stores, and so on).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formed mainly of Korean war veterans, has plowed under virgin land. Along with others assigned at the same time, she was given many assurances—for example, that their military farm was only 15 kilometers from the county seat and that there was convenient transportation. The recruits ended up, however, in a nameless village, more than 100 kilometers from the county seat, in a wild and desolate area, overrun by wolves. They had no way to get out except by military truck. At night, in ditches ringing the settlement, fires were lit to keep off the wolves—whose inexorable presence, in turn, created an effective natural prison.

Others in far less extreme conditions than these nevertheless felt the shock of transition from the privileged city to the backward countryside—despite the initial material assistance given to ease "settling in." In Fukien and Kwangtung, it is known that the authorities allotted from $220 to $250 JMP (*jen min pi*—"people's money") to the commune for each student newcomer to cover the expense of providing housing and tools and also the cost of his individual rice allotment for a half-year or more. After that, like any other peasant, he would be expected to earn his living through "work points."

The most obvious shock was simply the paucity and deprivation of the peasant diet. Even in Kwangtung province, known for the fecundity of its Pearl Delta region, peasants in many areas subsist mainly on a combination of rice porridge and sweet potatoes. Meat and fish are generally unavailable and beyond their means, except on a few important holidays. For city students, who were accustomed to a much richer, more refined, and varied diet including meat, village fare was both repellent and inadequate.

Among the most common, vivid impressions that the peasants retained of city youth was their reaction to local food. A young peasant girl in Hainan Island, for example, was taken aback, but understood, when a pretty girl newcomer from Ts'ao Chou City in Kwangtung burst out at supper one day: "Hainan people must be stupid! How can you eat this food—it's fit for dogs! You work so hard all day, and there's no nutrition in this food at all!"

In Chekiang province another peasant girl befriended a student sent to her brigade from Shanghai: "We became pretty close; so later she said to me, 'The food is so bad here. How can you eat it?' I answered, '*Keyi.*' ('It's passable.') 'You should have seen what we ate during the famine' [1960–61]. And, because sometimes we ate just turnips and sweet potatoes instead of rice, she asked, 'If you eat like this for a long time, won't you get sick?' Later she wrote to her parents, who were workers, asking them to send her rice coupons. She told them, 'You live better, while I'm suffering here; so you ought to send some coupons to me.' "

Before "rustication," art-school students give the brush to capitalism.

Students assigned close to home solved the problem easily at first. Taking advantage of the central authorities' low-pressure tactics and of the initial wariness of the village cadre, who avoided tangling with such notorious troublemakers, they left frequently without permission and went home to eat decently at family expense. But they had returned to the city illegally, without the right to residence there, even in their parents' homes.

The problem of food, however, like another conspicuous difficulty—the physical strain of peasant labor—was not the core of the transitional shock. In the past many of these same bitterly complaining young people had willingly endured and sought hardship. "During the Cultural Revolution," says the earlier-mentioned Cantonese ex-Red Guard, "I could do so much, because I felt it was in my interest to be involved. But if you don't care about something, even if you're strong as a bull, you'll feel everything's too hard."

The problem lay in the perceiver, who had intensely changed. Even for idealistic and motivated urban youth, the gap between city and village had always been formidable. Now they arrived with their bag of illusions empty and no motivation at all. Both in their characteristic reactions to the peasantry and their behavior in the villages, they revealed, first of all, themselves. The peasants were "stupid," "ignorant slaves," meekly doing what they were told and putting up with intolerable exploitation.

"Why should the peasants be willing to turn over such large amounts of grain to the State for nothing? They're fools to do this," said the former Foochow City Red Guard scornfully. But, when pressed, he could suggest no real alternative for the peasant. He was merely declaring his rejection of an attitude he could neither accept nor respect, especially after the heady experience of the Cultural Revolution: "I know how much more you can do with initiative. Once I was a leader with power to control a whole county!" Like many others of his generation, he had savored and would not forget the taste of power and self-willed action. (In the words of another youth, 600 miles away: "We felt like the First Emperor of Ch'in—we could walk zigzag on the road as though it belonged to us.") Psychologically, these young people had become more unfit for the peasantry than ever—and they knew it.

(Continued on page 18.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Italian commedia dell'arte—ancestor of vaudeville—featured music, dance, mime, fencing, juggling, magic tricks, and rope dancing.

The Living Theater eventually became an enormous traveling commune—a living rebuke to conventional economics, culture, and politics.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

See 3,000 years of fantasy and spectacle come alive again in THEATER—your introduction to a major publishing event: Newsweek Books' World of Culture series.

THEATER unfolds the whole timeless tradition of plays, performers and productions...of slapstick, pathos and exalted poetry...of graceful mimes and intimate psychological drama that was—and is—the theater...from ancient Athens to the glitter of the Great White Way!

Beautiful illustrations on every page.

THEATER contains more than 130 stunning paintings, drawings, and photographs—over half in full color. These memorable illustrations and a brilliantly written 40,000-word text re-create the evolution of the theater from its earliest beginnings to the modern Theater of the Absurd.

You will learn why theater audiences in Periclean Athens were charged no admission at all. Why the Church, at one time, excommunicated *all* actors and denied them burial in holy ground. Why Queen Elizabeth decreed that theatrical performances in Shakespeare's time must start no later than two o'clock in the afternoon. How Japanese Nō players find their way around the stage while wearing masks *without eyeholes*. Why one of the most innovative playwrights of modern times felt that his artistic ideals were most closely fulfilled by—the zany Marx Brothers!

A unique series on the creative arts!

THEATER is only one of the magnificent volumes in the *World of Culture* series. The others are every bit as fascinating, lively, and colorful.

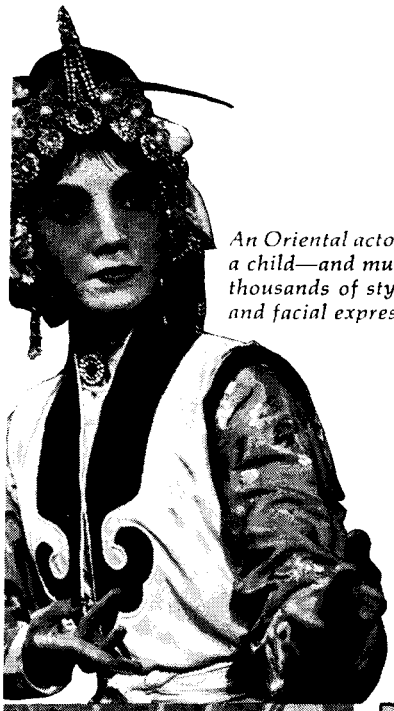
MUSIC reveals the music, musicians, and instruments of every culture and era. DANCE begins with the rites of primitive tribes and ends with the newest interpretive dance techniques. CINEMA, OPERA, and THE NOVEL are packed with the same kind of rich, absorbing detail. PAINTING actually fills two volumes—one ending with the Renaissance, the other with the latest 20th-century masters.

Each volume—beautifully printed and bound—measures 7-3/8" x 10". Each is a luxurious possession for your home. Yet, each can be yours for only $7.95 plus a small postage and handling charge.

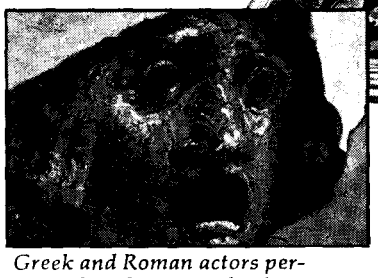
FREE GIFT!

Just for *looking* at THEATER for 10 days, we will send you three striking full-color art reproductions on fine quality paper. Yours to keep—even if you decide to return the book! See the coupon or order card for full details about this offer—and for information about how to subscribe to the *World of Culture* series.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



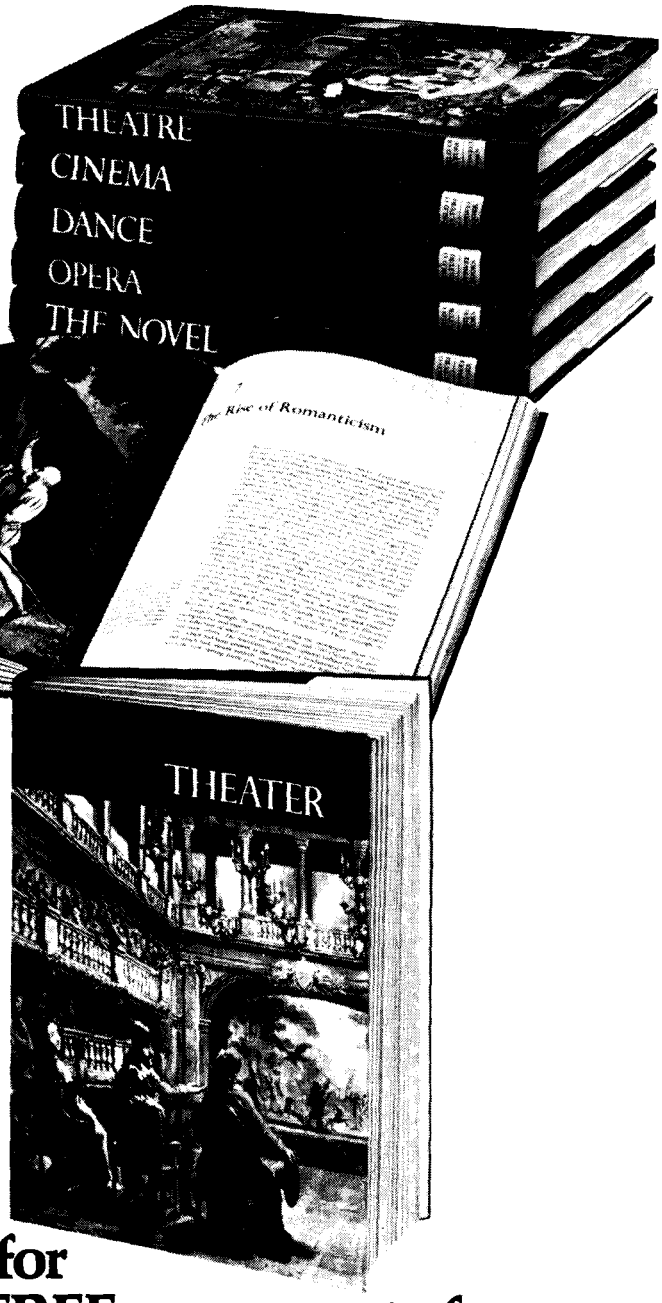
An Oriental actor begins training as a child—and must master literally thousands of stylized poses, gestures, and facial expressions.



Greek and Roman actors performed in classic masks that gave them a superhuman dignity. This is a tragic mask from an ancient fresco.

Mystery plays dramatized the medieval Church's theology in ways that even the unlettered found intelligible and exciting.

Oklahoma! completely transformed and revitalized the Viennese operetta form—establishing the American musical as a major theatrical genre.



YOURS for 10 days FREE—as a guest of Newsweek Books

Newsweek Books/World of Culture CWCX 34
The Newsweek Bldg., Box 417, Livingston, N.J. 07039

Please send me THEATER to examine FREE for 10 days and enter my trial subscription to *World of Culture*. If I wish, I may return the book within 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, I will remit $7.95 plus postage and handling. You may then send me future volumes in the series one every other month, on the same trial basis and at the same price. I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

My initials_____

☐ Please send this and any future volumes in the Deluxe Edition at $2 more per book.

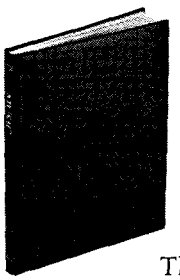
Include my three color art reproductions—*Etruscan Musicians* (30" x 15"), *Hamlet* (15" x 30"), and *Harlequin on Horseback* (18" x 24")—mine FREE, whether I decide to keep the book or not.

Mr.
Mrs._____
Miss (please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Note: Available only in U.S. and Canada. Residents of Canada: Add $1.00 more per volume.



Deluxe Edition Available.

Each volume in the *World of Culture* series—including THEATER—also comes in an exquisite Deluxe Edition, with gold-tooled binding in a fine-grain substance designed to outlast ordinary leather. This gives your book the custom look of volumes costing much more—yet you pay only $2 extra per book. Check appropriate box on the coupon or order card for the Deluxe Edition.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One thing is very real and clear: The abandoned 'little generals' of Mao will follow anyone who will lead them out of the Chinese countryside."

(Continued from page 15.)

"Work in the village doesn't depend on physical strength alone," said one student. "It depends on just taking everything that comes—on 'eating the bitter and tolerating the worst.' The peasants were forced to become this way over the generations. Honestly, that's why, even if we tried, we students could never compete with the peasants." The speaker, like so many others, took for granted the true reason, at once gross and subtle, why he could sustain such a detached view: Simply, his parents in the city, poor or not, were there to help, and they did. He still did not feel compelled to take the pressing confines, the seemingly petty and absorbing anxieties of peasant life seriously, because at heart he was not yet convinced that he had to. "We could go home anytime," said the young man from Foochow.

How did the peasants, in their turn, view the newcomers—the young city slickers? The evidence is that the older peasants, particularly in the more populated, agriculturally saturated areas, did not welcome the prospect of further subdivision of their already meager, fixed share of the common yield. New mouths meant less for their own; new families crowded further upon the future, diminishing the expectations of their children. Even if the new arrivals could be hard, persistent workers like the peasants themselves—and the peasants knew better than to expect that they would—whatever increase in production that might result would be insignificant at present and totally submerged in the long run.

Young peasants, however, were a different matter. Many a student, hypocritically smiling but inwardly depressed as he surveyed the tattered, uncouth gathering at a large brigade-welcoming party, might have been surprised at the real thoughts of some of the young rustics before him. Certainly, many students, in their self-centeredness and arrogance, underestimated, even later, the sensitivity and discernment with which young peasants responded to them.

A 17-year-old peasant boy was among the welcomers at a large brigade tea party in Chungshan county, Kwangtung province, in 1969. He recalls:

> It was such a pity, I thought. They were from the city and so educated—why did they have to come to the village to plough, to get into the mud? My friends and I talked of it afterward. We didn't see how they could adapt themselves to our life here. This was "no battlefield for a hero." Later, when I got to know them, they would complain to me about how they couldn't get used to things, how unlucky they felt, and some of the girls would cry. "You shouldn't cry," I said, "this is fate." . . . I know they felt a bit above us—they were so clean and high-class. When we looked at ourselves, we felt a little bad, too—our feet were covered with cow dung and our clothes all patched.
>
> Once, after transplanting seedlings, one of the students got very upset, because that work was so damned tedious he couldn't manage it, and his clothes had got all muddy. He was so exhausted and angry that on the way home from work he tore off his jacket and threw it in the river. "I won't wear these damned clothes," he said. "I'd rather wear rags." But it was a good Shanghai-style jacket, not a bit old, so much better than the ragged clothes we were wearing. "Isn't it wasteful to throw such a jacket away?" we asked. "What's so special about it?" he said. "You can get an old thing like that anywhere!" Such a jacket! It would have been nice if he'd given it to me. Of course, I couldn't bring myself to fish it out again. But it was a shame: I could have worn it to go to market.

In Tung Kuan county, of the same province, an illiterate peasant in his 20s was baffled by the arrival of the "educated young people" in the village:

> "What happened?" I asked one of them. "Didn't you have a job?" "The government ordered us to be sent here," he said. "Do you find it nice here?" I asked. He said, "I had to come whether it's nice or not." I felt very sorry for them. They said there was no future in the village even if you worked here your whole life. I told them that maybe, if they worked well, they'd be transferred back. I was just saying this to comfort them; I really didn't know. "But when will my turn come?" one of them said. . . . Of the 30 students who came to our large brigade, only one is left now. All the rest have escaped to Hong Kong.

An extremely intelligent young peasant of landlord origin in Wei Yang county went far beyond instinctive sympathy in his response. As the son of a "black class" member, permanently stigmatized and held in subservience by official policy, he grasped precisely the bond between himself and the newcomers: "We both were 'useless persons.' Our views were alike; we were people on the same road." The only difference was that "they did what we were afraid to do and said what we were afraid to say." He also understood and accurately pinpointed the psychological source of the irresponsible, mischievous, and sometimes violent behavior for which the city youth quickly became notorious in the villages: "They already felt they'd been badly treated, and now in the countryside they had no future anyway; so as a result, they acted even worse. They didn't give a damn."

"We were already human refuse when we went to the countryside," said the former Cantonese Red Guard, unwittingly summing up the words of the anonymous peasant from Wei Yang. He was also speaking for his generation, whose obsessive current refrain is that because of their adolescent naiveté and idealism, they were "used" to implement a massive political deception and then were thrown away.

POSSIBLY the most important consequence of the banishment of the Red Guards to the villages is the fact that they have had time to think and brood, not over what they have done, but over what was done to them. The accumulated bitterness and cynicism are enough to cover China like a poisonous mist. In this miasma at least two interesting divergences can be discerned. One is a total rejection of politics as contemptible, merciless, and dangerously unpredictable: "During the Cultural Revolution I saw people who thought themselves on top of the world struck down. One after another, everyone in politics is overthrown." The second type of reaction is, paradoxically, an unideologized obsession with power for its own sake: "If you can get your children out of the countryside and into city jobs—that's power," says the former Red Guard leader from Foochow, who would be cynically regarded as a "climber" by the "monks"—that is, those currently renouncing the world of politics altogether. "When I had power, everything seemed right to me. It was all smooth sailing. I really worshipped Mao then. But when you've lost power, everything seems wrong. Once you've been on the political stage and then your political life is finished—that's the end of your real life."

The perseveration of such feelings and a deep personal hatred for the great Master, who had made them "Monkey God" for a day, explain, in part, the numerous puerile and foredoomed at-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tempts of such youth to set up antagonistic secret organizations or guerrilla bands in the countryside. In hatred of Mao, the monks and climbers close ranks. They have seen through his "fake benevolence and fake righteousness" (the Confucian terms, *Jen Yi*). The former Cantonese Red Guard, who distinguished himself from the numbly pessimistic monks by positive steps toward a new goal—freedom in Hong Kong—is blunt enough: "We wished Old Grandpa (*Ah Yeh*) dead every minute of the day."

For those enchanted with power, however, the reversal from love to hatred of the leader did not necessarily bring about erosive doubts, let alone a fundamental questioning, of the Maoist dictatorial system. The political edifice still stood; only the monstrous marble statue on top had to come down.

"I hate Mao's character," says the young man from Foochow, "but I still admire his methods. I know the attitude sounds paradoxical. During the Cultural Revolution I already realized that this wasn't a kind of social reform, but a personal power struggle, and that we were being used; but I supported him because I felt he was serving my [worker] class. But, afterward, when I saw my own comrades arrested, shot, and killed, I began to hate him."

Mao with Chou En-lai and the late Liu Shao-ch'i—A strategy for disposal.

IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE to ascribe a simple causation to the various disorders and acts of violence for which the banished youth have been responsible since 1968. The bands of rowdies who slip periodically back into the cities to rob the citizenry and to terrorize the militia are expressing much more than emotional resentment. They are displaying the delinquency into which they already had sunk during the Cultural Revolution and which was reinforced by the "we-have-nothing-to-lose" hopelessness in the villages.

Numerous incidents in the countryside itself reveal interesting patterns: Whenever the former students discern a legitimate cause for protest—such as the unnecessary death, from malaria, of a comrade in Fukien, the fatal arbitrary beating of a Swatow student in Kwangtung—they appear to spring instantly to concerted action. The spirit and mob-action techniques of the Cultural Revolution are suddenly reinstated along with old factional, school, and purely local loyalties. During the above-mentioned Kwangtung incident, which took place in 1973, more than a hundred Swatow students, known for their toughness, gathered from an area covering three communes; they descended on the large brigade headquarters where their fellow Swatowite had met his death, threatening to kill all the militia and the large-brigade leader. People's Liberation Army troops had to be called in to remove the Swatow students, who learned, as the saying goes in the villages: "A fierce tiger is no match for a local snake."

There are also deeper currents flowing. An underground song is now being sung by former Red Guards in the countryside of Fukien and apparently in other provinces to the north. Rumor attributes the song to a university student from Nanking, who was sent in early 1969 to northern Sinkiang but was later arrested and finally executed for his courageous outspokenness. In the song the city youth in the countryside are referred to as the "107," a kind of code name, taken from the visual likeness of the numbers to the omnipresent objects of Chinese rustic life: "1" is the carrying pole, "0" the bamboo hat, and "7" the hoe.

White clouds sail on the blue, blue sky.
On the lovely Yangtze River lies
The ancient city of Nanking, my home.
Like a long rainbow the great bridge—
So mighty—pierces through the clouds.
Under towering Bell Mountain lies
My beloved homeland.
Good-bye, mother, farewell, young maids,
The students' golden years are gone,
Fixed within history, and will not return.
How the road of the future twists
And winds, unendingly dark!
The footprints of life have sunk so deep
In wild, forsaken alien land.
Stars overhead when we set out,
Cloaked in moonlight when we return.
Our honorable duty this—
The heavy work of putting the world in order.
When shall I see the sun rise over home?
When will fair spring extend its glow
To this far borderland?
Our blood is seething,
mountains and rivers roar,
1-0-7, rise up, unite!
Deceived slaves we cannot be anymore.
With our bodies and hearts and actions
We shall rock the Great Wall.
In the rush of our hot blood we shall dissolve
This terrorful red world.

Songs and rumors may appear pathetically insubstantial to the foreign observer who prefers the "solidity" of the printed word, and perhaps they are. But within China they may be acted upon as if they were the very stuff of reality. For example, on the basis of a firmly believed rumor that Marshal Ho-lung, who disappeared in 1967, now commands a Chinese combat force on Soviet soil, a number of former Red Guards from southern provinces are known to have traveled more than 2,000 miles to the northern Sino-Soviet border in vain attempts to cross over. They wanted to join other Chinese "preparing for an attack" on the Peking government under Mao Tse-tung.

Marshal Ho-lung may be a poor ghost. But one thing is very real and clear: The abandoned little generals of Mao will follow anyone who will lead them out of the Chinese countryside. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for Christmas Giving

by Anne Hollander

In the face of cripplingly high paper costs and the threat of general depression, publishers continue to offer elaborate and expensive picture books to the public, who must now pay more than ever for these undeniably beautiful possessions. Some publishers have rather honorably seen to it that the subject matter and its treatment reach a commensurately higher standard of excellence, to match the beauty of the bookmaking and its elevated cost; others have not, and the public must consequently often suffer from not getting its money's worth.

One rather good new effort in the Harry N. Abrams series on world architecture is *Ancient Architecture: Mesopotamia, Egypt, Crete, Greece,* by Seton Lloyd, Hans Wolfgang Müller, and Roland Martin (Abrams, $35.00). The three learned authors of the three separate sections are British, German, and French, and the general editor, who wrote the introduction, is Italian; one must assume that they all wrote in English because no translator is identified. The first section deals with the ancient Near East, the second with Egypt, and the third with the whole scope of ancient Greek architecture, beginning with the Minoan and Mycenaean civilizations and ending with Hellenistic Greece. Almost every monument in this book is shown photographed from many angles and distances, and there are delicate linecuts of admirable clarity, giving elevations, plans, and views of reconstructions. No ravishing color plates interrupt the flow of instructive demonstration. Most of the pictures were taken by Pepi Merisio and Bruno Balestrini, who are to be highly praised for combining such profusion with such elegance and clarity. The texts are similarly clear, sober, and factual. Since a huge span of time and space is under discussion, to say nothing of an enormous wealth of material, a high density of responsible information is properly called for and, indeed, amply provided by this book, including a very useful synoptic table showing how all these civilizations overlapped in time.

•

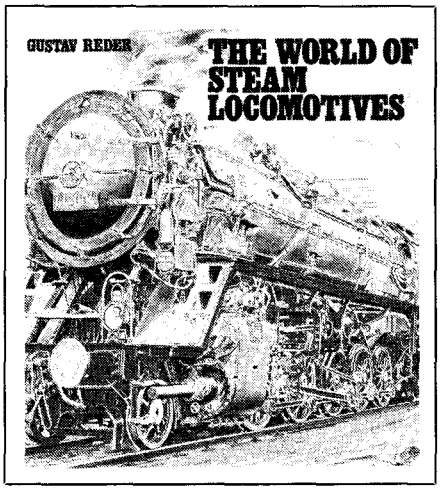
After a look at some of the most ancient monuments of Western civilization, it is difficult to superimpose the scope and beauty of Chinese art on one's awareness of history. *China Today and Her Ancient Treasures*, by Joan Lebold Cohen and Jerome Alan Cohen (Abrams, $22.50 until December 31, $25.00 thereafter), is another excellent offering at a reasonable price. Both authors are scholars, one of Oriental art history and one of law (he is director of East Asian Legal Studies at Harvard), and this learned and energetic collaboration shows how much an enlightened spirit can really do for the advancement of understanding. The text is essentially a history of China, told from the complex point of view necessary for the modern student. Because China's official history is now being revised as it is being lived, the account of it must tactfully allow both for the facts and for all contemporary and subsequent versions of them. The present and past must somehow be viewed simultaneously for a proper idea of the truth about China. The Cohens have given a comprehensively accurate, illustrated description, with the additional valuable force of strong personal commitment behind it. The color photographs, all taken by Joan Lebold Cohen, show the interrelationship of the landscape and people of modern China and the extraordinary monuments of her ancient heritage. The illustrations illuminate the text, partly because they have been placed in correct conjunction with what is being said, and partly because an informative caption accompanies each one. The intelligent, informed zeal of this couple makes this a valuable book: They love knowing about China, and they want others to have that profitable pleasure.

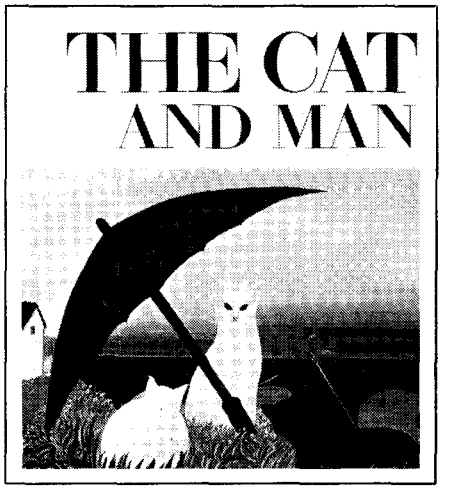
•

A very different but equally encompassing view of a cultural heritage is offered in *Art Treasures of Yugoslavia*, edited and with an introduction by Oto Bihalji-Merin (Abrams, $45.00). The publishers are still keeping quality in line with price in this huge book, which includes 19 essays, addresses, and lectures, each by a different art historian, on every aspect of art in Yugoslavia from pre-historic to modern times. The museums of Yugoslavia contain treasures of Greek and Roman antiquity, and Byzantine

Anne Hollander is at work on a book about the clothed form in art.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





and Romanesque painting and mosaic, equal to any of the more famous collections in Greek and Italian museums. This book is a revelation of beauties hitherto neglected except for style and genre. Each section dealing with a different art-historical subject has its own bibliography and a map showing the particular area of Yugoslavia in which its principal monuments are to be found.

•

In Italy, by Roloff Beny, text and anthology by Anthony Thwaite and Peter Porter (Harper & Row, $40.00), is a very different kind of celebration of a country's beauties. This book offers instant experience—travel, education, and reading, and the responses to a combination of them, most properly meditated upon and absorbed for a lifetime, are here condensed and offered like a capsule with water, all for $40 and an hour or so of time. The gentlemen who have compiled this volume are undoubtedly of considerable cultivation themselves, out of which come bits of literature, consisting of quotations from great authors on the various parts of Italy that Mr. Beny has photographed. The photographs are, in fact, far too baroque and extraordinary to give any idea of how Italy really looks, but they are each worthy of gasps, some unbelieving. Gore Vidal has written a refined little essay at the end, wittily invoking what the pictures show nothing of—the gradual destruction of Italy's treasures through her neglect and abuse of them—so that after gazing in wonder (with appropriate exclamations and meditations provided by the likes of Goethe and Walter Pater), we are left with the appropriately ironical attitude.

•

Perhaps the most famous "treasure" of Italy is further revealed in *The Unknown Leonardo*, edited by Ladislao Reti (McGraw-Hill, $34.95 until December 31, $39.95 thereafter). This large but compact and absorbing book was compiled to explain the importance of the recently rediscovered *Madrid Codices*, two of Leonardo's notebooks that had lain buried in the Madrid Library for centuries. Ten essays by Leonardo scholars of various nationalities attempt to place the contents of these two notebooks in the context of the artist's other works and writings, so that the reader may have an extremely dense and intense view of Leonardo's mind at work. Thousands of his sketches, plans, and diagrams, from both the famous and the "new" notebooks, are reproduced together with explanatory captions; interspersed with these are pictures of relevant historical figures, buildings, other people's works both scientific and artistic, and models of Leonardo's inventions. The book looks as if it is presenting the works of a whole culture, not of one man. The essays deal with all of Leonardo's different but clearly related absorptions, such as military architecture, hydraulics, machinery, weapons, and painting. Excerpts from his own writings on all these matters are reproduced and translated, and there is a time-line showing how he fits into his epoch, as well as the accomplishments of its other men of genius. To become fully aware of Leonardo da Vinci is still an overwhelming discovery; this book is a very thorough introduction.

•

A very dignified display case for the work of a great artist is *Albrecht Dürer: The Landscape Watercolours*, by Walter Koschatzky (St. Martin's Press, $45.00). The author is the director of prints and drawings at the Albertina in Vienna, where a number of Dürer's most famous drawings are hung. These paintings, however, of which about 30 exist, are far less well known and far more amazing than the justly beloved bunny rabbit and praying hands. They are all landscapes done only with brush and watercolors, painted directly from nature; they were all painted between 1494 and 1500, a time when no other artist in Western history had ever thought of doing such a thing. They are not even typical of Dürer himself, who seems to have used them as an experimental kind of note-taking, not considering them finished works suitable for the public. Landscape in Dürer's time was not considered a separate subject for artists, who were expected to use it only in connection with figures for narrative or allegorical purposes. These fresh and immediate impressions of sheds, barns, cliffs, and rivers are miracles, not only of art but also of the history of art. The book reproduces every one still in existence with a rather solemn essay on the facing page. One or two plates seem blurry, but most are exquisite, and there is an excellent scholarly apparatus at the back.

•

Almost a century earlier, between about 1404 and 1409 in south-central France, the three Limbourg brothers were showing how they, too, were innovators, even in the conventional task of illuminating a Book of Hours. *The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry,* by Millard Meiss and Elizabeth H. Beatson (Braziller, $45.00 until December 31, $50.00 thereafter), reproduces in actual size the complete book, which was a much-expanded and elaborate version of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST OUT!

the latest, the greatest collection yet...

SIMON AND SCHUSTER

CROSTICS 72

Thomas H. Middleton, America's foremost crostics constructor, presents a 'host' of all-new, never-before-in-print literary puzzles to challenge your brains, and soothe your spirits. Fifty winners all picked and polished for the pleasure of right-thinking Crostic fans.

You'll find a diversity of puzzles designed for cerebral challenge and mental relaxation—a feast of fun with words for the most gratifying low-cost entertainment around!

Ideal for Christmas giving.

CROSTICS, Series 72, is ready now. The coupon below will bring a copy (or copies) to your door.

To Your Bookseller, or
SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD
Dept. HB
488 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022

Please send me ___ copy (copies) of Simon and Schuster CROSTICS 72, for which I enclose $2.95 per copy, plus applicable sales tax, plus 40¢ for handling and postage. Add 10¢ postage for each additional copy.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **State**_____ **Zip**_____

I missed the previous collections. Please also send

☐ **CROSTICS 71 $2.50** ☐ **CROSTICS 70 $2.50**

the customary sort of book for private devotions. The authors have provided learned commentary on each illumination and on the sophisticated contribution these particular artists made to the history of painting. There is also a small essay at the back, written by John Plummer, about the physical makeup of the original manuscript, which is in the Cloisters in New York City. This is a beautiful picture book of modest size and very delicate subject matter; the miniatures must be studied slowly, since they invite and hold the eye with an extreme refinement of appeal, despite the violent and bloody martyrdoms depicted in some of them.

•

Another medieval manuscript, perhaps the most famous of its time, is *The Book of Kells* (Knopf, $55.00 until December 31, $65.00 thereafter). This is another complete reproduction in correct size and full color of a great work of manuscript illumination, with a study of the manuscript by Françoise Henry. The original, dating from the late eighth century and now in Trinity College, Dublin, consists essentially of the four Gospels in Latin and some preliminary pages containing canon-tables, lists of names, summaries, and prefaces; the illumination consists not only of illustrative pictures but also of a series of vivid lacertine decorations interwoven with and forming part of the beautiful calligraphy. The style of this art is entirely different from the early-fifteenth-century delicacy of the *Belles Heures*. It is linear and sinewy, related to Middle Eastern and Asian decorative art, using leaf patterns, fish and animal forms, and interlaced spiralling bands in a style characteristic of early Celtic and Saxon art as well. Each page of this book is packed with details, some of which are enlarged separately for closer study, and there is a thorough historical essay with black-and-white illustrations of related material. The bookmaking in these two medieval reproductions is irreproachably austere but nevertheless elegant.

•

In *The Graphic Work of Alphonse Mucha*, edited by Jiri Mucha, Marina Henderson, and Aaron Scharf (St. Martin's Press, $40.00), we encounter an artist whose work indeed seems to owe much to *The Book of Kells*. A similar interlace of plant and animal forms in pale, multicolored density adorns these otherwise essentially frivolous images. Born in 1860, Mucha was a Czech illustrator who worked first in Munich and then in Paris at the end of the nineteenth century, creating posters in a style that crystallized what is meant by the term Art Nouveau. While the posters of Steinlen and Toulouse-Lautrec were taken seriously as art, Mucha's were more fashionably appealing. His characteristically languid females in exotic dress eventually also graced menus, programs, and calendars as well as soap, cigarette, and biscuit wrappings. They remain fascinating, their easy charm sometimes secretly preferable to the lofty challenge of serious art. The book is simple and straightforward, with an introductory essay and plates, some in color.

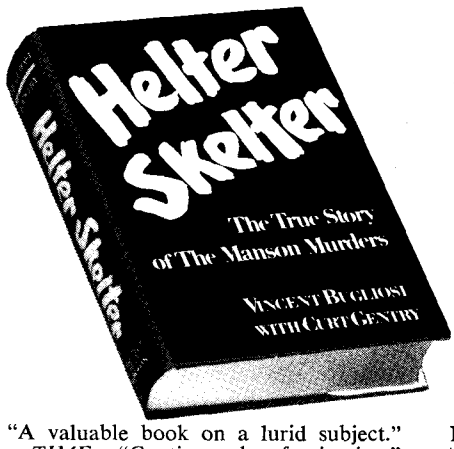
•

Mucha's contemporary and an artist of more profound influence despite the official frivolity of his concern is introduced in *Leon Bakst*, by Charles Spencer (St. Martin's Press, $40.00). Bakst became famous as the set and costume designer for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, which electrified the cultivated Parisian world of 1909, not only with the artistry of Nijinsky and Karsavina but also with Bakst's vivid and exotic décors and costumes. The impact of this cultural event cannot now be calculated except in a ghostly way, as one can still see the theatrical results of that moment working their way through the modern dance, musical comedy, and the movies. Bakst invented a look of gaudy theatrical display, energized by a combination of French sexual verve and a refined Slavic barbarism, which was at the time also being expressed in music by Stravinsky and in movement by Fokine under the guiding genius of Diaghilev. The text and pictures are interwoven in this artistic biography; the magnificent costume designs are well worth the price themselves, but there are also many photographs, early works, cartoons, and portraits.

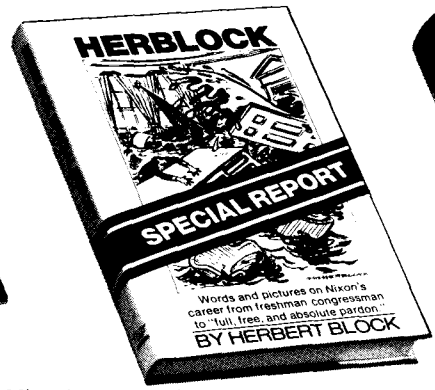
•

Picasso was also associated with the Ballet Russe after its establishment as a Parisian institution, but his gifts and energies soon removed him from the theater to the largest possible stage of artistic life. His personality over the great length of his life became perhaps even more legendary than his art, at least for a great many who cared more about the texture of any life than about the works of any genius. A recent steady flow of books about the marvel of Picasso the man has sprung into existence, of which a new example is *Forever*

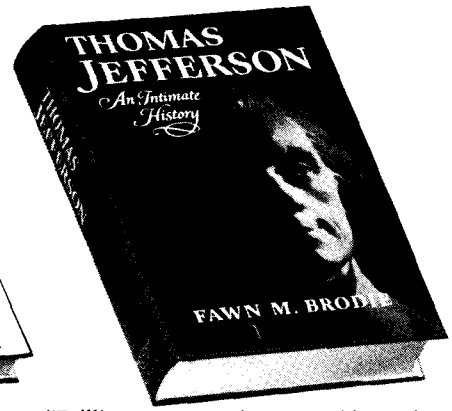
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



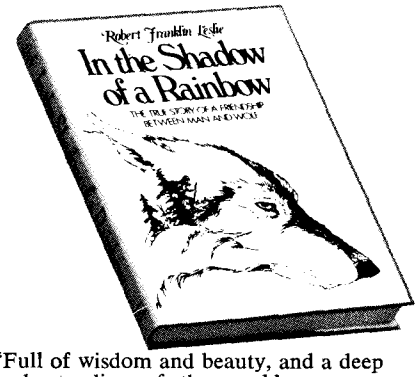
"A valuable book on a lurid subject." — *TIME*. "Continuously fascinating." —Eliot Fremont-Smith. Illus. $10.00


HERBLOCK
SPECIAL REPORT
Words and pictures on Nixon's career from freshman congressman to "full, free, and absolute pardon..."
BY HERBERT BLOCK

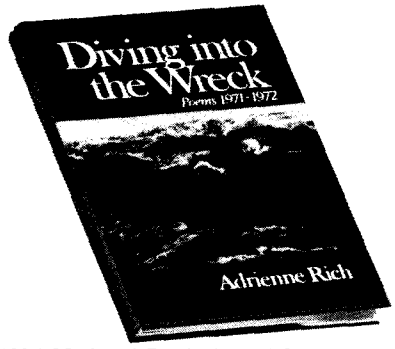
Nixon's career from congressman to "full, free, and absolute pardon," in 450 cartoons and text. $7.95



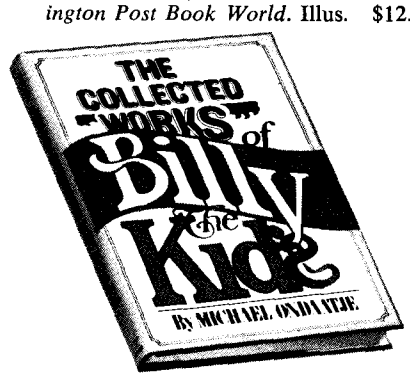
"Brilliant, provocative . . . a biography that no one . . . should miss." — *Washington Post Book World*. Illus. $12.50



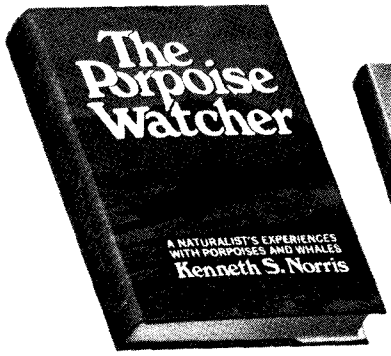
"Full of wisdom and beauty, and a deep understanding of the world we must save." — Margaret Craven. $6.95



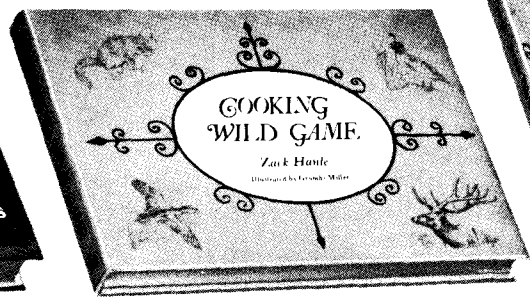
1974 National Book Award for Poetry. "Extremely beautiful." — *Village Voice*. Cloth, $5.95. Paper, $1.95



"Wonderful . . . clean and energetic. This is literature, art."—Annie Dillard. Illus. $5.95



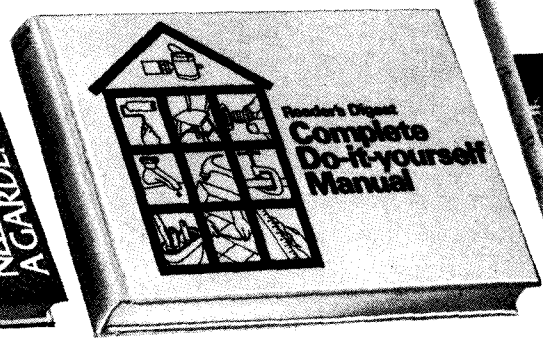
"Has everything — science, adventure, poignancy, love." — Arthur Godfrey. Illus. $7.95



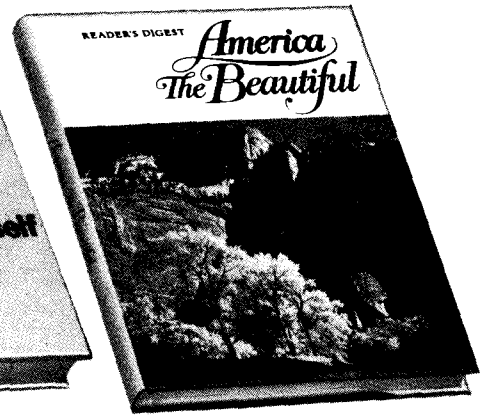
The most comprehensive guide for handling game in the kitchen and serving it in style. Illus. $12.95

The perfect guide for the new sailor, filled with more than 300 full-color illustrations. $12.95

How to create embroidery masterpieces. Step-by-step instructions, diagrams and patterns. $14.95



More than two thousand photos, drawings, diagrams show how to tackle every job in and around the house. $15.95



"An important and extremely handsome book. . . . Stunning." — Lowell Thomas, Jr. Illus. $12.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Norton

W.W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picasso, An Intimate Look at His Last Years, by Roberto Otero (Abrams, $20.00). The author of this memoir is a late-in-life friend of the artist and a filmmaker, as the flow of the book strongly suggests. The book was conceived as a documentary film and, indeed, reads like one; it is full of conversations and encounters with friends, packing arrangements for an exhibit, attendance at a bullfight, and domestic scenes. Hundreds of candid photographs accompany these descriptions, and the elderly Picasso's personal manner is certainly strongly evoked. But after all, we are not his friends, and we should not intrude. His pictures are really our business, but all this is not.

•

A real picture-book bargain this year is *A Doré Gallery* (Arco, $15.00). This book reproduces, at least in part, a large two-volume edition of Doré's illustrations published in 1870, when his fame and influence were at their height. Also reproduced is that edition's introduction, in which he is described as "the representative artist of France"—an interesting thought at a time when Manet, Degas, and Renoir were already hard at work. The book gives a representative group, with no modern commentary or historical evaluation, of selected illustrations from (among others) Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the Bible, Dante, *Don Quixote,* and La Fontaine's *Fables.* A brief description of what is happening is given at the bottom of each plate, and the real value of the book is in the dose it offers of Doré's graphic vision—mysterious and gloomy, but academic and literal, sentimental and somehow satisfying in the manner of an old silent movie.

•

A graphic artist as characteristic of his own time as Doré was of his is the subject and author of *Storyteller Without Words: The Wood Engravings of Lynd Ward*, with text by the artist (Abrams, $25.00). This book is essentially an explanation and a demonstration of the power and importance of woodcut and wood engravings—as adapted to the techniques of a rather slick modernism—the nineteenth-century medium of Doré and Tenniel in which this artist-author still flourishes. Ward's most famous works were created in the Thirties in the form of novels in pictures: *God's Man, Mad Man's Drum, Vertigo*, and others. Most of these dramatically reflect contemporary social problems in terms of the spiritual torments of a particular protagonist. The style is characteristic of the decade, using smooth, long-limbed bodies, divided into muscular sections, expressing strong feeling in a series of dramatic poses that very much resemble those simultaneously being conceived by the practitioners of the early modern dance. The figures even wear the same neutral-looking, clinging garments. Lynd Ward describes the genesis of these works in the slightly pompous text, and besides various greeting cards and bookplates, he includes some lovely individual prints done in the recent past.

•

Poster art has a separate history, although, as we have seen, serious artists have lent their talents to the genre. *The Poster in History*, by Max Gallo (American Heritage, $17.95 until December 31, $22.50 thereafter), is authored by a French historian of journalistic, rather than scholarly, accomplishments who has no art-historical background to speak of. The posters illustrating the book date from 1789 to 1970; they are divided into sections corresponding to historical periods that represent successive eras of social change in which poster art reflected prevailing attitudes. The text, translated from the French, describes this process but omits any stylistic commentary on the posters, which is a pity, since the style is an integral part of the poster's message. Some early ones are even obviously incorrectly dated, in view of the evidence of dress and other details in them. These errors are perhaps supposed to be redressed by the inclusion of a diffuse essay by Carlo Arturo Quintavalle on the development of poster art, illustrated mainly by small black-and-white examples of still other posters. This book is a somewhat sloppy treatment of a subject that is much in need of study. One would have liked to have seen it responsibly done.

•

Another slightly off-putting book is *The Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden* (Abrams, $40.00). Among the thousand illustrations in this huge volume are six essays, some better than others, by different art critics who survey the successive 15-year periods, from around 1850 to the present, represented in Mr. Hirshhorn's collection of art. A collection of this size (of which this book, crammed full as it is, only gives a portion) seems rather like an accumulation that represents a variety of tastes, such as one finds, for instance, in the Vatican. Considered as the acquisitions of one man, it looks somewhat hysterically formed, particularly since the works span only about 100 years in time. The collection, now peculiarly housed on the Mall in Washington, is indeed dazzling, especially the immense amount of excellent European sculpture. The paintings are mostly American, beginning with a beautiful Bierstadt and ending with the likes of Lichtenstein. In between lies an extraordinary range of pictures, including both unfamiliar but obvious masterpieces and works of distressing banality. There is a catalog, but only of the works reproduced (not the entire museum), which seems a bit less than useful.

•

For those whose interest in the modern world is not confined to art, there is *The World of Steam Locomotives,* by Gustav Reder (Putnam, $40.00). This wonderful book has been translated from the German, and it has the intelligent thoroughness we associate with all kinds of German learning. The author was a railroad engineer but is now devoting himself to expertise in this complex

A major new novel by the winner of the National Medal for Literature, 1973

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

LOOK AT THE HARLEQUINS!

"A tumbling, juggling, high-wire act by the Master...a fascinating romp."
—William Cole, Saturday Review/World

$7.95

McGraw-Hill Book Company

Photo: Halsman

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

realm. This is not a superficial, journalistic treatment of an attractive subject but a very serious history, and it is written in a lively manner. Mr. Reder begins in 1804, with the necessity for inventing some kind of efficient engine for hauling coal carts out of mines, and ends in about 1960, with the demise of the whole era of the steam locomotive. The locomotive is, the author concludes, already part of the romantic past, with a history in which our whole civilization was for a time involved. This book seems trustworthy as a reliable text for the general reader to consult on the subject, and for the confirmed enthusiast, there are tables of technical data about all the illustrations, as well as a lengthy bibliography.

•

A more difficult and elusive subject must be treated in a more gingerly fashion, as we see from *The Cat and Man*, by Gillette Grilhé (Putnam, $27.50). This is another book of cat lore rather than strictly a history, a picture book, or a guide for owners. There is a little of all three, as well as a selection of famous literary bits about cats sandwiched between the artistic and cultural survey and the list of standard breeds. It is annoying that some pictures are dated and some not, particularly when a remark about the fifteenth century occurs in the caption for a Goya print, and it is unfortunate to find John de Critz's portrait of Henry Wriothesley entitled the "Count of Southampton." Nevertheless, the ravishing photographs of cats in the last section alone are worth the price. There is, unfortunately, no list of illustrations.

THE COMING BICENTENNIAL has already inspired a good deal of early Americana. One useful example is the new *Atlas of the American Revolution*, edited by Kenneth Nebenzahl, text by Don Higginbotham (Rand McNally, $35.00). Most of these 54 maps were drawn by eyewitnesses to the occurrences they record, usually as the means of explaining the events of the war to those at a distance. Most of them were engraved and published in London during that period, having originally been made in America by British military engineers, and they were evidently much sought after by the British government, military, and public alike. Large maps of the theater of war, small diagrams of battles, street maps of towns, and plans of naval engagements are all beautifully reproduced in this volume; but the historical text has been illustrated with insufficiently identified prints and engravings, many of them idiotically printed in mauve or blue or pink instead of black-and-white, presumably to give some unnecessary sprightliness to the page. The essay is excellent, however, as are all the explanations of the remarkable maps.

•

Another Bicentennial-oriented volume is *The Exploration of North America 1630–1776*, by W. P. Cummings, S. E. Hillier, D. B. Quinn, and G. Williams (Putnam, $30.00). The maps in this dense book are mostly unreadably small and dim, but other illustrations are clear and wonderfully numerous, and every one is fully identified. This section of our early history follows a previous treatment of the explorations up to 1630, but an introductory essay provides sufficient background for a reader beginning with this volume. The historical text is divided into chapters dealing with separate geographical areas, and each of these is followed by selections from contemporary writers about the same material—again, each selection scrupulously identified. The maps and pictures of people and places are interspersed with contemporary drawings of animals, botanical specimens, and artifacts, some in color. The real value of this book is not its beauty, however, but its beautifully organized (by British historians), responsibly presented information.

•

As a grand culmination of the current celebrations of the American past comes *The World of George Washington*, by Richard M. Ketchum (American Heritage, $25.00 until December 31, $35.00 thereafter). This is a biography, illustrated entirely by paintings, maps, prints, and facsimile documents in existence during Washington's lifetime. The idea behind this volume was to demythologize Washington and show him as a believable man rising to the greatness thrust upon him by circumstances. The book is dignified, large-size, and very chastely printed with wide margins and decorously arranged illustrations, which are grouped together in between chapters of the text. They are given lengthy explanatory captions. Best are the documents in Washington's own hand, which are movingly clear to read and simply expressed. The flavor of the whole enterprise is enthusiastic but restrained, as befits the story of a very real but quite unromantic hero. □

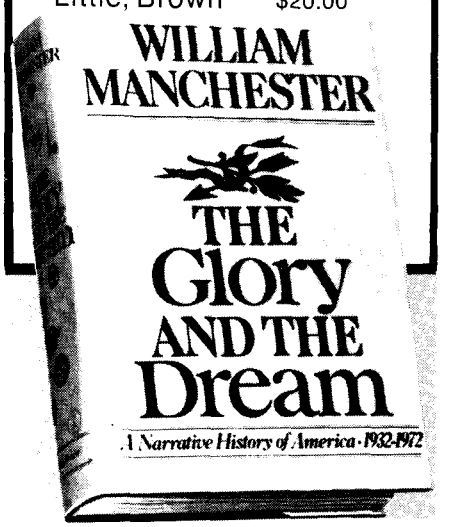
MALCOLM S.
FORBES
Fact&
Comment

AT&T's Chairman
of the Board,
John D. de Butts, says:
"It was a pleasure to read the musings — filled with wisdom, strength and personality — of perhaps our leading business-watcher."

Saturday Review says:
"Terse, lively . . . a highly diverting account of one free spirit's reactions to a quarter of a century of great and small happenings."—Hallowell Bowser

$7.95 At all bookstores
Alfred A. Knopf

"From a glimpse of Hoover hiding in the White House during the 1932 Bonus March, to Nixon celebrating his second-term inauguration 'surrounded by happy perjurers,' Manchester has written some brilliant narrative history. Readers can dip into the book at any one of its 1302 pages and experience instant recognition and nostalgia."
—*Publishers Weekly*
"A stunning performance."
—James MacGregor Burns
Little, Brown $20.00



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children's Books: The Best of the Fall Season

From *Where the Sidewalk Ends*

by William Cole

Each season brings a raft of books. The ones below are those that most tickled my fancy. They're not necessarily the books that the child psychologist, the educator, or the "expert" might pick, but the ones that seem to me to have the most inventiveness, some zip, some charm.

For every book that I review, I discard three or four. What ails all these expensive books so that they're not worth reviewing? I can give a partial answer by reproducing some notes I jotted down while going through some 200 books:

Story hasn't enough variety and doesn't give artist enough to draw . . . mood book—perfectly okay but nothing happens except pretty pictures in full color for $6.95 . . . has jokey references to Admiral Byrd and Amerigo Vespucci that five-year-olds can't possibly dig . . . distorted by oversimplified Disneyitis . . . cluttered, fussy illustrations with no focus . . . starts well, but ending dribbles off . . . too cutesy, *à la* Keane . . . drawing is crude; so many illustrators have trouble drawing mouths, are weak in basic anatomy . . . author doesn't know what makes kids laugh . . . no pictures on a two-page spread—very bad for young kids' books . . . has dubious moral . . .

Where books are written and illustrated by the same person, I give his name only once. I've checked my personal favorites.

William Cole's children's book this season is What's Good for a Three-Year-Old (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston*).

For Older Children (Roughly 8–11)

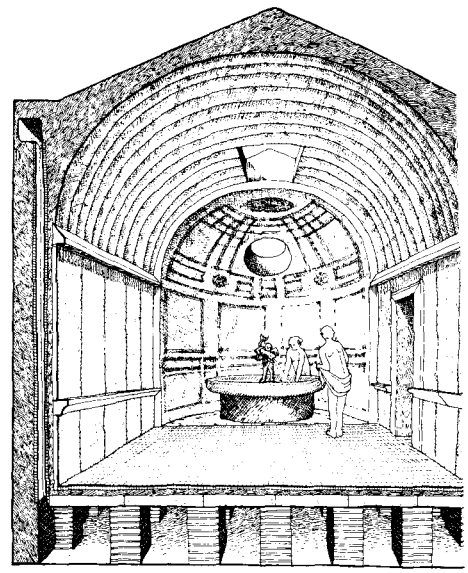
✓ Where the Sidewalk Ends: The Poems and Drawings of Shel Silverstein (Harper & Row, $7.95). This book has finally shown up after having been postponed for the past two seasons because of the author's search for perfection. Classic children's books don't come along each season, but this book *is* one. Shel Silverstein is a creative man of many talents: *Playboy* cartoonist, author/artist of *The Giving Tree,* singer, composer of "A Boy Named Sue" and other hit songs. There are skillful, sometimes grotesque line drawings with each of the 127 poems, which run in length from a few lines to a couple of pages. The poems are tender, funny, sentimental, philosophical, and ridiculous in turn, and they're for all ages, including mine. There are occasional indelicacies, which are surprising to find in a children's book, such as an anti-nose-picking poem and one about belching—but that's life. Here's "Thumbs," which will give some parents the shudders: "Oh the thumb-sucker's thumb/May look wrinkled and wet/And withered, and white as the snow/But the taste of a thumb/Is the sweetest taste yet/(As only we thumb-suckers know)." I admit without the slightest qualm that the author is a friend, that I've used his poems in a dozen of my anthologies, and that I'm thanked in this book for my "continued encouragement."

My Journals and Sketchbooks, by Robinson Crusoe (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $5.95). First published in France, then in England, this pleasant and informative hoax consists of journal entries and drawings of Mr. C.'s tools, musical instruments, fortifications, and general surroundings. Tells such things as how, when the ink ran out, he used that from handy cuttlefish.

One Hundred Favorite Folktales, chosen by Smith Thompson (Indiana University Press, $15.00 cloth, $5.95 paper). A standard book by the top American folklorist. The basic stories, from dozens of countries, with few happy endings: ". . . and all at once the old woman fell down dead!" is typical. A terrific source book.

✓ The Classic Fairy Tales, edited by Iona and Peter Opie (Oxford University Press, $12.95). The latest Opie opus is a handsome thing. Oxford wants it to be known as an adult book, but it's too good for them. Twenty-four of the best-known tales in the exact wording in which they were first published in English. Lavish and nostalgic illustrations—40 in color—by Bewick, Cruikshank, Doré, Dulac, Rackham, and other masters.

✓ City: A Story of Roman Planning and Construction, by David Macaulay (Houghton Mifflin, $7.95). The man who gave us the wonderful *Cathedral* last year now gives us the building of an entire Roman city, from the first stones to the amphitheater. Fascinating architectural drawings. Only slight demurrer is that he doesn't draw people well, but no matter.



From *City: A Story of Roman Planning and Construction*

Let's take the true animal stories in a bunch: Nine True Dolphin Stories, by Margaret Davidson, illustrations by

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roger Wilson (Hastings House, $4.95). Clever critters, these. They won't play with you if they don't like you; scold them and they sulk in a corner of the tank. The illustrations are cartoony and out of keeping with the factual text. WHEN THE WHALE CAME TO MY TOWN, by Jim Young, photographs by Dan Bernstein (Knopf, $3.95). A big whale got washed ashore in Provincetown—it really did—and Mr. Young makes like he was a small boy who discovered it and visited it daily until it expired. The photographs are riveting. TURTLES: EXTINCTION OR SURVIVAL?, by Sarah R. Riedman and Ross Witham (Abelard-Schuman, $6.95). It's tough to be a big turtle: You can get gobbled by a shark or end up in the soup or in somebody's hair. The emphasis is on conservation, and the photographs make me want to become a beachcomber on some southern turtle-infested isle. OWLET: THE GREAT HORNED OWL, written and illustrated by Irene Brady (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95). The life cycle from egg to mating. Well written: "He was about as big as a potato."

THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY GUIDE TO LIFE, LOVE AND SEX (Grosset & Dunlap, $4.95). This is "from the original work of" four French doctors, published in France as the *Encyclopédie de la vie sexuelle de la physiologie à la psychologie*, which somehow has a nicer ring to it. It's basically about how a baby is conceived and born, and I find nothing offensive in it—as I do with many of the other sex books for kiddies, which vie with one another to be the most graphic. Clear line illustrations, clever use of color. But in these days of overpopulation, how come the ideal family is pictured with four children?

BUSH WALKABOUT, by Axel Poignant (Addison-Wesley, $5.50). An aborigine boy and girl zip off from camp and get lost. He knows how to trap and cook a goanna and make a shelter; so all is well. Photographs of the lost ones.

And now a bunch of crafts books—they're plentiful this season: WORKING WITH ODDS AND ENDS (Watts, $5.95). This comes from Spain, of all places, and tells how to use cardboard boxes, tin cans, and other junk to make attractive wastepaper baskets, stilts, and you-name-it. Finally I know what to do with dried-out felt (and ballpoint) pens! CHRISTMAS CRAFTS, by Carolyn Meyer, illustrated by Anita Lobel (Harper & Row, $4.95). Save money. How to make tree decorations that the little ones won't stick their fingers through in the first 10 minutes. Also pomander balls, paper stars, wreaths, greeting cards, wrapping paper. Get them busy. KID'S GARDEN BOOK, by Pat Petrich and Rosemary Dalton (Nitty Gritty Productions, $3.95). Tiny paperback, hand-lettered, on how to grow stuff indoors and out. They're wrong about avocado plants. THE LITTLE KID'S FOUR SEASONS CRAFT BOOK, by Jackie Vermeer and Marian Lariviere (Taplinger, $9.95). Handsome photographs in color and black-and-white showing how to make mobiles, decorations, Easter baskets, leaf rubbings. Among the materials used are the ever-present pipe cleaners.

A couple of chillers: GHOSTS AND SPECTERS, by Bruce and Nancy Roberts, (Doubleday, $4.95). Ten supernatural stories by a southern husband-and-wife team—supposedly all true, with photographs of the actual sites. The only license is the occasional addition of a ghostly image to some of the photographs. WITCHCRAFT, SUPERSTITION & GHOSTLY MAGIC, by Daniel Cohen (Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95). If a child has any interest in the occult, he'll pore over this book for ages. Everything: hypnotism, dowsing, definitions, spirit photos, recommended books. With many photographs and drawings.

CRICKET'S CHOICE, edited by Clifton Fadiman and Marianne Carus (Open Court, $5.95). An anthology of some things old, some things new, some things borrowed, but no things blue, taken from the first year of this exciting new children's magazine. Among the old there's Walter de la Mare and P. L. Travers; the new, Lloyd Alexander, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Spike Milligan, John Ciardi. Heavily illustrated.

WHAT? A RIDDLE BOOK, by Jane Sarnoff and Reynold Ruffins (Scribner's, $6.95). A fancily designed book of more than 500 riddles. You know the kind of thing: Why is a cloud like Santa Claus? Because it holds rain, dear . . . or, What is a Camelot? A place where they sell used camels. All children go through a phase when they're gaga about riddles, and this will give them plenty of ammunition.

A COMICK BOOK OF SPORTS, by Arnold Roth (Scribner's, $6.95). An all-out, anything-for-a-laugh cartoonist lets himself go in this collection of information, misinformation, and dreadful puns about all the sports, with references to "chicken croquet with mallets toward some" and "very bad minton." Oh, dear, but I think gigglers will love it.

For Younger Children (Roughly 3–8)

✓ A STORYBOOK, by Tomi Ungerer (Watts, $4.95). Here's a bargain: an oversize 92-page book, color pictures on every page—pictures that only Tomi Ungerer could draw. Six famous stories

From *A Storybook*

retold, including "Little Red Riding Hood" as "ruminated" by Mr. Ungerer: "The baskets she was carrying were heavy with three hogs' heads, two pints of rendered lard, two quarts of applejack, and two loaves of wrinkled bread. . . ."

THE PACK RAT'S DAY AND OTHER POEMS, by Jack Prelutsky, illustrated by Margaret Bloy Graham (Macmillan, $5.95). A top light-versifier considers a passel of creatures: "The lion has a golden mane/and under it a clever brain./ He lies around and idly roars/ and lets the lioness do the chores."

✓ UP THE ALLEY WITH JACK AND JOE, by William Kotzwinkle, illustrated by Joe Servello (Macmillan, $4.95). I like the way the Kotzwinkle plots wrinkle. Three boys and an old dog follow their alley to the end, exploring an old semi-haunted house, a construction site, a junkyard, an abandoned iron crane, and end up by the river, where an old sea dog shares his stew with them. All believable and nostalgic.

SCRAM, KID!, by Ann McGovern, illustrated by Nola Langner (Viking, $4.95). Story of boys' inhumanity to boys, set in Central Park, where kids playing baseball tell Joe to "Scram, kid!" He does,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eventually, and finds something better to do.

I WANT MAMA, by Marjorie Weinman Sharmat, illustrated by Emily Arnold McCully (Harper & Row, $5.95). Here's a nice, loving spirit. Mama goes to the hospital for an operation, is sorely missed by child and daddy, who mope about the house. Brings out the unfairness of the visiting rule "No children allowed in hospital."

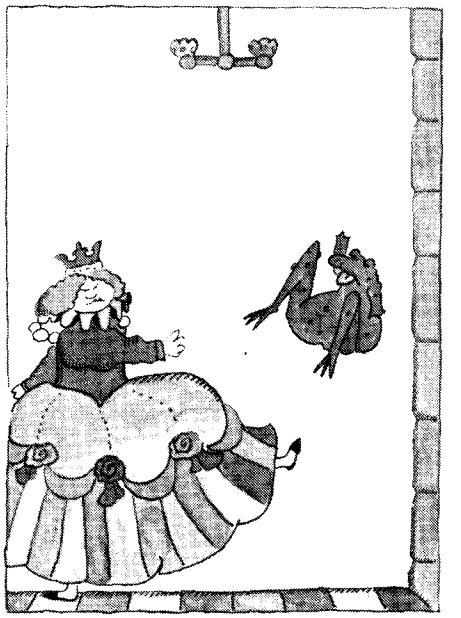
TRUST REBA, by Joseph Low (McGraw-Hill, $5.95). We have a lot of bear books this season. Here's lovable Reba, a trustworthy house-bear, who mistakenly spills a bottle of wine on the food for the christening party and is in disgrace until the family finds—as any good chef knows—that wine actually makes the food taste better. Slight but right.

OH, LEWIS!, by Eve Rice (Macmillan, $4.95). Small, square format. Little Louie goes shopping with his sister and mother, his galoshes unsnapped, zipper unzipped, mittens dropped on bus floor. You know the kid. Simple, clear drawings. For the very young.

✓ ALLUMETTE, by Tomi Ungerer (Parents' Magazine Press, $4.95). The Poor Little Match Girl brought up to date in a fable of generosity and selfishness. Glorious colors, fantastic detail. Little "in-jokes": At one point a TV features a photo of Ungerer's grinning face; at another, the hat from his earlier book, *The Hat*, floats in through the air.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN, retold by Edith Tarcov, illustrated by Edward Gorey (Four Winds Press, $3.95). I *do* wish they wouldn't say "There was a miller with a beautiful daughter," when, according to the illustration, the daughter isn't beautiful by anyone's standards. I found Gorey's drawings stilted in this one, which perhaps means he's not right for *every* kind of book.

THE FROG PRINCE, retold by Edith Tarcov, illustrated by James Marshall (Four Winds Press, $4.95). Mr. Marshall *couldn't* draw a pretty princess—not his style. Here's the princess who tries to renege on her promise to a frog, but daddy the king, like a good pal, says she must share her bed and board with



From *The Frog Prince*

the slimy one. So what does she get? An ugly prince.

RHYMES ABOUT US, by Marchette Chute (E. P. Dutton, $4.95). Old-fashioned, well-fashioned poems for the very little ones. "School Concert" goes: "My family was the very proudest./They said my singing was the loudest." Illustrated with Miss Chute's own silhouette drawings.

NATASHA'S NEW DOLL, by Frank Francis (J. Philip O'Hara, $4.95). A witch-in-the-woods story. The little girl's doll instructs her on how to foil the vile creature and escape from being eaten. Children will like the glowing colors and snappy narrative.

Let's take the big stack of animal books all together: A TOAD FOR TUESDAY, by Russell E. Erickson, illustrated by Lawrence Di Fiori (Lothrop, $4.25), is about a really likable toad that gets nabbed by an owl that intends to eat him next Tuesday. Of course he doesn't, and why he doesn't makes a nice moral fable. ✓ LEAVE HORATIO ALONE, by Eleanor Clymer, illustrated by Robert Quacken-

From *Leave Horatio Alone*

What's good for a three-year-old?

This book, for one thing.

It's Billy's third birthday party and each of his young friends tells in spirited verse what things are the greatest fun.

Just as he has so warmly done for other age groups, noted children's author William Cole has written a charming new book especially for three-year-old boys and girls. Lillian Hoban's enchanting illustrations add to the joy.

OTHER BOOKS BY WILLIAM COLE:

What's Good for a Four-Year-Old?
Illustrated by Tomi Ungerer
Clothbound $3.50;
Holt Owlet Paperback $1.25

What's Good for a Five-Year-Old?
Illustrated by Edward Sorel
Clothbound $3.50;
Holt Owlet Paperback $1.25

What's Good for a Six-Year-Old?
Illustrated by Ingrid Fetz
Holt Owlet Paperback $1.25

What's Good for a Three-Year-Old?
by William Cole
Illustrated by Lillian Hoban
Holt Reinforced Edition
$4.95 at all bookstores

Holt, Rinehart & Winston HR&W

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bush (Atheneum, $6.95). As a lifelong ailurophobe, I didn't feel particularly sorry when the coddled cat was left home alone with two kittens, a puppy, a rabbit, and a pigeon. So he stalks off, muttering, only to be taken in by two small girls. My boys and I had a fit of the giggles when the girls dressed Horatio in a bonnet and a doll's dress. The indignity of it! The gently colored illustrations are beautifully done, but the price! HUMBUG RABBIT, by Lorna Balian (Abingdon, $5.95). The rabbit children are convinced that their daddy lays Easter eggs. An intimate side-view of a rabbit's burrow. Semi-cartoon style, quite pleasant. ✓ LYLE FINDS HIS MOTHER, by Bernard Waber (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95). The world's most lovable crocodile, not a malicious bone in him, goes adventuring after his ma. A very rich book, as all Lyle books are. THE LAZY BEAR, by Brian Wildsmith (Watts, $5.95). More colors than I thought existed. A fable about a bear and a wagon and how the other bears fix his wagon. MAYBE, A MOLE, by Julia Cunningham, illustrated by Cyndy Szekeres (Pantheon, $4.95). A good, sensible

From *Lyle Finds His Mother*

mole—a sort of Pogo among moles—has adventures among his fellow woodland creatures, righting wrongs, soothing feelings, and being an all-around good fellow. He's a mole, oddly, that can see. WHERE DID THAT NAUGHTY LITTLE HAMSTER GO?, by Patty Wolcott, illustrated by Rosekrans Hoffman (Addison-Wesley, $3.95). One of a series of five "First Read-By-Myself Books" by Miss Wolcott, each of which contains only 10 words. Full color and interesting art. THE BIRTHDAY GOAT, by Nancy Dingman Watson, illustrated by Wendy Watson (T.Y. Crowell, $5.95). A rather hard-to-follow story of a goat family at a carnival, where the baby gets kidnapped and then rescued. The illustrator did the famous *Father Fox's Pennyrhymes*, and these are in the same jaunty comic-strip manner. Fun to look at. CAJUN NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, by "Trosclair," illustrated by James Rice (Pelican Publishing Co., Gretna, La. 70053, $4.95). Here's a true novelty, the famous poem retold in Cajun dialect, with Santa pulled in a skiff by eight alligators. "Ha, Gaston!/Ha, Tiboy!/Ha, Pierre an' Alcée/Gee, Ninette!/Gee, Suzette!/Celeste an' Renée!" OUR ANI-

(Continued on page 44.)

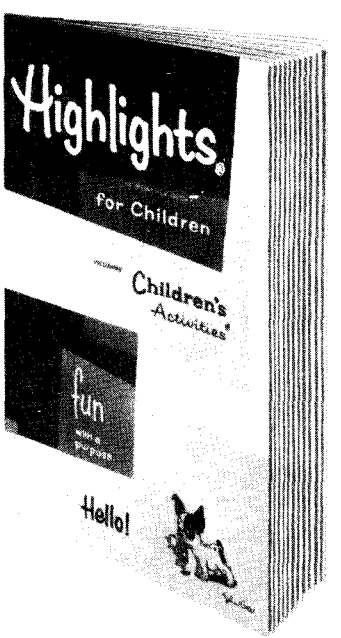
Give your favorite youngster A Year Full of Presents... A Lifetime Full of Benefits

Just pick up the phone and dial toll-free to find out about the *one* gift that's designed for *all* children from 2 to 12. Its name is HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, and it is *far more* than the most honored monthly magazine for children.

HIGHLIGHTS is a *concept*, a plan, a proved method that gives children *fun with a purpose*. Who *invented* this concept?

The Editors of HIGHLIGHTS. Every one of them is 1. *A teacher.* 2. *A psychologist.* 3. *A parent.* They *know* children, and more than 1,100,000 parents, teachers, and children *know them* every month.

Will *you* pay $8.95 for a child's gift that does *more* than provide momentary entertainment? The special holiday gift rates are in effect . . . and HIGHLIGHTS' own trained operators are ready *right now* to answer your questions and (if you say so) to rush your order through in time for Christmas.

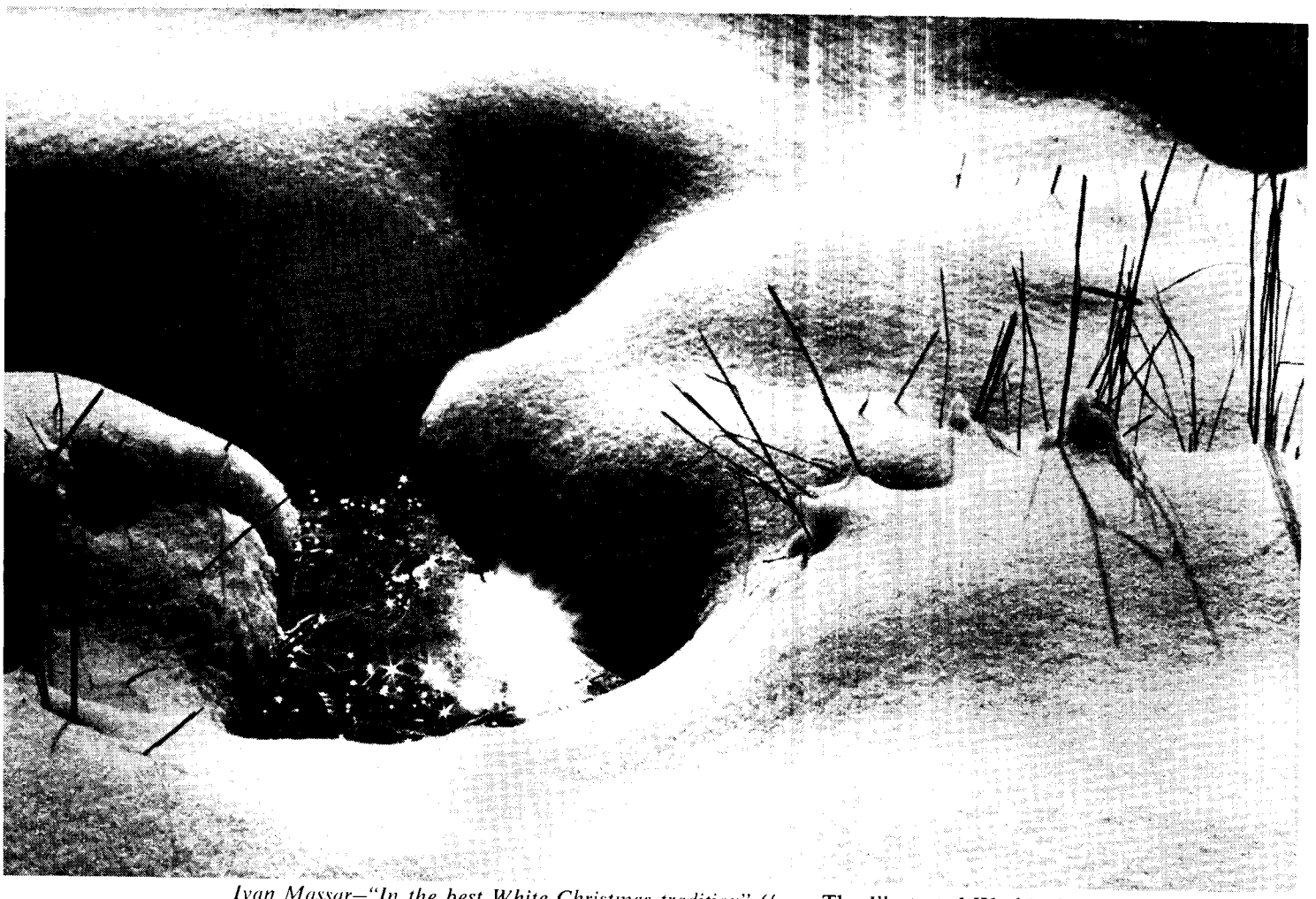


Highlights for Children
2300 W. Fifth Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43216

For immediate service, call toll-free
800-848-8993
(in Ohio, call collect 614-459-1434)

HT-B

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ivan Massar—"In the best White Christmas tradition" (from The Illustrated World of Thoreau).

Just Looking: A Pre-Christmas Roundup of Picture Books

by Margaret R. Weiss

Our wide-angle view from the top of the season's pyramid of picture books confirmed the general "rash-spate-trend" syndrome diagnosed by William Cole in an earlier issue of *SR/W*. The photographic publishing scene is suffering from a rash of Bicentennial fever, a spate of albums and anthologies, and a trend toward retrospectives, revisits, reprises, and reprints. We see more evidence of file-searching than of soul-searching, more looking backward than trailblazing.

Among classics revisited, several merit special mention. There is the long-awaited return to print of André Kertész's *Day of Paris*—this time including impressions from later trips in 1948 and 1963 and titled J'AIME PARIS (Grossman, $22.50). Kertész's three-line toast to the City of Light is the only text. The pictures speak for themselves: the view from Lady Mendl's apartment; the guard of Notre Dame; Montmartre rooftops and Montparnasse *ateliers*; the poor-but-proud face of the Place des Vosges; the children and their nannies in the Parc Monceau; the solitary stroller in the public gardens; the *clochards* lounging along the Seine embankment.

Although in a recent *Le Monde* interview Henri Cartier-Bresson announced that he was no longer interested in having books published, his visit to the U.S.S.R. last year has resulted in the updated ABOUT RUSSIA (Viking, $18.95). Happily, his "revisited" moments are just as decisive and his eyes as perceptive today as they were on his visit to Russia 15 years ago.

ANSEL ADAMS: IMAGES 1923–1974, with a foreword by Wallace Stegner (N.Y. Graphic Society, $65.00 until December 31, $75.00 thereafter), is a beautifully designed book, worthy of the major retrospective it represents. Anyone who knows Adams solely as an interpreter of the "great Earth gesture" may be surprised to find him equally precise in pinning portrait and architectural subjects. "A rock, a face, a board fence, an event, or a mountain are all subjects for expression," he says—and those he chose for reproduction in the book are expressed with superlative craftsmanship. (For Adams's Polaroid views, look into the new Morgan & Morgan monograph, SINGULAR IMAGES, $7.95, paperbound.)

Two other retrospectives are of interest for their contrasting approaches to portraiture. Arnold Newman's first collection between covers, ONE MIND'S EYE (Godine, $27.50), features portrait studies—not studio portraits—of artists, scientists, and statesmen that appeared in *Life* and *Harper's Bazaar*. The sitter is posed in his own environmental setting, and the two are seen as symbiotic elements in the final composition. Irving Penn's WORLDS IN A SMALL ROOM (Grossman, $16.50) shows the self-styled "ambulant studio photographer" posing his sitters, too. But their portraits were made on location wherever *Vogue* assignments directed, and always in a studio—though often it was no more than

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a tent or truck interior. Presented against stark neutral backgrounds, Penn's subjects confront the viewer as directly as the camera confronted them. The effect is one of suspended animation, of characters snatched out of space and time to serve as cultural prototypes in some wide-screen pageant of humankind.

Take the beautiful people of *Town & Country,* put them in *Holiday* settings, add a dash of *Travel & Leisure,* and you have A WONDERFUL TIME, Slim Aarons's retrospective (Harper & Row, $35.00). It is a composite of how the other half lives—at poolside in Beverly Hills or Acapulco, skiing at Sugarbush, yachting in the Bahamas. Aarons enjoys playing the rich man's Jacob Riis, and his pictures show it.

In sharp contrast is the modest little retrospective honoring the late photojournalist Dan Weiner. With a personal memoir by his wife, Sandra, and brief appreciations by Arthur Miller and Russell Lynes, DAN WEINER (Grossman/Library of Photographers, $10.00) reveals the photographer as a sensitive recorder of the city's anonymous faces and a humanist as much at home in Moscow and the Middle East as in Manhattan and Montgomery, Ala.

David Douglas Duncan's GOODBYE, PICASSO (Grosset & Dunlap, $35.00) is a dynamic double exposure: more than 100 of Picasso's works and the artist himself at ease and at easel (see this issue's cover). Documenting an 18-year friendship has obviously given the photographer personal satisfaction, and his commentary is as much a revealing Duncan diary as it is a portrait of the artist as an old man. This requiem tribute scores on both counts—and on the Christmas gift list, too.

Jacques-Henri Lartigue was a precocious child of six when he began collecting images of his wonderfully privileged family. Even then he had an eye for *les femmes,* and its acuity has not diminished with the years. In LES FEMMES (E. P. Dutton, $16.95 until December 31, $18.95 thereafter) this young-at-heart octogenarian offers 101 *vive-la-différence* pictures taken between 1903 and 1973—some of them in delicate autochrome, the earliest color process. These are ample testimony to support his claim, "I adore women, and my eyes are in love with them."

In SUNFLOWER (Filmhaus, $12.50)

Paul Caponigro—". . . A familiar flower's life cycle" (from Sunflower).

André Kertész—"The solitary stroller in the public gardens" (from J'Aime Paris).

Alphonse Mucha—"Candid shots of friends (Gauguin, c. 1895)" (from Alphonse Mucha Photographs).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Television's first series about health that's guaranteed to tickle your funny bone.

"Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down in a delightful way."

This was Mary Poppins' secret for getting reluctant children to open wide. But the talented people who created "Sesame Street" recognized that it's also a good prescription for grown-ups. So they've made it the idea behind a new television series for adults called "Feeling Good."

It's all about your family's *health.* And it can be seen every week on your PBS channel.

Like that spoonful of sugar, it's going to be easy to take. The series is not going to lecture. Or preach. Or scare. Or bore you. It's going to *entertain*—while it teaches good health care. And nobody knows how to do this better than Children's Television Workshop—the producer of "Electric Company" and "Sesame Street."

There'll be a guest appearance each week by Bill Cosby. Throughout the series you'll see other stars such as Bob and Ray, Johnny Cash, Howard Cosell, B. B. King and Helen Reddy. Plus a permanent cast each week of Broadway's best performers.

They'll tell you things you didn't know about your heart, kidneys, hypertension, diabetes, dental care, alcoholism, child care, nutrition and more.

You'll learn how *not* to get sick. Ways to detect and treat some problems. You'll learn that you have more control over your family's health than you ever realized.

Now just because this series is designed to tickle your funny bone, don't get the idea that all you're going to get out of it are a few superficial health tips. For the past two years, CTW's health project staff has consulted with over 300 leading doctors and health care experts in preparing the series.

The results of their efforts have been summarized by Dr. J. Robert Buchanan, Chairman of the program's National Advisory Council and Dean of the Cornell University Medical College. He characterized the series as "...probably the boldest single attempt at mass health education ever attempted by the media. Educational efforts of the kind planned by CTW are critically needed. Too many people have too little knowledge of the fundamentals of good health; and most people don't realize that their own actions play a major role in the kind of health they enjoy."

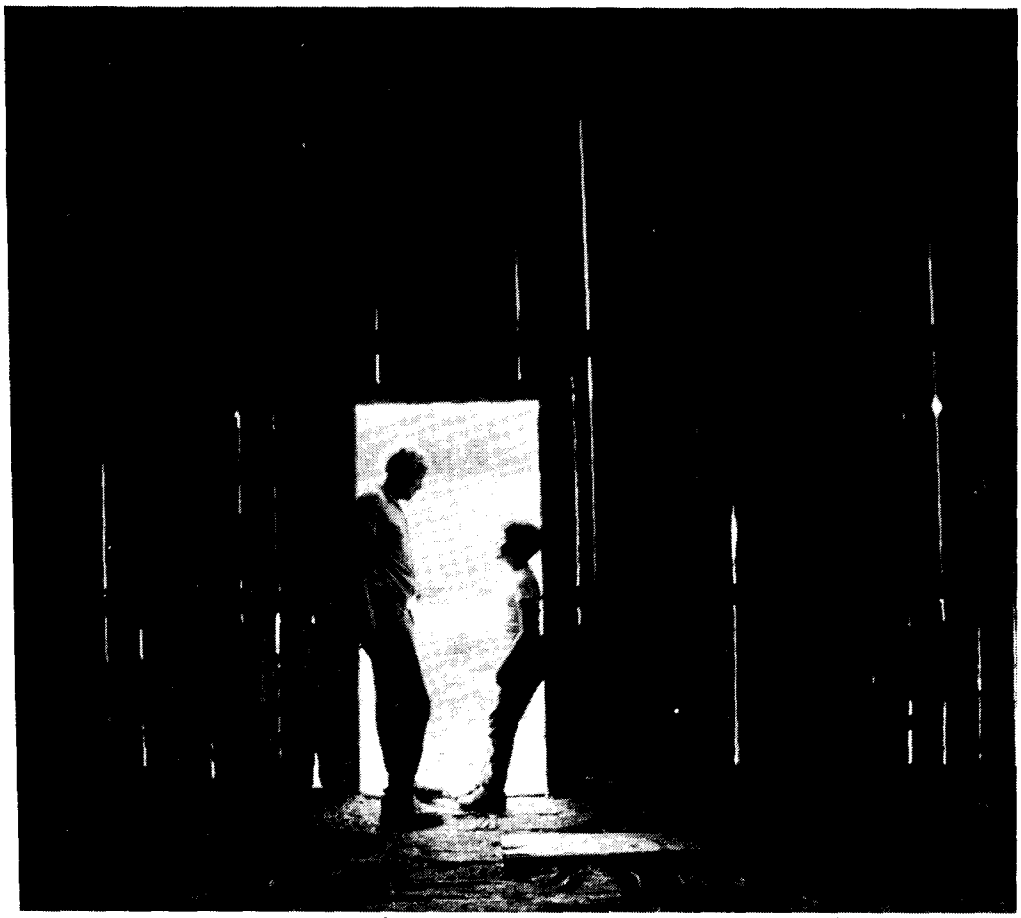
To put this kind of worthwhile series together, to do the research, and plan for follow-up activities that will help insure its success, has taken—and will take—a lot of money. Roughly $7 million. These funds are being furnished by corporations, foundations and the public broadcasting community.

Exxon is proud to be one of the major underwriters of "Feeling Good." And we hope your family will watch it and enjoy it—in good health.

EXXON

For a summary of program topics, write: "Feeling Good," Box C, CTW, 1 Lincoln Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10023.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Archie Lieberman—"Galena, Ill. . . . for a portrait of America" (from Farm Boy).

Bruce Buchenholz—". . . At the Bronx Zoo" (from Doctor in the Zoo).

Paul Caponigro uses his camera as both sketchbook and journal. The book's 57 photographs are a distillate of years of scrutiny and contemplation of one of nature's timeless motifs. Images such as these attest that Caponigro's visual journey through a familiar flower's life cycle was a voyage of discovery. He can be taken at his word when he says, "As I dwelt upon the beauty of the sunflower, on its golden crown and ever-changing form, it began to whisper of a realm beyond the sensual mind, a realm magnificent and strange. . . ."

Adding one more name to those who have used the camera as handmaiden to art, ALPHONSE MUCHA PHOTOGRAPHS, by Graham Ovendon (St. Martin's Press, $15.95), is an *aide-memoire* album made by the Czech graphic artist in Paris around the turn of the century. Candid shots of friends, posed portraits of favorite models, compositional studies for his Art Nouveau posters are all represented, along with views from a 1913 trip to Russia.

PHOTOGRAPHIC AMERICANA RIDES high on the Bicentennial wave. In THE WAY LIFE WAS, by Jeffrey Simpson (Praeger, $19.95), the nation between 1870 and World War I is depicted by 16 portfolios —among them, Riis's New York slum scenes, Solomon Butcher's Nebraska prairie, Edward Curtis's Southwest Indian reservations, and Alice Austen's genteel Staten Island.

Galena, Ill., is the locale for Archie Lieberman's portrait of America, FARM BOY (Abrams, $18.50). This 20-year record by one who "witnessed, in friendship and with a camera, the aging of two generations and the birth of another" tells much about Middle America's way of life and values. It is a heartening report.

Somewhere between folk Americana and photo-kitsch there is AS THEY WERE: CELEBRATED PEOPLE'S PICTURES, by Tuli Kupferberg and Sylvia Topp (Links, $2.95). Certainly undistinguished in layout and reproduction, it may be viewed as a study of character traits or an exercise in association and recognition. It might even start a whole new parlor-game craze of "Guess Who?"

AMONG THE NEW samplers of literary classics, a happy concord of words and pictures distinguishes THE ILLUSTRATED WORLD OF THOREAU, with photographs by Ivan Massar and an afterword by Loren Eiseley (Grosset & Dunlap, $12.95). Many of Massar's subjects are in the best White Christmas tradition: Jack Frost foliage, snowflake stars, ice-glazed gingerbread houses.

Photo-biographies and pictorial chronicles are the trend, and this season's cast includes Coco Chanel, Rudyard Kipling, Churchill, Proust, Robert Frost, and even the entire Chicago Symphony Orchestra. In this category we singled out Cass Canfield's THE INCREDIBLE PIERPONT MORGAN (Harper & Row, $17.50). Highlighting his low-key text with vintage album prints, studio portraits, and representative examples (in color) of the Morgan art treasures, Canfield focuses on the man behind the myth.

ANIMAL LOVERS of all ages (including Cleveland Amory, who wrote the foreword) will enjoy a visit with DOCTOR IN THE ZOO, by Bruce Buchenholz (Viking, $10.95). As far as we know, this is the first book featuring the camera work of a psychiatrist-turned-photographer. Whether the turnabout was for therapy is not disclosed, but the results should be therapeutic for eyes weary of police-blotter news and "action-packed" TV fare. The two years Dr. Buchenholz and his

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

camera spent at the Bronx Zoo have produced a most appealing document. And how else would one meet a hawk suffering from deep depression, a puma "preemie" in an incubator, and easily the most compassionate veterinarian in practice?

With an apposite introduction by P. G. Wodehouse, SON OF BITCH (Grossman, $15.00) presents Elliott Erwitt's canine collection—a miscellany of dogs he has met in his worldwide wanderings. Giving equal time to ailurophiles, we mention MORRIS, by Mary Daniels, with photographs by Joseph Haworth and Ralph Cowan (Morrow, $4.95), which stars the photogenic feline of TV-commercial fame.

Should there be some doubt about cat-vs.-dog preference, choose PATTY CAKE, by Elizabeth Moody (Quadrangle, $5.95 cloth, $2.95 paper). The pictures by Neal Boenzi, Lee Romero, Sam Falk, Jack Manning, and other *New York Times* photographers recount the saga of the baby gorilla whose broken arm made news for many months.

Those who prefer their four-legged friends on the wild side and their cameras on the wild site will take pleasure in THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ANIMALS, with commentary by Roger Caras and color photographs by Jane Burton, the Bartletts, Norman Myers, William Curtsinger, et al. (Grosset & Dunlap, $17.95). It is a graphic exposé of animal behavior—from adaptation and survival to social organization and the rituals of courtship and mating.

HOW-TO BOOKS continue to proliferate, but few exceed those venerable old Kodak standbys—Basic Books for the newly initiated and Idea Books for the more experienced shutterfingers. As an all-in-one-volume manual, Aaron Sussman's THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HANDBOOK (T. Y. Crowell, $8.95) remains a dependable "evergreen"—now in the eighth edition since its 1941 debut. The more advanced amateur will profit from THE LEICA MANUAL (Morgan & Morgan, $20.00). First aid for graphic malaise is contained in PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPOSITION (Prentice-Hall, $10.95). Basic as their approach may be, the authors have fashioned an instructive guide in a format attractive enough to masquerade as a gift book.

For either groundling or graduate lensman, there is no better eye-opener than THE PERFECT PHOTOGRAPH, by Andreas Feininger (Amphoto, $9.95). Perfect is as perfect does—and Feininger is one whose craftsmanship bespeaks perfection. In this credo he is not concerned with standard procedures but with the fundamental concepts underlying "the entire complex of (aesthetic) value and appreciation in photography." To put it more simply, he aims to answer two essential questions, What are the qualities that make a photograph good? and, How does one make good photographs? Although the book may not make its recipient a better photographer, it should help make him a more thoughtful one—and that is half the battle of the viewfinder.

PERHAPS IT WAS a case of overexposure to ultra-bold type, ultra-black prints, and ultra-bright color, or just muscle fatigue from hefting unwieldy coffee-table tomes, but we found pleasant diversion in a stocking-stuffer-size monograph titled THE ENGLISH SUNRISE, by Brian Rice and Tony Evans (Flash Books, $3.95). This collection of color cameos, vignetting diverse and often unexpected appearances of the sun-ray symbol on the English scene, has the charm and appeal of the miniature. It may not be spectacular photography, but it is a memento for all seasons—including Christmas 1974. □

A PORTFOLIO OF WILD FLOWERS

by John Lehman

Twenty signed and numbered lino-prints in black ink on Basingwerk Parchment. Paper size 6½ x 6⅜ in. Block size 3 x 4 in. In handsome imported case. An edition of 50 sets of which 30 are for sale. Price $185. Refund if not pleased.

THE KATYDID PRESS
R.D. 1 Box 262 Bainbridge, PA. 17502

A Tiger by the Tail:
Parenting in a Troubled Society

Kenneth R. Greenberg, Ph.D.

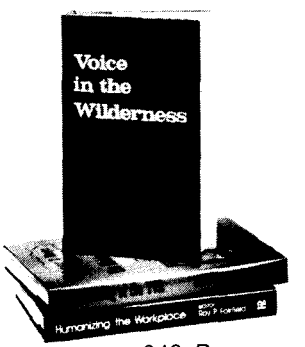
A clinical psychologist counsels parents on how to foster consistent behavior in their children by reinforcing adult-child role identities to cope with changing social conditions. A timely, tested guide to child rearing from birth to marriage. $7.95

AT YOUR BOOKSELLER
nh Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson, Chicago 60606

Voice in the Wilderness

Collected Essays of Fifty Years

by Corliss Lamont



346 Pages
Cloth $10.00

"This is the strong, sustained voice of an orderly, liberal mind and compassionate heart . . . Corliss Lamont speaks out for reason and democratic method in resolving social problems . . . The reader will lay down this book with a heightened respect for one of America's great liberals." —*The Churchman*

The Making of the TVA **by Arthur E. Morgan**
By taking us *inside* politics, this book forces us to revise our view of the history of an era. (Cloth $10.95)

Humanizing the Workplace **edited by Roy P. Fairfield**
Twenty-one leaders from labor, industry, and the university deal with ways of humanizing industry and the workplace. (Cloth $11.95)

Order from your bookstore or direct from

Prometheus Books 923 Kensington Ave, Buffalo, NY 14215

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diversions

by Leo Rosten

Foreign Intelligence

Keep your secret codes and purloined plans. James Bond is a bore. I cherish more priceless intelligence: extracts from newspapers around the world. I always ask friends to send me sustenance for my vice: collecting oddities about the behavior of man. So here are some choice clippings, mailed to their grateful comrade, from co-singers of *Gaudeamus Igitur*.

One dear old acquaintance earned my gratitude by clipping this gem from the *Letters to the Editor* column of a New Delhi journal called *Link*:

Every man is as much entitled to his own smell as his own color. Do not permit yourselves to be culturally castrated by American imperialists! Let them keep their water and their soap!

—Yours faithfully,
S. R. Lyster

A classmate passing through Calcutta sent me this cutting from the *Amorit Bazaar Patrika,* written by one Eric Chou, to whom, in turn, I am eternally indebted:

Barbers in China, inspired by the little Red Book, have "revolutionized the work of hair-cutting to such an extent that the Chinese people have further realized the greatness of Chairman Mao's Thoughts," according to a recent New China News Agency report.

In [a] leading town of Hunan, a group of barbers found that they had not "served the people" in conformity with Chairman Mao's Thoughts. They had been "unconsciously influenced by the remnants of capitalist thoughts"—for whenever customers walked into their shop, they used to judge them by their attire. Those who looked prosperous and well-fed always got the best service.

But now, enlightened by Chairman Mao's Thoughts, the barbers look upon such errors with disgust! To redeem themselves, they make a point of *serving the poor customers first.* Those in tattered clothes or rags are given priority.

But these "revolutionary" barbers will not allow their customers to wear their hair long, for this is a symbol of bourgeois decadence. Once a customer disputed this point, arguing that the Chairman's own hair is long. The barber did not know what to say; so he made all his colleagues stop work for an urgent conference.

Once again, Communist "collective wisdom" worked. They reminded the customer that *he* was not Chairman Mao, who "cannot be corrupted by any kind of capitalist or revisionist influence."

If this won't convert you to Communism, I guess nothing will.

The *Daily Gleaner* of Jamaica (West Indies) solemnly recorded this world-shaking datum from Caracas, Venezuela:

Hector Alberto, a beautiful green, red and yellow parrot, was released today after being detained for 24 hours for insulting a Magistrate and saying filthy words in a court room.

Magistrate Tomas Escobar had just solved the case of the ownership of the parrot when it "suddenly started to cry out the dirtiest names," Escobar said.

The staid *Christian Science Monitor* once reported, of a western resort town:

This place is known as the preferred resort of those wanting solitude. People searching for solitude are, in fact, flocking here from all corners of the globe.

That lulu of logic reminds me of Yogi Berra's comment on a famous Broadway restaurant: "That place has become so crowded that no one goes there anymore."

A sterling pal clipped Christopher Hollis's column in the *Spectator* (London) to slip me this delicious item:

The Irish enjoy their grievances. . . . Even ecumenism is beginning to make its appearance—though in characteristically Irish form. "The Hon. ———," wrote a western paper recently in reporting a religious conversion, "has repudiated the errors of the Church of England and embraced those of the Church of Rome."

And a lady who sternly forbids me to reveal her name airmailed the following pearl from some paper whose name she could not decipher:

A hardy explorer was describing—endlessly—his trek thru the Brazilian jungle to a very bored Ladies' Auxiliary. "There I stood," he said after about an hour, "drinking in this amazing scene, with a giant abyss yawning before me."

The president of the Auxiliary interrupted, "Are you sure the abyss was yawning before you got there?"

I swan-song with this ditty, surely worth a place in the annals of history, from *Punch*:

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy
Over Pope Paul's point of view.
It may lead to world starvation,
But constant procreation
Is what we're for,
It says in your
Encyclical made for two. □

"And for best man, we'll have Cleveland Amory!"

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 22

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle
Answer on page 58.

P X L X Q I P U T Q D H
V A I P X D O L I U V L
J U H J L S P Q U H U Y X U E
V L H E X U D T L H U P
X Q I P U T Q D H I M L X D O L .
L . V . Y U T I P L T

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
© 1974 Philip W. Quigg. All rights reserved.

Back to Peat?

One of the oldest fuels in service to man is peat, which covers about 1 percent of the world's surface and represents the equivalent of some 100 billion tons of oil. Though low in caloric value, peat burns cleanly. The energy shortage has inevitably provoked consideration of the further exploitation of peat.

Peat is undegraded vegetable matter in the early stages of becoming coal. More than half the world's supply is found in the Soviet Union, which is said to have more than 70 generating plants—some very large—fueled by peat. Finland is planning a 12-fold increase in peat production, and Ireland intends to increase its peat-fired power generation from 27 percent to 37 percent of the total. On the other hand, in Sweden, where deposits are equivalent to 100 years' oil consumption at present rates, the initiative seems to be with the environmentalists, who want to protect the bogs from any encroachment. In North America, which has about 14 percent of the world's deposits, there appear to be no plans to develop peat as a fuel. Germany and Scotland also have significant reserves.

In an undrained bog, peat is about 93 percent water, and the big problem is to get the water out. No effective and economical way of drying peat has been found other than natural exposure to summer air and sun. Traditionally, peat was cut into brick-sized chunks, a process that can now be done by machines like huge reapers. But increasingly peat is milled for more rapid drying into a dust that can be fed into power plants or compressed into briquettes for domestic heating. When peat is thoroughly dried, it has a heat value of up to 8,000 B.t.u./lb., or roughly two-thirds that of coal. But in power plants it may also be burned with a moisture content of above 50 percent and a caloric value as low as 3,300 B.t.u./lb.—perhaps the lowest of all commercially used fuels. Nevertheless, at its current price in Ireland of less than $5 per ton, milled peat is still highly competitive.

Little or no work has been done on the environmental consequences of cutting peat, but *New Scientist* (London) claims that in Ireland, at least, peat development not only is providing an economic fuel but also is reclaiming what will become productive farmland. In place of otherwise useless, sodden land will be well-drained fields of grass growing in a mixture of the bottom layer of peat and the mineral soils below.

Global Report

Punta Arenas, Chile—Oil spills, of which there are annually as many as 14,000 that are potentially damaging, have almost ceased to make news unless they are on our own beach. Thus little attention has been given to the grounding of the *Metula*, which was carrying 196,000 tons of crude through the Straits of Magellan in the dead of winter. At least four forward tanks were stove in, and about 60,000 tons was spilled into the icy waters. Seven weeks were required to refloat her, as off-loading was hampered by gale winds and eight-knot currents, and more than two months after the accident salvage operations were still going on.

The question arises as to what a 206,000-ton tanker drawing 58 feet was doing in a notoriously dangerous strait, in wintertime, in a channel marked as 62 feet deep. Royal Dutch Shell, which owns the *Metula* through an affiliate, offers no explanation or indication that it will change its policy. And the world has hardly noticed the second largest oil spill in history.

Tokyo—On the grounds that Japan's security is endangered by soaring populations in Asia, the government is tying its foreign-aid program to family planning. It has specified that 10 percent of grant aid to Indonesia, the Philippines, and Thailand must be used for purposes of population control.

The policy decision was brought about by two of Japan's most influential figures—former Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi, chairman of the Japanese Organization for International Cooperation in Family Planning, and Saburo Okita, president of the Japan Overseas Cooperation Fund. Mr. Kishi publicly advocates compulsory vasectomy for India, and Mr. Okita supports the thesis that one dollar invested in family planning equals $100 invested in economic development. To put it mildly, these ideas are not popular in developing nations.

The Japanese are openly fearful that burgeoning populations in Asia will imperil their external sources of food and raw materials on which they depend for survival. They may also fear that overpopulation will lead to revolution and the seizure of their overseas investments. Whatever the motives, the new policy of tied aid will be resented—the more so because Japan has "solved" its own population problem primarily by the use of abortion, of which about 2 million are performed each year.

Detroit—The first World Energy Conference was held in London 50 years ago. Eight times since then the conference has brought together politicians and scientists, manufacturers and technicians, to talk, mostly in highly specialized groups. Except for energy experts, hardly anyone noticed. But given today's circumstances, the Ninth Energy Conference, held here in the fall, was expected to be different. Beyond the first day, when the U.S. President and several scientific luminaries spoke, it wasn't; the press virtually ignored the conference, and most of the 4,000 participants found it unrewarding.

If any "news" emerged, it was in the overwhelming consensus that there is no escape from reliance on nuclear energy or any compelling reason for trying to. Though nuclear power dominated the discussion, the question was not whether, but how best, how soon, and how much.

Frankfurt—The European Bird Strike Committee is not an avian labor organization but a group of air-safety officials concerned with collision between birds and aircraft. Within Europe alone about 15,000 bird strikes occur each year, and most of them cause serious damage to engines, cockpit windows, and radar equipment. Last year three U.S. Air Force planes crashed in Europe as a result of bird strikes.

The 80 experts meeting here heard that American radar pinpointed more than a million birds over the United States in the course of one night. (It takes only one bird of reasonable size to knock out the largest jet engine.) What the officials here principally discussed was a system for reporting information on flights of migrating birds—speed, altitude, and direction—as routinely as weather reports, and over the same radio network.

What gives this story an environmental dimension is that the experts, having

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agreed that airports are particularly attractive to birds (all that short grass), are looking for ways to alter the ecosystem around airports so radically that birds would be repulsed. Ominously but without specifics, the West German representative asserted: "We are on the point of drawing up plans that every airport can use as a guide for flora and fauna measures to disperse the birds for all time."

Zaria, Nigeria—One reason that soya is too rarely consumed by humans is that when cooked like other beans, it is bitter. A lecturer in chemical pathology at Ahmadu Bello University here has found that by cooking soya rapidly, the enzyme which causes the bitterness is destroyed. He has adapted recipes of China and Japan to the techniques of Nigerian village cooking and, with government help, is having some success in spreading the word of soya's gastronomic as well as nutritional merits.

Paris—An influential figure in the Ministry of the Environment has resigned with a blast at France's nuclear program. Jacques Belle's specific concern is thermal pollution. He asserts that the ecosystems of the Rhône and the Loire face "total suffocation" if present plans go through. Ten power plants, with a total output of about 9,000 megawatts, are under construction or are on order for the Rhône Valley alone.

Belle charges that, because of the unrestrained powers and high-handed manner of Electricité de France, the state monopoly, the probability of local climatic changes has not been considered. He calls for a moratorium on use of the more vulnerable sites and further studies of alternatives, such as burying plants in cliffs along the English Channel.

Washington—Normally, when the Environmental Protection Agency issues an order, it is to stop or alter a practice which is demonstrably damaging to the environment. Recently, the EPA barred Du Pont from dumping liquid wastes in the Gulf of Mexico on quite different grounds—namely, that continued dumping would contravene the 1972 international convention on the prevention of marine pollution.

For years, Du Pont has been disposing of up to 12,000 tons of chemical waste each month by dumping in the gulf, moving its barges eastward as it wore out its welcome off Texas and then Louisiana. When Du Pont proposed to dump the liquids off Florida, the state obtained a temporary restraining order while the EPA reconsidered the license it had issued.

Although the liquid waste contains antimony, arsenic, and cadmium, among other things, environmental damage could not be proven. Nor could it be established, the EPA pointed out in its ruling, that "unreasonable environmental degradation" would *not* occur. In any case, said EPA chief Russell Train, the wastes fell under the "special category" of the international convention, and the United States should set a good example in interpreting this provision.

Oddly, Du Pont had provided a good rationale for applying international law to the case. Company officials had sought to justify the dumping on the grounds that gulf currents would push the wastes, not toward the Florida coast, but toward Cuba.

London—With considerable fanfare, the British government has issued a Green Paper declaring War on Waste. A Waste Management Advisory Council, composed of representatives of industry, local government, reclamation companies, environmental organizations, and government departments, will attempt to coordinate and promote conservation and recycling efforts. An immediate objective is to increase the recycling of paper from 44 to 58 percent, which would represent a considerable saving on the nearly $500 million in annual imports of wood pulp. Similarly, a high proportion of the 500,000 tons of waste lubricating oil produced each year could be reclaimed or burned.

At present only 2 percent of the 20 million tons of domestic and commercial rubbish collected annually is recycled. The government promises to increase research, but says it cannot afford to provide incentives and places the burden of increased reclamation on industry.

Stanford, Calif.—As followers of the Alaska oil pipeline know, the crude oil must be heated as it is pumped through the pipeline. The present plan is to raise the pipeline off the ground, lest it melt its way through the permafrost and break. This is expensive and has its own disadvantages, such as inhibiting the free migration of herds.

Several suggestions have been made for mixing the oil with a liquid, such as brine, so the oil could be pumped without heating. Each has been rejected. Now Prof. Sullivan Marston, a petroleum engineer at Stanford University, has come up with what seems like a simple and sensible idea: Mix the oil with methanol from the natural gas normally found with petroleum deposits. He has patented a method for achieving the mix and believes it will provide the most economical and ecologically sound way of transporting oil in the Arctic. His plan might even avoid the need for a second pipeline to carry natural gas.

The Fourth World Needs $3 Billion More Now

The Trilateral Commission was formed 18 months ago to improve communication among Europe, North America, and Japan at an unofficial level, and to conduct joint studies that might have a constructive influence on policy. Organized at the instigation of David Rockefeller (but funded from varied sources), it is composed of distinguished private citizens with a common interest in improving international cooperation in the developed world and a conviction that "the vitality of industrial societies is an indispensable condition for the solution of the problems of all countries." The director is Zbigniew Brzezinski, and the North American chairman is Gerard C. Smith, former chief U.S. negotiator in the SALT talks.

Because of the Trilateral Commission's apparent "First World" orientation, and because of the influence of its individual members, a recommendation of its executive committee meeting in Brussels is of more than usual interest. The members agreed that:

There is an urgent need to help the nearly 1 billion people in some 30 resource-poor developing countries whose governments cannot pay the increased cost of oil, food, fertilizer, and other products. The Executive Committee urges an extraordinary effort of international cooperation to provide the $3 billion in additional concessional aid that the World Bank estimates is needed for these countries in 1974–75. Without prejudice to burden-sharing arrangements for the longer term, we believe the responsibility of providing the $3 billion should be shared by the countries of the Trilateral region on the one hand and the oil-exporting countries on the other. Our proposal takes account of the fact that the Trilateral countries have a vastly greater total national income, while the oil-exporting countries have enjoyed a dramatic increase on their export earning and therefore in their capacity to invest abroad. We hope the Soviet Union will also participate in this $3 billion emergency program.

In another action, the executive committee set up a task force "to report on an efficient and equitable ocean regime."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

In case you haven't heard, the sabbatical, formerly the private preserve of the academic world and the ministry, is now making strong inroads on a third occupation—Big Business.

One steel executive, for example, was recently granted a sabbatical to play all the great golf courses of the world. You know—just like those airplane ads. And he did, too. And when he got back, his president was thrilled with the result.

"That fellow," the president was quoted as saying, "used to play golf two out of every five working days. He's been back four years now and still feels too guilty to take even half a day off."

It's a terrific idea. But why confine it to Big Business? We think everybody ought to have a sabbatical. Take editors, for example, or waiters. Of course, in some magazines or in some restaurants it would be hard to tell—you would just have to wait and see whether your man was off on sabbatical or not. But the point is when he *did* come back—we're speaking of the waiter now—and you did try to catch his eye, he might still be a little furtive about it—after all, he'd be feeling guilty—but you'd at least have a chance he'd look at you.

Certainly it's a great idea for Senators and Congressmen. We admit it's hard to imagine one of those Southern Seniority Citizens feeling guilty. But after playing all the world's great golf courses—where, we presume, they still have caddies—who knows?

And finally what about the President himself? Four years, then three years, then a sabbatical. It's perfect. After all, we've come pretty close to that score—with our last two incumbents. And we've surely been getting golfers. Our theory is that if they could get it out of their system all in one year, maybe there'd be some hope for—well, the American system.

SIGN OF THE FORTNIGHT—noted by Alma Denny, of New York, who saw it in the post office of Jefferson Village:

TO THE PERSON WHO STOLE THE PICTURE OF RICHARD NIXON OFF THE POST OFFICE WALL, BE AWARE that you have stolen government property. The Police Dept. and the Postal Inspectors have been informed. If the picture is returned, no questions will be asked.

—H. Ohanesian, Postmaster

Call it what you will—amnesty or Watergate over the dam.

LETTER OF THE FORTNIGHT—as received by Sheila Maxwell of the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh from the Admissions Office of the University of Detroit:

Dear Applicant:

The present shipping order for the 1974-75 catalog which you have requested from us has been somewhat detained for a number of weeks.

We will, however, send you a catalog immediately upon delivery to our own office, so please bare with us.

We tell you, we've got to get ahold of this streaking.

CLASSY CLASSIFIED—as located by M. J. Allesee of Leonard, Mich., from the Oxford (Mich.) *Leader*:

ANTIQUE white Grand Piano and dining room set, also Mahogany (Chip and Dale reproduction) dining room set.

Sounds like a top banana team.

SPORTS NOTE—discovered by John Hill of River Falls, Wisc., in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*:

Bill Lockhead, number one choice in the recent amateur draft, signed a multi-year contract. Lockhead, a left wing, had 57 gals and 64 assists last year.

The assists were just good friends, we presume.

OLD FASHIONED STORY TELLING DEPT.—located by Rebecca Meyer of Parkersburg, W.Va., in Marie Woods's column in the Parkersburg *News*:

Victorian women were equal to emergencies. As proof of the story told me long ago, I think by the late Edgar Simms, state auditor. It concerned also a Victorian lady, one in great hoop skirts, who was equal to the situation when Northerner soldiers as I remember it—came into her home in Wirt County, hunting her lover, a Rebel.

Warned just in time she instructed him to get under her hoop skirt and stood silent and exceedingly regal and every inch the lady when the Northern soldiers arrived. She never moved but faced them down, and they left. Whereupon, he emerged safe and uncharmed.

Maybe he just wasn't in the mood. □

"Reply in the negative with a cleverly worded affirmative answer."

WIT TWISTER NO. 35

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 58.

The horseshoe crab is ___ ___ ___
___ ___ and wears thick mail
Where people think one's ___ ___ ___
___ ___ should be thin;
Yet should Man's ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
of peace forever fail,
An exoskeleton might save his skin!

A. S.

Fans of this feature will be pleased to know that a collection of *Wit Twisters* is available through Bell Publishing Co., a division of Crown Publishers, Inc. Ask for it at your local bookstore.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

Britten's "Death in Venice," Live and Recorded

by Irving Kolodin

To describe the production of a new opera as a work of art is, perhaps, to damn it not with faint, but with vaulting, praise. Operas are, ordinarily, rated on a scale calibrated in terms of entertainment, stimulation, gratification. But the sense and sensitivity that have gone into the making of Benjamin Britten's *Death in Venice,* now being offered for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Opera House, are brilliant examples of the rarest kind of musical theater: opera at its best, rather than at its most familiar.

Into the results have gone not only the composer's reaction to the famous novella by Thomas Mann but also the equally positive participation of Myfanwy Piper, who wrote the creative paraphrase of the text for Britten to set; John Piper, who created the scenic surroundings; and Sir Frederick Ashton, who invented the indispensable choreography. Integrating them all were Colin Graham, stage director, and Steuart Bedford, conductor of the excellent cast.

Of pivotal importance in the cast was Peter Pears, the composer's lifetime friend and housemate. Without him to impersonate Gustav von Aschenbach, the writer in whose mind *Death in Venice* occurs, it is improbable that there would be a Britten opera of that name. It is not a work merely "tailored" to a performer's specifications: It is a work whose central character was created with the awareness that there was, ready and waiting, a re-creator to embody it. That there could also be a performer for Aschenbach's vis-à-vis, Tadzio, had to be taken on faith: But the faith (implemented by a diligent search) turned up for the American production (sponsored, as was the original one in England, by the Gramma Fisher Foundation of Marshalltown, Iowa) Bryan Pitts of the New York City Ballet. He was, if more mature than the boy of 14 sketched by Mann, no less believable than Pears.

The ultimate challenge that presents itself is: What about the music? Does it hold the interest and sustain the attention? Can it bear repeated hearings? Is it durably made of materials that will wear? To all these questions, my answer is a resounding yes. Like Mann's story, it exists on many levels: The deeper one probes, the clearer are the purposes of the extraordinary colorations invented by Britten for an orchestra smallish in size but extensive in such uncommonly heard instruments as vibraphone, Chinese drums, glockenspiel. These are the instruments that give the music for Tadzio and his companions a singularly bright, pure sound. The darker shades for Aschenbach are drawn from the more conventional instruments.

Of the many levels on which Mann communicated, Britten has reflected the aesthetic, the erotic, the purely classical (a segment of Olympian games danced by Tadzio and his companions is among Ashton's most appropriate inventions). But the one that lingers longest with me is the familial. Mann tells us clearly that Aschenbach is a widower, his daughter married, his life self-centered. Britten's music tells us, in explicit detail, that the cry of the heart that draws Aschenbach and Tadzio together (almost!) goes from a son without a father to a father without a son.

For an *opera* to have a "love interest" from whom a sound is never heard is to create the need for a new word to take the place of the old. As the familiar title itself merely means "work," perhaps it should be expanded—in the tradition of *opera buffa, opéra comique,* and so on—to *opera omnia,* meaning an "operatic all." This would take in the speech-singing and singing speech of Pears, whose fading vocal resources are bolstered by the dramatic art acquired in building a career from its foundation as Peter Grimes to its capstone as Aschenbach; the surpassing artistry of John Shirley-Quirk, in seven "cameo" roles (each a metaphor for death), in one of which his barber is a cosmetician capable of reversing nature itself; the individuality of each ensemble vocal part in taking the place of the normally anonymous chorus (each performed with remarkable credibility by a young singer from the Metropolitan Studio, a pre-professional training force); and the flexible combination of painted and projected scenery designed by Piper.

What makes *Death in Venice* a work of art is that every person involved has a balanced portion of the whole in which to make his contribution. No one has to

J. Heffernan

Bryan Pitts (left) and Peter Pears (rear)—"Rarest kind of musical theater."

New, Giftworthy, and

CHAMBER MUSIC

Ginastera: String Quartet No. 2 (Columbia). The Juilliard Quartet, which has recently identified itself with the newer works of this Argentinian composer, has reached back a decade and a half for a previously unrecorded work of considerable quality. Stravinsky's "Three Pieces" and "Concertino" for string quartets share side 2.

ORCHESTRAL

Bernstein: Dybbuk (Complete Ballet) (Columbia). The lyric impulse in this 1971 score is free-flowing and compelling to hear, the dramatic content not so distinctive. The performance by the New York City Ballet Orchestra (with David Johnson, baritone, and John Ostendorf, bass) under the composer's direction is outstandingly good.

Bruch: Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra (Angel). An absorbing work by the late-nineteenth-century romanticist, revived and revivified by Martin Berkofsky and Nathan Twining, pianists, with Antal Dorati conducting.

Copland: Appalachian Spring (Columbia). A beautiful, old, never-before-recorded way to hear this lovable work: the compact chamber-orchestra scoring, as originally danced by Martha Graham. All its values are realized under the composer's direction.

Ives: Old Songs Deranged (Columbia). The content, performed by the Yale Theater Orchestra under the direction of James Sinclair, is exactly what

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overplay to make up for deficiencies in the writing of his part; no one has to underplay to avoid throwing someone else's part into the shadow. The Metropolitan's huge spaces put a heavy premium on precise articulation: Shirley-Quirk's words had a burr that made them audible far from the stage; the Pears-shaped tones float but do not cut. He was less than desirably audible. But, at 54, he is an indispensable prototype for a part that is destined to be played in many ways and many places: in the round, on the square, off the main stem (where we may have Rudolf Nureyev as Tadzio). But few who saw it will soon forget the effect of the Metropolitan's production.

For anyone in the New York area with an appetite for a path-breaking experience, I would urge attendance during the remaining performances in December. Those at a distance may wait for the broadcast of December 20 or avail themselves immediately of the "original-cast" recording just issued by London (OSA 13109). Its lack of the visual element cuts a limb from the tree but does not strike at its roots. Indeed, the tree immediately grows another limb—in the mind, where the home listener can invoke his own images of the people being impersonated by Pears and Shirley-Quirk and the scenes being painted by Britten's music.

Even more to the point, the recording provides closer access to the instrumental means employed by Britten than could any public surroundings—certainly surroundings as anti-intimate as those of the Met. Heard close up, Aschenbach's soliloquies cut much more deeply than they did as delivered by Pears in the Metropolitan, and each of the vignettes for the vocal ensemble is clearly audible.

The London issue is further distinguished by an absorbing, detailed discussion of the music by Donald Mitchell, English critic and Britten's editor for Faber Music, Ltd. Mitchell's intimate understanding of his subject enables him not merely to generalize on the flow of forces from Britten's past work that surface in *Death in Venice* but to cite them as chapter and verse to the proposition that *Death in Venice* is Britten's most mature work. □

eviously Unrecorded

the title proclaims it to be: one song by Ives, "deranged" for pit orchestra, plus 13 others. All have some element of parody, but the "artful" commonplaces tend to become predictable.

OPERA

MASSENET: THERESE (London). From the smoldering ashes of the flame that burns in Manon and Werther came the heat the maître imparted to *Thérèse*, one of his last works. The plight of the heroine, who was guillotined during the mad days of September 1792, brought forth—if only intermittently—the real Massenet quality. Variable performance directed by Richard Bonynge, with Huguette Tourangeau and Ryland Davies.

VERDI: UN GIORNO DI REGNO (Philips). Verdi's second opera, and his first try at comedy, was a disastrous fiasco that almost ended his career before it had begun. This valuable recording is illuminating on two counts: why *Un Giorno* failed (very bad book trouble), and why Verdi was persuaded to go on (amid the reminiscences of Rossini, a fine ensemble or two, a tenor aria of quality, stretches of dance music akin to that in act 1 of *Rigoletto*). Lamberto Gardelli conducts the Royal Philharmonic, the Ambrosian Singers, and a good cast: Fiorenza Cossotto (Marchioness of Poggio), Jessye Norman (Giulietta), Ingvar Wixell (the "King for a Day"), and José Carreras (Edoardo de Sanval).

ORGAN

BACH: THE FOUR "GREAT" TOCCATAS AND FUGUES (in D minor, F major, D minor ["Dorian"], and Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C major) (Columbia). E. Power Biggs, the Frank Buck of organists (he "brings 'em back alive"), has stalked much big game previously but nothing as resonantly formidable as the four antiphonal organs in the Freiburg Münster (cathedral). Each can be played individually, but all four are controlled from a central console. It was here that Biggs assumed his place as mission operator and came away with an extraordinary "first."

VOCAL

ROSSINI: MESSA DI GLORIA (Philips). Unlike the later *Stabat Mater* and *Petite Messe solennelle,* this long-forgotten youthful mass was written while Rossini was still composing operas, and is redolent with matter that might suit the stage as well as the cathedral. Fine musical fun, well conducted by Herbert Handt, who restored the score and admits he might have guessed a little.

SWINGLE II (Columbia). These "Love Songs for Madrigals and Madriguys" are an uncommonly ingratiating combination of quality material, understated arrangements, and skillful performance by the eight singers under the direction of Ward Swingle. Needless to say, his treatments of Gibbons's "The Silver Swan" and Dowland's "Come Again!" (with bass guitar, drums, and ARP synthesizer) are far from commonplace and always imaginative.

GARY BURTON: SEVEN SONGS FOR QUARTET AND CHAMBER ORCHESTRA (ECM). As a master of the jazz vibraphone, Burton has a secure place among the combo-experimenters. In these "songs" (moody tunes by Michael Gibbs), Burton extends his usual guitar, bass, and drums collaborators to include members of the Norddeutscher Rundfunk Orchestra. Subtly sonorous reproduction.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA PLAYS THE MUSIC OF JIMI HENDRIX (RCA). Evans's success in working with Miles Davis prompted hopes of a similar venture with rock-guitarist Jimi Hendrix. This was thwarted by the latter's death, but Evans persisted with the scheme by drawing on Hendrix's "Gypsy Eyes," "Angel," "Foxey Lady," and others for use by his ensemble of nearly 20. Highly creative fusion-without-confusion of jazz and rock elements.

TOM GLAZER: THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS (CMS). Though Glazer has been singing folk carols and Christmas songs for decades, he has lost neither his touch nor his tone. Many all-time favorites are included among the new treatment of 11 items, in which he is pleasantly joined, from time to time, by the voice and guitar of Chris Hayward and the recorder of Elliott Ribner.

HANGIN' OUT WITH HENRY MANCINI (RCA). For those with whom films leave elusive memories of title music, Mancini's collection will provide a refresher course in "The Sex Symbol," "The Entertainer" (Scott Joplin), "The Thief Who Came to Dinner," Mancini's own "Hangin' Out" (from *99 and 44/100% DEAD!),* and "The Stripper." I.K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jonathan Livingsto

BUICK SKYLARK S/R. From the very beginning, the automobile has been a supreme source of individual freedom.

And while the automobile may have changed with the years, the exhilaration it provides—of having exchanged the surly bonds of the immediate for what lies beyond the next hill—is the same.

We are all free at heart, all we really need is the means to express the fact.

And with that somewhat prosaic introduction, we offer you Buick Skyl

Or, in this case, Buick Skylark S/R A craft of amazing versatility.

First, Skylark S/R is quite a tourer. Powered by Buick's spirited new 3.8 litre V-6 engine—a design that actual shares more in common with a Buic

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

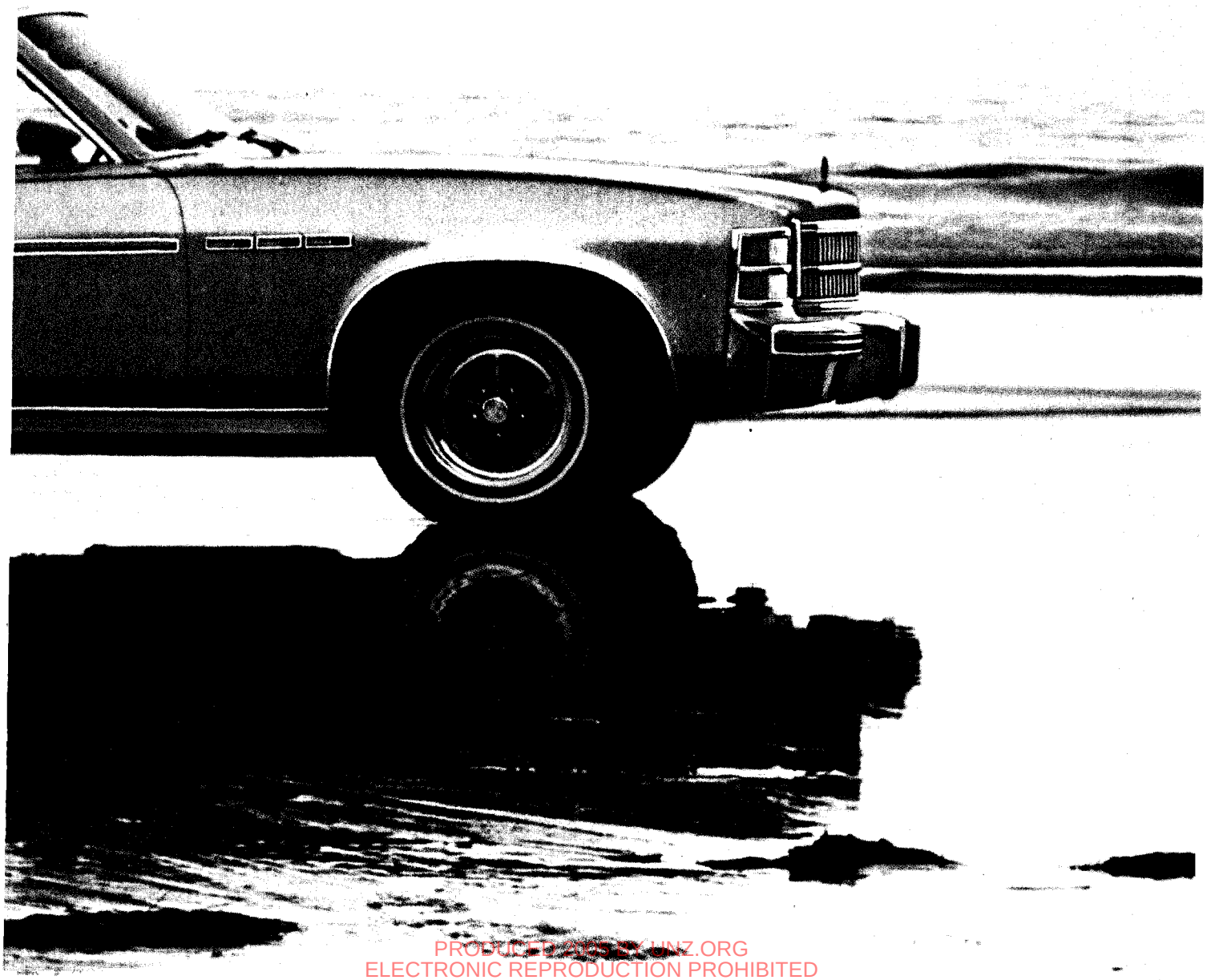
Automobile.

ɜ than with a conventional straight-6.
ıdial shod. And borne along by special
ɲ ride springs and shock absorbers.
As a matter of fact, the interior looks
ɘ it came right out of an expensive
ıropean touring car. Corduroy bucket
ats, map pockets and all.
Moreover, Skylark is a real buddy—a
ɔcile, dependable, businesslike
ɲnveyance that unflaggingly shoulders all sorts of errands and loads, despite its sporty demeanor.

Come on now, life was meant to be explored. Why not do it with a companion of real capability.

Skylark is at your Buick dealer.

BUICK *Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NATION LATELY?

In 1865, three men started a weekly called **The Nation**—Frederick Law Olmsted, noted parks architect; journalist E.L. Godkin; and Harvard scholar Charles Eliot Norton. James Miller McKim, an abolitionist from Philadelphia, backed them.

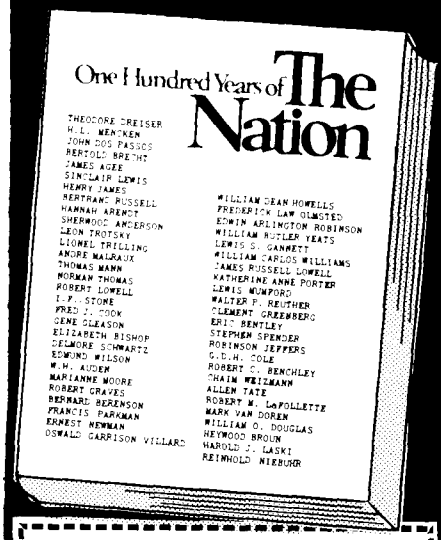
For 109 years **The Nation** has lived up to their dream, winning countless awards for journalistic excellence along the way.

Under its present editor, Carey McWilliams, **The Nation** is still a gadfly. It deals with the other side of the coin, the news behind the news.

The Nation does not try to be a mass-appeal magazine. Nor does it depend on advertising. Nor is it sold on all newsstands. It is for the serious thinker, the inquiring mind.

Yet it has become America's oldest weekly, kept alive by loyal subscribers and some generous supporters. Would you like to join them?

Subscribe now and get a FREE COPY of the anthology "100 Years of The Nation" . . . featuring works by leading world writers, just as they appeared originally in the pages of **The Nation.**



The NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

( ) I enclose $15.00 for 1-year subscription (48 issues) and free copy of your 384-page anthology. If not satisfied, I may cancel at any time and get a refund of the unused portion.

( ) Bill me with the understanding that you will send the free book when I pay the invoice.

Name

Address

City/State Zip SR

(**Books:** *continued from page 29.*)

MAL FRIENDS AT MAPLE HILL FARM, by Alice and Martin Provensen (Random House, $3.95). A bargain, in full color. Introducing all the animals at the farm and commenting on each one's peculiarities, with passing information on how to weigh a heavy dog and how to feed sugar to a pony.

And here's the winter/Christmas contingent: FIRST SNOW, by Helen Coutant, illustrated by Vo-Dinh (Knopf, $4.50), is a tender tale of a Vietnamese child in New England, experiencing her first snow at the same time that her grandmother is dying. Has to do with the Buddhist concept of reincarnation—we don't die but become something else. THE BIGGEST SNOWSTORM EVER, by Diane Paterson (Dial, $4.95). The Bunches, with their inevitable boy and girl children and their dog Collieflower, find the snow has reached the second-story window; so they leap out and frolic in it. The dog has to dig them a tunnel to get back in the top-floor window. ✓ THE THREE BEGGAR KINGS, by Rosalys Haskell Hall, illustrated by Kurt Werth (Random House, $4.95). Poor boy puts on father's coat and hat on Christmas eve and visits the statue of three kings on the town square. And, lo! Three itinerants show up in king's clothing, and they all go begging from house to house. The beggars disappear, and the kid takes the loot home, thus ensuring a Merry Christmas. A moving tale. A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE, by Phyllis La Farge, illustrated by Ray Cruz (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95). Little brother wanders off from F.A.O. Schwarz on Christmas eve; brother tracks him down in Central Park with the aid of birds—it seems all animals can talk on that evening. Nicely done.

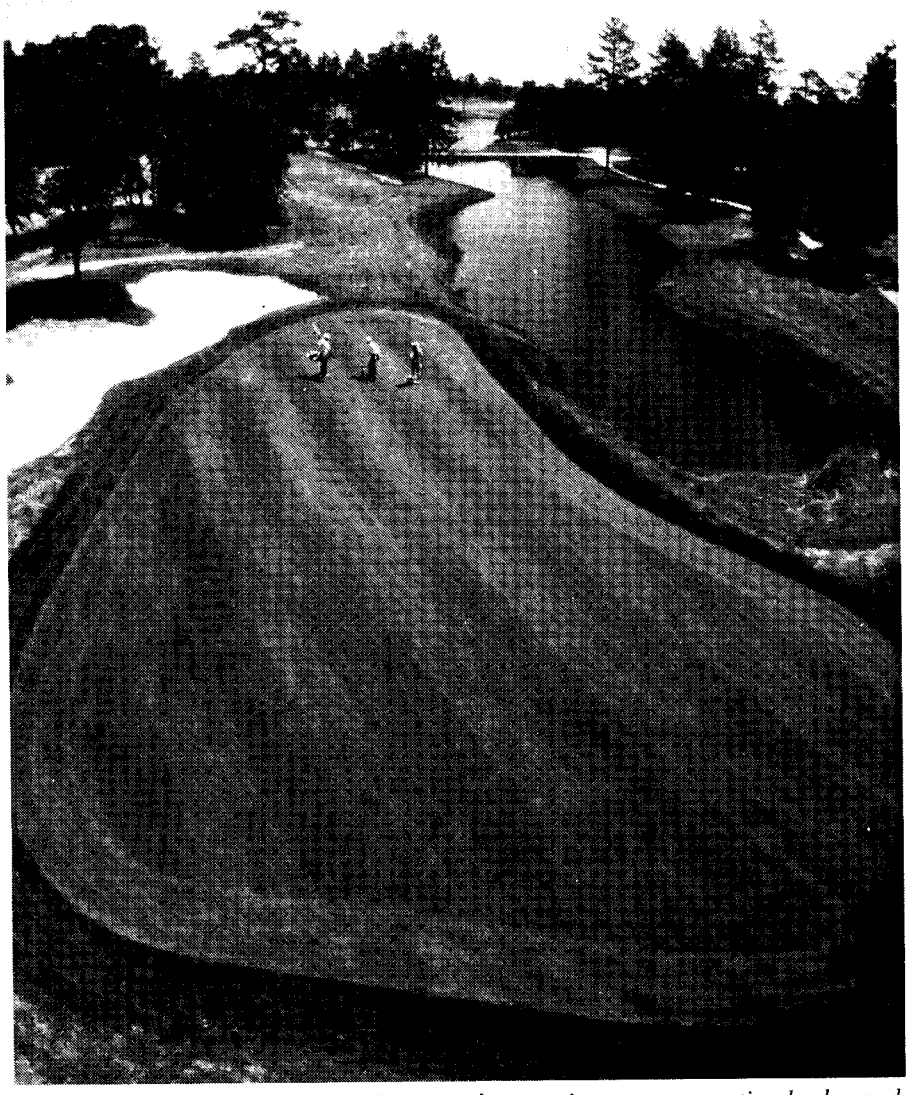
HOW FAR WILL A RUBBER BAND STRETCH?, by Mike Thaler, illustrated by Jerry Joyner (Parents' Magazine Press, $4.95). Here's a young chap who puts one end of a rubber band around his bedpost and stretches it out the door, overseas, to a rocket, and up, up, up. A pleasant tale, but $4.95 is stretching things a bit. LET'S MARRY SAID THE CHERRY AND OTHER NONSENSE POEMS, by N. M. Bodecker (Atheneum, $4.95). This clever author-illustrator follows his charming *It's Raining, Said John Twaining* with a pleasing book of nonsense rhymes: "The island of Yorrick/is intensely historic,/and covered with ruins/Ionic and Doric. . . ." HOW TO GROW A

From *How to Grow a Jelly Glass Farm*

JELLY GLASS FARM, by Kathy Mandry and Joe Toto (Pantheon, $4.50). Fourteen double-page spreads of things a kid can grow indoors with no expense, including "green feet," which is simply grass in an old sneaker. NUTS TO YOU & NUTS TO ME: AN ALPHABET OF POEMS, by Mary Ann Hoberman, illustrated by Ronni Solbert (Knopf, $4.95). "Tents and teepees/Tents and teepees/Filled with tired little sleepies./Tiptoe softly. Tuck them tight./They are camping out tonight." Like that. A little poem for each letter of the alphabet. Great fun for the very young. THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT, by Robert Quackenbush (Lippincott, $5.50). The trouble that began with Mrs. O'Leary's cow, illustrated in glowing colors, including, natch, lots of red. The music of the song and miscellaneous fire information. ODD ONE OUT, by Rodney Peppé (Viking, $5.95). Beautiful color. Outdoor scenes—the park, the street, the zoo, which look fine at first glance, but at second, you (and the child, we hope) notice that there's something drastically out of place: a stoplight in the front yard, a made-up bed in the middle of the fairgrounds, a tractor on the river. RED LIGHT SAYS STOP!, by Barbara Rinkoff, illustrated by Judith Hoffman Corwin (Lothrop, $4.75). How sounds and gestures communicate. Scratching behind your ear means, "Well, I don't know." Such things as braille, semaphore, drum communication, etc. Clever idea, starkly simple pictures. BEST WISHES, AMEN, compiled by Lillian Morrison, illustrated by Loretta Lustig (T.Y. Crowell, $4.95). The author's third collection of autograph-book verses. How about: "I'm a cute little girl/With a cute little figure,/But step back, boys,/Till I get a bit bigger"? □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two for Tee



Pinehurst, N.C.—Compleat adult playgrounds, conspicuous consumption be damned.

by Horace Sutton

One thing about golfers. Neither distance nor gloom of impending recession can stay these swingers from playing their appointed rounds. To provide the playland, whole resorts are springing full-grown out of a snaggle of Florida cypress trees. Seasoned retreats once restricted to a select few have opened the pearly gates to the public. Condominium apartments line the fairways in imminent peril, so it would seem, of having a golf ball land in the kitchen sink. Owners take up residence a few weeks out of the year, but at other times they reap a tidy return by renting their apartments to transient guests.

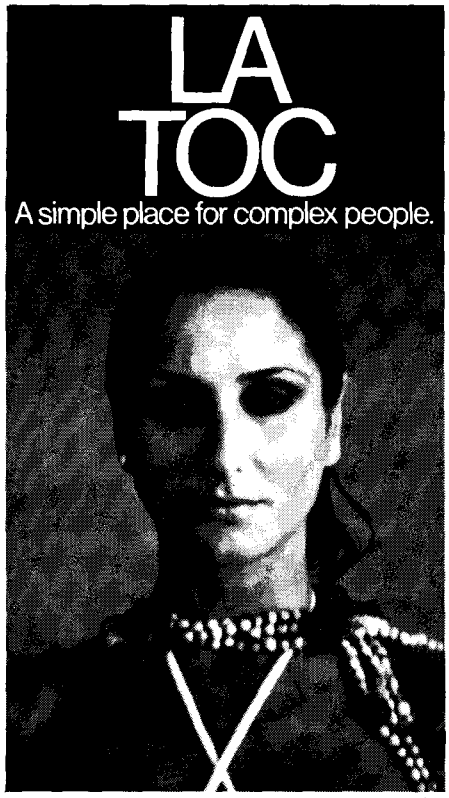
Two resorts at which I have dallied recently, Pinehurst, in the Sandhills of North Carolina, and Innisbrook, near Tarpon Springs, Fla., indicate the public mood, conspicuous consumption be damned, to seek out the compleat adult playground. Pinehurst, an inconvenient 70 miles from the airport at Raleigh-Durham, is 75 years old and only recently became a public resort that invites guests to enjoy what an intimate inner circle had enjoyed before—five golf courses, extensive riding stables, and a gun club for skeet and trapshooting. As a public place competing with new spas that are only a few months off the drawing board, Pinehurst is rushing to catch up. It built a splendid complex of tennis courts in a piney woodland and invited Rod Laver and Roy Emerson down to conduct a clinic. It has just completed a man-made lake with a man-made beach. The boat house is in place, and next spring, when the Sandhills warm up, there will be sailing, boating, and even fishing. The state stocked the pond last year. There will also be lakeside viewing for those investors who bought apartments at the water's edge. These quarters are the most expensive of all the condominiums that have sprung up on the once-sacrosanct Pinehurst acreage, and they were the first to be sold.

Innisbrook, on the other hand, is not playing catch-up. It is the product of midwestern developers who had been seeking the proper site in Florida for years and were about to give up. Everything they looked at was either flat or dull or inconveniently located. The tract they were seeking had to be rolling land located near an airport. Just before abandoning the search and heading back into the frostlands of Ohio and Illinois, the prospectors located a patch of pine- and cypress-studded land. The terrain rolled about as much as any piece of Florida hill country. Moreover, it was only half an hour from the sparkling new Tampa airport, half an hour from St. Petersburg, and an hour and a half from Disneyworld, an epicenter of joy from which all Florida distances are now being measured.

Innisbrook is a curious enclave. On the way from the Tampa airport, one rides along a highway strewn with billboards, hamburger joints, bait and tackle shops, and gas stations—in effect, an American panorama. But instantly the turn is made into the Innisbrook preserve, one is transported into a 1,000-acre garden scattered with lakes, bearded cypresses, live oak, and golf courses. Peacocks strut across the clipped lawns, the males spreading their feathers in a giant fan and stamping to attract the hens. Herons swoop in for a landing on the lakes and stalk the shallows, pecking for tidbits. An oriole perches on the cattails by the shore, waiting out the winter, and at eventide the bunnies are out in full brigade, sitting, twitching their noses, nibbling the succulent grasses, and bounding in and out of the bushes. Somewhere in the flat water a bass splashes, giving heart to the fishermen who sit in silent hopefulness on the banks, only a few yards from the nearest condominium and the nearest fairway.

Surely this corner of sudden green

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

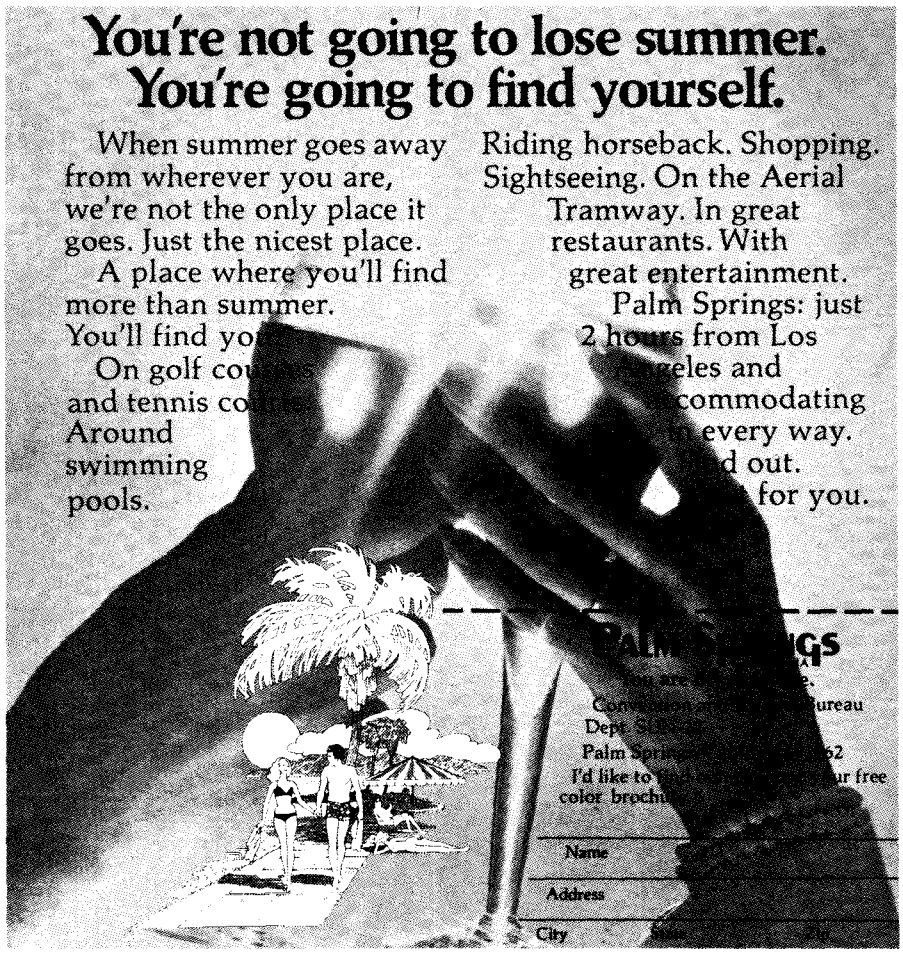


For the very few who are very fortunate there is La Toc. A perfect resort, surrounded by the unspoiled Caribbean island of St. Lucia. Hotel La Toc and La Toc Villas have all the luxuries you expect and all the seclusion you've always sought. Your travel agent can give you more information, or, you may phone La Toc Reservations (212) 983-2510 and ask for Ms. Valentino or write Cunard Resorts, 555 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10017.

displays how man can on the one hand corrupt the environment and on the other enhance it. The billboards, only a few hundred yards away, are unseen, and the road traffic is unheard. Indeed, the golf holes are so artfully placed among the trees that the fairways seem to be strung like narrow meadows, a clearing in the mysterious cypress forest just made for a full cast of Disney animals.

Somewhere in this setting there are three golf courses and 800 condominium units, to say nothing of an assortment of swimming pools, tennis courts, and restaurants. When the first units were ready in 1971, they sold for as little as $24,000, a price that has more than doubled in three and a half years. A unit can sleep four people and comes equipped with a four-burner range and an oven and a refrigerator. When the owners are away, which seems to be most of the time, the apartments are turned over to the rental pool and become hotel accommodations. This type of unit rents for about $26 in the dead of summer, $37 in what the travel trade likes to call the *shoulder* season, which is to say, fall and late spring, and $60 when northerners start to think about following the birds south. Guests can wrestle their own pots if they wish, but many opt for the meals in the Island Club House, Sandpiper Club, or Copperhead Clubhouse. Three squares a day will add up to about $15.

Visiting Saudi princes, Texas landed gentry, owners of supermarket chains, and others similarly endowed can lease the penthouse suite, a showy duplex equipped with a private elevator, curtains two stories high parting electrically at the push of a button, a circular stairway, and a suspended fireplace in an upstairs studio. A second short stairway leads from the second floor to the upper deck, a garden esplanade on the roof, where lollers supine in a deck chair can lift their eyes to see the Gulf of Mexico five city blocks away. Leasing these lodgings costs $600 a day in winter, half that from May 1 to December 19.


You're not going to lose summer.
You're going to find yourself.
When summer goes away from wherever you are, we're not the only place it goes. Just the nicest place.
A place where you'll find more than summer.
You'll find yo
On golf co
and tennis co
Around
swimming
pools.
Riding horseback. Shopping. Sightseeing. On the Aerial Tramway. In great restaurants. With great entertainment.
Palm Springs: just 2 hours from Los
eles and
commodating
every way.
d out.
for you.
Name
Address
City

THE SAME ENTREPRENEURS who conceived Innisbrook—they call themselves Golf Hosts International—are opening another similar venture called Tamarron, far afield in Durango, Colo. It will have indoor and outdoor pools and one golf course, which, once the snow falls, is instantly convertible to ski slopes.

Pinehurst, now owned by the Diamondhead Corporation, which also has other resort interests, is an old resort begun in 1895 by a Boston soda fountain manufacturer who dreamed of a haven that was away from those New England winters and would not be so distant a journey as the Palm Beaches, then just beginning to flower. Here in the pine-sprinkled Sandhills, the porous surface quickly absorbed the rain and retained the warmth of the sun. It was first thought to be an ideal place for consumptives, who, initially, were invited to come, and then, as the general recreational possibilities were realized, were invited to stay away.

The Tufts family built a village in the New England style, and by 1897 the cows had been shooed off some of the pastureland and building began on the first nine golf holes. When the Tufts family sold out to Diamondhead ($9.3 million for 9,000 acres), there were five golf courses at Pinehurst. It was the only place in the country with an oasis called the Ninety-first Hole, and its famous Number Two course had been rated one of the 10 best in America by *Golf Digest*.

The Tufts family had operated Pinehurst as a semiprivate fiefdom. No prospective guest could find quarters at the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aging hotels simply by presenting himself at the desk. He had to be recommended by a friend who would vouchsafe that he was both couth and solvent, preferably Anglo and white. The Diamondhead people, with eight resorts on their hands, including Sandpiper Cove in Florida and Mile High, an enormous spread in Texas, pulled down all those barriers and some of the crusty old lodgings along with them.

ALTHOUGH the musty but beloved old Holly Inn was retained intact, mostly for the pleasure of old customers, the Carolina Hotel was gutted, rebuilt, and renamed the Pinehurst Hotel. The second largest wood frame hotel in the world (after del Coronado in San Diego), the Carolina used to be called The White House of Golf. It is still white, but except for the broad verandas in the rear and a few out-of-the-way public rooms still left in stucco, the look is quiet contemporary—simple clean-line furniture in the bedrooms, deep couches in the lobby, all done in low-key colors.

The Holly's dining room still gives off that well-remembered hotel smell of fresh-out-of-the-laundry napery, but the Pinehurst's enormous dining salon has been redone in comfortable shades of blue. At the Holly you still write out your order on a check as travelers used to do in railway dining cars and at large resort hotels. The Pinehurst dining room sets out a gigantic help-yourself breakfast, that being the modern way to go, and closes altogether for lunch, shunting its guests to a new grill room down the hall.

At night the main dining room requires coats and ties on the men, and most women appear in long dresses. A dance band bleats out the hit tunes of the Thirties and Forties while the diners select items from the straightforward, no-frills, all-American menu. After that rousing gastronomic happening, the clients saunter down the hall to watch a golf movie as they always did in the time of the Tufts family.

But not everybody is a golf freak or a geriatric candidate, and the new management has moved to install a murky saloon, built in the fashion of H.M.S. *Bounty*, as well as an equally dark disco. Drinking hard liquor is rather an involved process in North Carolina. There is no such thing as over-the-counter serving of drinks by the glass. You can, however, as one does aboard the *Bounty*, arrive with a bottle of liquor purchased

My latest "best seller" is yours FREE!*

The world's most beautiful Counterfeit Diamonds® including ladies' and men's rings, earrings, pendants and tie tacks all exquisitely set in 14K gold mountings, priced from $85. All beautifully displayed in my catalog. Over 100,000 discerning people from Palm Beach to London have put their trust in my incredible Wellington Counterfeit Diamonds®

WELLINGTON JEWELS®
1120 Connecticut Ave., N.W.
Dept. 7411S·
Washington, D.C. 20036

New York, Philaaelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Atlanta, Palm Beach, Hilton Head, New Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Scottsdale, Toronto

***Send for free brochure**

WELLINGTON JEWELS
1120 Connecticut Ave., N.W.,
Dept. 7411S
Washington, D.C. 20036
Please send me your new, free Wellington brochure.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State/Zip_____

74-45

WRITE ITALIC

Learning the Italic hand is more exciting with the PLATIGNUM ITALIC SET containing a fountain pen, *five Italic nibs and our free introductory* manual. It allows you to discover which nib widths best suit your developing hand and offers the convenience of having full nib range available for special purpose work. Only $5.00 at artist material, pen and craft shops as well as college bookstores or send check or money order to PENTALIC CORPORATION, 132 W. 22nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents to cover *handling. State whether right or left handed...* Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the Italic hand and it's easy to do as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a complete penman, own the PLATIGNUM ITALIC SET.

american plan accommodations for **4 legged** guests only

PET LODGE

Not a kennel but a hotel for pets costing no more than a kennel.

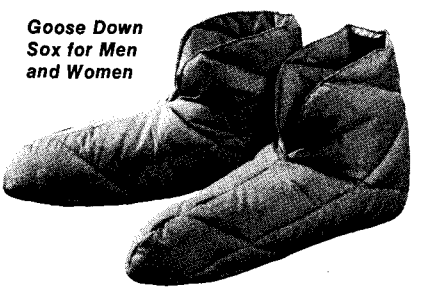
Individual spacious quarters
Home diets followed
24 hour supervision
Veterinarian on call

Send for free brochure.

PET LODGE
623 West 51 St., N.Y.C. 10019
(212) 247-1313

Cloud-Soft Travelers

Goose Down Sox for Men and Women



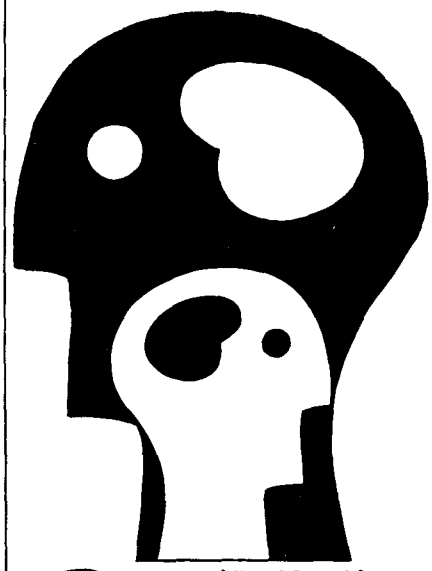
Slip on a pair of these to keep your feet warm in sleeping bag or bed; as inner sox for insulated pacs or waders. Downright comfortable travel slippers. Bauer Goose Down quilted in tough, washable Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Taupe, Powder Blue. Specify shoe size and we will send a proper fit. **0123** Goose Down Sox, pair **$8.95** postpaid.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!
Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my 0123 Goose Down Sox.
Men's Size_____ Color_____
Women's Size_____ Color_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
☐ Send me FREE your new color catalog of over 1200 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. PS3, 1737 Airport Way S., Seattle, Wa. 98134

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



OPEN MIND

discusses

"SURVIVAL OF THE PRESIDENCY"

Can the institution of the Presidency survive an adversary press--print and electronic? Guests include Theodore C. Sorensen, Special Counsel to John F. Kennedy, and Jack Valenti, Presidential aide to Lyndon B. Johnson.

Produced by WPIX, New York, in cooperation with Saturday Review/World, and moderated by

Richard D. Heffner,

Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University, author of "A Documentary History of the United States"; and editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"

In New York, Sun., Dec. 1

8:30-9:30 PM WPIX 11

In Washington, D.C. Sun., Dec. 15

3:30-4:30 PM WETA, Channel 26

In other PBS Cities, consult local listings.

in the state store in the village, unveil it from its brown-paper-bag enclosure, and plunk it on the table. Boozing is cheaper that way, as the dry lobby was emphasizing during the last referendum, but no one has estimated the effect on the human liver caused by having all that pourable, inexpensive alcohol so handy.

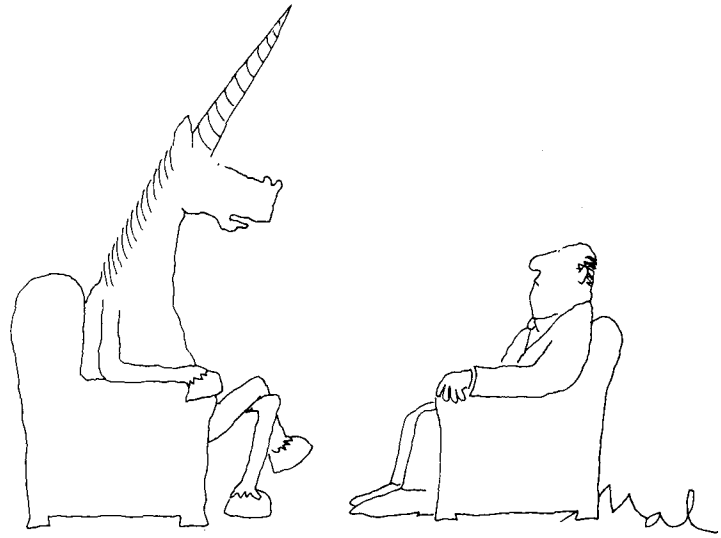
If Pinehurst is not the most sophisticated playground I've encountered—it's not likely to sink Palm Beach or the Costa Smeralda—it has been debarrassed of its barnacles, and it does offer one of the most complete resort centers in the hemisphere. The addition of its handsome tennis courts and the commencement of an elaborate tennis program is attracting a younger crowd, some of whom, a few weeks back, were playing a set with Laver or Emerson. The charge for volleying in that company was a modest $15, but anyone who could take two games got off scot-free.

There is no bowling on the green, as at Williamsburg, and no indoor pool, but the gun club is an unusual adjunct. Run by John Rowe, onetime chief master sergeant of the U.S. Air Force, it offers the prospect of potting clay pigeons, either trap or skeet. There is a $2 charge per round (one box of shells) for targets and $3.75 to $4 per round of shells. If you don't own a blunderbuss, you can rent one for a quarter, the best deal in the whole 10,000 acres (the cost of a tiny bag of tees is a quarter, too).

As condominiums line the fairways of some Pinehurst courses and others rim the lake, one complex, ideal for equestrians, has been sited across the road from the stables. Over 300 harness horses are put up for the winter at Pinehurst, where they limber up on the local racetrack.

BUT GOLF REMAINS the center attraction (even the rentable villas bear names of such famous courses as Pebble Beach, Thunderbird, and Broadmoor), and under the new owners Pinehurst assured its preeminent position in the sport by building the World Golf Hall of Fame, a $2 million extravaganza with splashing fountains, moats, and floodlights. In marble magnificence it lies somewhere between Versailles and the Taj Mahal. President Ford came down to inaugurate it last September and stayed long enough to play nine holes and to give a speech in the ballroom of the hotel.

In the lobby of the Hall of Fame, one is faced with an enormous statue of Bobby Jones, larger than Lenin in a Soviet pavilion at a world's fair. The cases are stuffed with golf mementos of the famous, charts and plaques displaying the history of the game, costumes of the early players (women wore two petticoats under a wasp-waisted skirt bound at the bottom with leather, a red jacket with brass buttons, and a straw skimmer), and a collection of scoring pencils from famous golf clubs. A prized acquisition is a rut iron especially designed to extract a ball fall that had come to rest in a rut left by a wagon. A quotation on the glories of golf has been etched on a large stone tablet, to be hung prominently in this Valhalla. "When it's lighted up, it will look just like the Lincoln Memorial," the curator assured me. And I believe him. □



"I would like to dispel a number of myths about unicorns."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who in Government Is Watching?

At a conference on the limits of science, held in Philadelphia as part of the Franklin Institute's sesquicentennial celebration, I was asked to give a talk on "How the General Public Can Influence Major Scientific Decisions." A question immediately came to mind: Can the general public influence major decisions of *any* kind—let alone those dealing with the complexities of science? The easiest stance to adopt is cynicism. But reflection on the events of recent years doesn't warrant it. Who would have believed, for instance, that the Zero Population Growth movement would have such an impact, in so short a time, on this nation's birthrate? Or that Earth Day and related happenings would have such profound and far-reaching effects on our attitudes—including those of industry and government—toward environmental pollution?

Both pro-abortion and anti-abortion forces have demonstrated that they can influence policymaking and policymakers in matters that are at least borderline-scientific in nature. Neither group can be said to represent the general public, but each constitutes a public of its own. Even mini-publics, if they feel strongly and act vigorously, can get results. As a case in point, consider the recent decision of the psychiatric associations declaring homosexuality to be no longer a mental illness. This was ostensibly a scientific decision—yet no new research had been done. There was no change in the facts, only a change in their interpretation, brought about by the demands of the gay-liberation movement.

The fact is that the public *knows* how to influence decisions, major or minor, scientific or otherwise. People do find ways, especially when they *feel* strongly. In matters of science what people frequently do *not* know how to do is to get the information they need in order to know how they feel. Remember the quantities of contradictory "facts" furnished us during the antiballistic-missile debate?

Even professional science journalists—who constitute a mini-public with reasonably free access to most sources—have difficulty getting reliable information, especially where public policy is involved. Sometimes military security or vested interests restrict or distort information. But most of the time, the facts, even when they are available, are simply not sorted out or thought through; and it seems to be no one's responsibility to do so. As a result, there is one mini-public whose lack of reliable information worries me most—the U.S. government.

We live in a time when virtually every major policy decision of any kind, if it is to be wisely arrived at and intelligently carried out, requires scientific and technical input from the most knowledgeable experts in their fields. Congress certainly needs better advice than it gets. Nobel biologist Gerald Adelman of Rockefeller University, speaking recently at the thirtieth anniversary dinner of Israel's Weizmann Institute, suggested that congressmen might set up for themselves a science school that would offer crash courses when necessary. Congress, fortunately, is aware of its lack and is taking steps to improve the situation. The same has not yet been demonstrated in regard to the presidency. In 1973 President Nixon abolished the Office of Science and Technology. The President's extramural scientific advisory committee (P.S.A.C.) had already been inactive for some time.

I'm not arguing that it must all be reinstated exactly as it was. But the *function* of science counseling surely needs to be there—full-time and adequately staffed. It will then be useful only if the President actively seeks—and respects (though he may not always follow)—the recommendations of his scientific advisers and does not necessarily expect to hear mere rationalizations for the views that he and his non-scientific advisers have already arrived at.

The government is a special public unto itself, which, in matters of science, desperately needs to know. But the general public also needs to know so that it could then serve the same function in science as in other policy areas: Keep that special public honest. Perhaps what we also need is a separate public-interest science agency, responsible neither to the President nor to Congress, but to us. Such an ombudsman-like agency would maintain a non-interfering surveillance of science, just to keep us posted—and to give us early-warning signals when hazards arise.

A recent story in *The New York Times*, under Walter Sullivan's byline, described research done at the Department of Agriculture and published in the *Journal of Agricultural and Food Chemistry*. It turns out that plant roots pick up plutonium ("among the most toxic substances known to man") from the soil in much larger concentrations than had previously been suspected. The researchers deem it "essential" that the danger of plutonium's entering the food chain at the soil-plant level be assessed. Now, if the *Times* hadn't picked up the story from this technical journal, might it have languished in the library files? Who in the government should be responsible for calling such findings to our attention? And for seeing to it that the recommended assessment is indeed carried out—and that the public is then informed of the results? How many such items do we never hear about at all?

Sample item: aerosols and the ozone layer. Norman Cousins recently editorialized about the threat—from nuclear testing in the atmosphere—to the earth's ozone layer, which protects us from radiations that would otherwise be highly damaging, if not lethal. The exhaust from supersonic aircraft has been similarly implicated. Now a report in *Science* tells us that the ozone layer is at risk from—for heaven's sake—*spray cans*. Their persistent leftover gases gradually rise in the atmosphere to do their insidious work. If the calculations are correct, 10 percent of the ozone layer is already destined to vanish, just from the Freon gas we've already released! Who in the government is keeping watch? Who will put up the necessary STOP signs for us and the aerosol manufacturers?

Or let us know that it ain't so?

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science

The Strange Case of the Painted Mice

An unexplained impulse to alter his research data halts the promising career of a young dermatologist and tarnishes the reputation of a prestigious cancer-research center.

by Barbara Yuncker

After more than a year of Watergate-related scandals, the nation was jolted last spring by scandal from an unexpected quarter: the scientific research establishment. A young scientist, credited till then with achieving a major breakthrough in cancer-related research, had been caught falsifying data by coloring the skins of experimental mice. This medical fraud, discovered by colleagues, became known through headlines across the land as "The Case of the Painted Mice." The revelation astonished laymen and scientists alike, both because it involved the world's most prestigious nongovernmental cancer-research institution and because the scientist's previous experiments had offered hope for a revolution in transplant surgery and for significant gains in cancer treatment.

The scandal has produced considerable wreckage. The young researcher (Dr. William T. Summerlin) has been fired, the dazzling reputation of his mentor (Dr. Robert A. Good) has been tarnished, and the cancer institute (New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center) has lost some face in the prestige-conscious circles of biomedical research. The sketchy picture of this private agony has left an unfortunate public impression that leading scientists can be just as amoral as some political leaders—and that The Case of the Painted Mice may be but one symptom of a widespread sickness in science.

The damage to Sloan-Kettering is not precisely measurable, but the incident could hardly have come at a worse time. For one thing, although the institution is rich, it is facing a financial bind because the National Cancer Institute is currently shifting the center's financial support from overall institutional funding to a system of project-by-project grants. Also, the center has been weathering a rough sea of administrative change since January 1973, when Good became president of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, the center's basic research arm.

In fact, what made the scandal especially newsworthy was not the impact on Sloan-Kettering or the downfall of Summerlin so much as the effect on Good himself. Good, 52, is an ebullient, charismatic man of protean creativity. His decades of trailblazing research in immunology at the University of Minnesota had led to a general expectation that he would win a Nobel Prize; that expectation has now been considerably diminished.

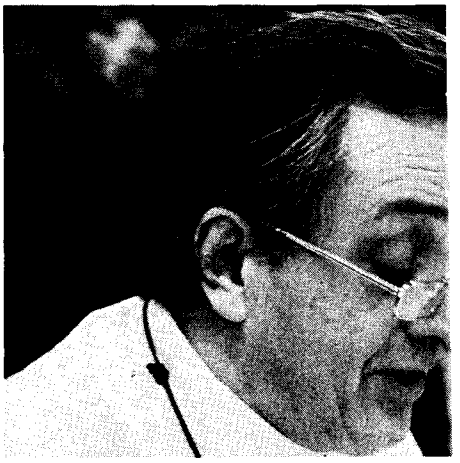
IF THE WORLD MARCHED to the drum that beats inside Bob Good, what most people regard as a hard day's work would be done each morning before breakfast. Pre-dawn conferences are routine in his daily schedule, which often lasts deep into the night.

Good's associates, whatever their biological clocks may tell them, find themselves marching to their boss's beat. So it was with Dr. William T. Summerlin, a 35-year-old dermatologist already well known for his apparent breakthrough in preventing rejection of transplanted tissues.

Summerlin is a personable, articulate man—he was a Carolina choir boy, and traces still show. Because of his promising work with tissue transplants, he had come to SKI as a "member," a rank equivalent to a full professorship. In traditional transplant operations, unless the body's natural defense mechanism (the immune system) is subdued with strong drugs, the transplant is attacked and rejected. When this defense system is inactivated, the body is open to infection. Summerlin conceived of a stunningly simple plan to avoid tissue rejection. He claimed that if tissue is "cultured"—that is, kept in a nourishing broth solution for several weeks or days—it loses the capacity to arouse the rejection mechanism in the recipient. This plan would do away with the need for immunosuppressive drugs, so that the transplant patient would be less likely to die of infection. Summerlin's work also seemed to have profound implications for cancer research, because malignant disease, many researchers are finding, is in part the result of failure of immune defenses.

But by last March Summerlin's theory had run into difficulty. Other scientists had trouble repeating his dazzling results in their own laboratories. Reviewers of grant requests had grown skeptical of his data. Some co-workers even complained that he was disorganized and uncooperative in his work. The "organ culture" transplant theory itself was in danger of rejection by his colleagues, and Good set up a meeting with Summerlin at 7 A.M. on March 26 to discuss what had become a grave situation.

Summerlin had slept at the laboratory the night before the meeting. Now he had been up at least two hours, during which time he had shared a breakfast of crepes and champagne brought in as a lark by loyal secretaries. As he walked to Good's office, he trundled a cart containing 18 white mice in cages. He still insists that these mice had "lovely grafts" from black mice. However, the grafts now looked gray, he says, because they had lost pigment cells in the culturing process. In the elevator, on an impulse he still cannot explain, Summerlin plucked a felt-tip pen from the pocket of his white coat and blackened the transplant sites on two of the mice. Then he went on to the meeting with Good.



Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center

Dr. Robert A. Good—"Sadder, wiser, and less zestful."

Barbara Yuncker is on the staff of the New York Post *and has received two Albert Lasker Medical Journalism Awards.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ewsweek—Tony Rollo
Dr. William T. Summerlin—Once "the golden boy of dermatology."

During their meeting, Good barely lanced at the mice. Instead, he discussed a report prepared by a graduate fellow of the institute, Dr. John L. Ninnemann. Ninnemann, an easygoing but earnest 30-year-old microbiologist, described in the report his futile attempts to reproduce Summerlin's results. He has since said that during these attempts he found Summerlin almost impossible to work with, and in January he was, at his own request, transferred out of Summerlin's lab. Summerlin has complained that Ninnemann's report was prepared behind his back and that Ninnemann had not completed experiments that looked favorable. Summerlin took his name off the paper before it was published in the journal *Transplantation* in July. With or without his name, it was a blunt refutation of his former work.

After the meeting with Good, Summerlin casually turned the mice back to James Martin, a laboratory assistant. Martin later discovered that the unfamiliar black patches on the mice washed off when he swabbed them with alcohol. He promptly notified his superior, who in turn notified another research fellow, Dr. John H. Raaf, a 33-year-old Harvard-trained Rhodes Scholar who holds M.D. and Ph.D. degrees. Raaf, whose basic science training is more extensive than Summerlin's, had been having his own troubles trying to demonstrate the Summerlin concept by doing parathyroid glandular transplants into rats.

When he heard about the painted transplants, Raaf went immediately to Good, because, as he explained later, "it was not an isolated event but an obvious action to deceive" not only Good but also himself. "You have to be honest in science," he says. Good then confronted Summerlin, who promptly confessed. Summerlin said he had already been trying to get back to Good himself "because it suddenly hit me that I had done something very foreign to me, to the Bill Summerlin I know, and I wanted to discuss it with him."

The utter inanity of the inking and the persistence of the other problems clustering around Summerlin prompted Good to suspend his protégé. He then named a special peer review committee, headed by Dr. C. Chester Stock, a distinguished biochemical researcher and, at 64, a 27-year veteran at SKI. The committee set to work checking out the facts of the case.

Even at the center, however, nothing official was said until the rumors streaking from lab to lab across the land surfaced in a detailed news story in the *New York Post* on April 15. At first Sloan-Kettering was reluctant to name the review committee's members. This reluctance, and the fact that the members were all "in-house," spurred charges (later proven unfounded) of a Watergate-style coverup or a plot to jettison Summerlin to protect Good. In the end, the review completely cleared Good. It did, however, chide him for inadequate supervision of Summerlin, for contributing to premature and "undue" publicity about Summerlin's claims, and for naming the young researcher to a senior post at the institute without subjecting his nomination to faculty review. But the review did not recommend that any formal censure or other action be taken against Good, and none has been.

IF THE RETOUCHING of the mice transplants had been an isolated event, a way might have been found for Summerlin to stay. But the committee uncovered another suspicious episode, this one concerning Summerlin's claim that co-workers had successfully transplanted human corneas into the eyes of rabbits. Ophthalmologists at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, across the street from the institute, had undertaken those experiments to test the Summerlin thesis. Upon investigation, the committee found that Summerlin repeatedly, as late as last January, had displayed rabbits with one clear and one cloudy eye, as proof that his cultured grafts took perfectly (clear eye) while fresh ones failed, leaving a milky film over the other eye. Yet these rabbits had really had only *one* graft—the one that turned cloudy. The committee concluded that Summerlin had been told in October that the clear eyes had not been grafted. And in any case, the committee said, Summerlin should have known from observation, even if he had not been told, that only one graft, not two, had been done.

All in all, the committee members found a snarl of inconsistencies, misrepresentations, and, in their words, "haphazard and desultory conduct." They recommended Summerlin's dismissal after a year of sick leave at full pay ($40,000), noting that the irresponsibilities must have derived from "self-deception or some other aberration." Dr. Lewis Thomas, president of the center of which SKI is a branch, concurred, saying he believed Summerlin had a "serious emotional disturbance."

SUMMERLIN NOW AGREES that he became emotionally upset while at SKI. His defense is that he was under brutal pressure from Good to produce spectacular new results that would rake in big grants. As the only dermatologist at Memorial, he said recently, he found himself "filling an incredible void . . . with logarithmic progression in the clinical load." Further, he claims he was overwhelmed by teaching and administrative duties and by requests to cooperate with other labs (where workers at first naturally assumed their difficulties in replicating his work were their fault).

Doctors Good, Thomas, and Stock, and others at Memorial and Minnesota, agree Summerlin's energies were scattered and his schedule at SKI heavy. But they say the pressures were largely self-generated. Good did press Summerlin to get back to the bench to sort out the problems and puzzles inherent in his researches, "but I never told him to produce 'or else.' That's not the way I behave. It's no disgrace to get negative results or make a mistake."

Summerlin said in June that he had made an honest mistake about the rabbit-eye grafts, based on his assumption that double cornea transplants had been done as originally planned. Ninnemann

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Raaf are lying, he says, when they claim they told him they had learned that single, not double, grafts had been performed on the rabbits. As evidence, he offers a tape of a November 3, 1973, "show-and-tell" lab meeting with Good, during which he says both men sat silent while he again presented the double-graft experiment.

In fact, the tape provides evidence that is ambiguous at best. Summerlin did show slides on eye experiments, but they concerned work done in Minnesota and at no point did he specifically discuss two grafts in one rabbit. In short, the tape does not corroborate Summerlin's version or rebut Ninnemann and Raaf, and their version has both logic and evidence to support it.

Summerlin spent many hours with reporters last June, defending himself and his research and making charges of his own. But reporters who have pursued his leads and others in the months since are left with a mass of mysteries and contradictions. Now back in Darien, Conn., with his wife and three sons after a summer in the South, Summerlin, on advice of counsel, refuses to answer questions —even those raised by his earlier comments. Deeply bitter, he says, "I don't see how I and my family could be hurt more, personally and professionally. The level of cruelty in this world is much more than I ever imagined. We have really just had it." He says he is writing a book about the affair.

SUMMERLIN, WHO STUDIED at Emory School of Medicine, became involved in dermatology and skin grafting while he was assigned to the Burn Study Branch at Brooke Army Medical Center in Texas in 1965 and 1966. Officially, his record was clean, but there were some damaging informal allegations. Some of these were laid out in the September 9 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* which devoted its entire Medical News section—an unprecedented 15,000 words—to a dissection of the SKI case. The JAMA article quotes one of Summerlin's co-workers at Brooke, who called him "an immature man who had his difficulties." Another said Summerlin had been transferred out of the burn-and-trauma unit "for the benefit of the rest of the staff, who were too busy to check on him. . . . He probably had the beginnings of a disturbed man at that time." A scientist who worked with him later said, "He doesn't keep good records. He changes his protocol. He contradicts himself at times. When he was working alone everything went well. When he had a huge group, nothing worked. This certainly brings his credibility into question." The same magazine had reported in January 1973 that Summerlin appeared to have accomplished "one of the most significant—even revolutionary—advances" in transplantation research.

That "advance" had taken place at Stanford University Medical Center, where in 1968 Summerlin began working with Dr. Marvin A. Kerasek, a Ph.D. skin biochemist interested in tissue culture as a possible way of overcoming the bottleneck created by the necessity of having fresh skin for grafts. As the clinician, Summerlin tried using cultured skin in patients and discovered the so-called Summerlin phenomenon. "I found," he wrote, "that after human skin is maintained in organ culture for four to five weeks, it becomes universally transplantable without rejection."

Universally was perhaps too strong a word. Successes there were, and Kerasek is pursuing this work today with other clinicians. However, his explanation of what happens is different from Summerlin's. Briefly, Kerasek does not believe that cultured skin, washed clean of rejection-triggering substances, lives and thrives on the recipient. He thinks, rather, that it dies there, forming a scaffold over which the recipient recon structs his own skin. If this is so, it is valuable advance but not an immunolo ical breakthrough. Good agrees with thi

Even a Stanford graft of very lon duration, claimed by Summerlin to hav been performed from a white to a blac person, is difficult to verify. In the pa Summerlin had told medical conferenc and reporters this was a female-to-mal graft, an assertion that can be tested b examination of the skin-cell chrom somes. However, Summerlin later tol the Sloan-Kettering committee invest gating him that the graft was male-t male, so that test cannot be applied t prove that the skin came from anothe person. The white color by itself i meaningless; loss of pigment cells ca make even a black graft look white. Thi flat reversal of his earlier statement onl deepened the committee's suspicion about Summerlin's probity.

While at Stanford in 1971, Summer lin asked Good, who was still at Minne sota, whether he could come to wor with him. Such an assignment was, o course, a plum, since Good is a Laske Award laureate for his pioneering worl in bone-marrow transplants and fo other work in immunology that ha helped lay the basis for "cellular engi neering." Good said yes, excited by Sum merlin's theory, charmed by him person ally, and impressed by recommendation from Stanford and the Brooke Army Medical Center. "This was the golde boy of dermatology, really, when h came to my lab," Good recalls.

In this way, Summerlin, althoug really a novice in basic immunology went to Minnesota with what Good call "sort of advanced standing. Instead o dealing with him as I did with most o the fellows, insisting that he work right together with a really established scien tist, I let him have a very good technician and work pretty independently."

All through 1972 there was a flurry of enthusiastic reports of successful grafts between different strains of mice, grafts across species barriers (skin from guinea pigs, humans, and pigs to mice), corneal grafts, and adrenal-gland implants. The transplant barrier seemed mysteriously to vanish in organ culture. "We may overcome the transplant barrier by ignoring it," said a jubilant Good in December 1972.

In May 1973 young Summerlin read a paper which created such a stir at the Society for Clinical Investigation that, as Good recalls, "The rush to the micro-

The fountain pen that never went out of style

Classics never go out of style. The Pelikan 120 is the great classic fountain pen from Germany, long a favorite of European pen purists. (Now available in America.)

Large visible ink chamber. Convenient screw-plunger filling mechanism. Controlled ink flow. In elegant all-black or two-tone black and green. Choice of ultra-smooth extra fine, fine or medium standard nibs. Also fine, medium and medium oblique italic nibs.

Only $9.00 at artist material and pen shops as well as college book stores. Or send your check to Pentalic Corporation, 132 West 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10011. State color and nib preference. Add 50¢ for handling.

Pelikan 120

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hone was not to disclaim him but to onfirm him." And then there was an)ctober 1973 session with such sophis-icated science advisers to SKI as Nobel 'rize–winning immunologist Sir Peter Medawar, Harvard pathologist Baruj Benacerraf, and Rockefeller immunolo-ist Henry G. Kunkel. They went at Summerlin "with questions hammer and ong" at first, but the session ended in revival-meeting atmosphere of con-gratulations, Good says. "I admit I was ucked in, but I wasn't the only one. He vas a very convincing chap."

Amid the excitement and publicity of he hectic summer of 1973, Summerlin's vork slowed considerably. For months ie transplanted no tissue at all. One thing ie did manage to finish was a summary paper dealing with the Minnesota mouse experiments, which was to carry as co-authors the names of Good and Dr. Osias Stutman, a transplant specialist who has also moved to SKI. That paper, cleared at SKI and accepted by the *Jour-nal of Experimental Medicine,* contains a statistical table that is erroneous in such an elementary way that a bright grammar-school pupil could catch the flaw. It lists 6 sets of 20 animals each, grafted in different combinations, with percentages of successful takes. Although any percentage of 20 has to be a multiple of 5, the percentages that Summerlin recorded were 53, 58, 63, 46, 48, and 67. After Raaf had called the curious table to Good's attention, the paper was withdrawn. Good says there is another, less obvious flaw in this paper: "I just never saw that many animals."

Summerlin had displayed beautiful slides showing white mice with skin transplanted from black mice and black mice with white grafts. But when the scandal broke, there was only one live, long-lasting, Summerlin-grafted animal —a white-on-dark female mouse known as "the Old Man," which he had brought with him to SKI from Minnesota. The Stock committee found that "the Old Man" was not pure-bred but a hybrid. (For rather complicated scientific reasons, this finding meant that the successful graft was meaningless.) Officially, no one says Summerlin deliberately used hybrid mice, but unofficially the gossip is rife.

As for the painted mice and their companions, which Summerlin said had good grafts, Ninnemann and Raaf retort that the grafts were rejected and that the mice had only scars. After the Sloan-Kettering Stock committee report was finished, the animals were disposed of.

In addition to Summerlin's expansive portrayal of his scientific results, there are touches of the grandiose in his presentations of himself. His bibliography of his 45 "publications" includes 12 items that are simply parts of the Brooke Army Medical Center's annual research progress reports, on which his name is included. Another 12 are listed as "in preparation"—a wish-fulfillment category hardly appropriate to a seasoned investigator. Another 9 are "submitted" or "accepted" or "in press." Of these, Good has withdrawn 2.

In his biographical sketch for *American Men and Women of Science,* Summerlin lists 12 wide-ranging areas of expertise. Even Good, a man not noted for humility, lists only 6, all in the area of immunology. Most scientists list only 2 or 3. Summerlin also lists "academic and staff appointments" at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center and Rockefeller University. Although cross-fertilizing lectures and seminars are common among the three neighbors (and joint appointments not uncommon), Summerlin has never received an appointment at either institution.

What went wrong in the Summerlin case?

One theory is that Summerlin is a simple con man with enough savvy to have maintained a masquerade for years. But no one with any cunning who set out to concoct a fraud in immunology would deliberately invite Bob Good to watch over his shoulder.

Occasionally, it is suggested that Good and Summerlin were in cahoots, going for broke for a Nobel Prize, and that Good let Summerlin take the blame when things closed in. But this explanation doesn't hold up: Good's preeminence long predates his meeting Summerlin, and such shenanigans are inconsistent with his personality and career.

Good has vocal detractors who say he is dangerously uncritical, headlong in

(Continued on page 61.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs: Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution

Lava forms on the sea bottom—"Remember the old movies in which the earth opens up and swallows everything? Well, down there it happens. . . ."

The Mid-Atlantic Ridge: Window on the Earth's Core

Rocks from this mighty linear volcano, 9,000 feet down, may offer the best clues yet to the spreading of the sea floor and the movement of continents.

by Alan Anderson, Jr.

One day last summer, in a tiny submarine named *Alvin,* three men cruised slowly over a stretch of ocean floor never before seen by humans. That by itself was not unusual, because man has examined pitifully little of the sea floor, even close to the continental shores where he lives. This stretch, by contrast, could scarcely be more remote, lying nearly 9,000 feet beneath the waves of the Atlantic Ocean between Cape Hatteras and Gibraltar. Yet the divers were not interested in sheer adventure; the great trenches in the Pacific would have offered them a dive four times as deep. This bleak, rubbly landscape was unique for another reason: It lies along a huge "seam" called the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, a gigantic linear volcano where the floor of the ocean is thought to have been created by persistent, small eruptions of lava for millions of years.

By the pale patch of light breaking the blackness of the near-freezing water surrounding *Alvin,* the pilot and two geologists peered at dark, often jagged rocks sprinkled irregularly with the whitish skeletons of minute calcium-bearing organisms. Every hundred feet or so there were "stretch marks"—rips or fissures of varying size in the sea floor, which seemed to indicate enormous forces pulling the sea floor away from the seam. The fissures were all nearly parallel to the ridge, like cracks in a loaf of bread that is being pulled apart from the ends. The geologists studied these fissures with excitement, because the parallel orientation was a major clue to the movement of the sea floor.

As the submarine approached one of these fissures, the pilot applied the reverse thrusters. *Alvin* slowed from her cruising speed of a half-knot to full stop. The geologists sat transfixed as they realized that they had come to the lip of the largest crevasse they had yet seen. It was the last dive of the summer, and they knew the chances were good that they would never again see such an impressive monument to the giant forces that seethe beneath the earth's rigic skin.

"We could see as much as 80 fee down into that fissure," recalls Dr. Rob ert Ballard of Woods Hole Oceano graphic Institution, one of the divin scientists aboard the *Alvin.* "Do you re member the old movies in which th earth opens up and swallows everyone ir huge cracks? Well, that is geological fic tion on land, but down there it happens My reaction was just to sit still and look We didn't say anything or do anything Seeing that crack was like getting a lolli pop too big to fit in your mouth. We realized that we were the first humar beings to see that fissure, and because of its remoteness, we'll probably be the last It is a heavy feeling to realize you are witnessing the spot of the first creation of the crust of the earth."

Indeed, it would be difficult to exaggerate the significance of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge for geology, a field that has emerged in the past decade from rather murky exercises in rock description to a fast-maturing science with bona fide theories embracing the earth as a whole. The theories, which have fallen into place since the early Sixties, may be lumped together under the heading of plate tectonics. This exotic-sounding term is derived from the name Tecton, a carpenter Homer described in the *Iliad.* The word *tectonics* has come to refer to the art or science of construction, and geologists who study plate tectonics hypothesize that the earth's surface is constructed of rocky plates which are continuously assembled, moved, and destroyed by vast, mysterious processes taking place deep within the mantle.

The movement of these dozen or so plates is the best understood aspect of the theory. The North American plate, for example, is known to be moving away from the European plate at the rate of about an inch a year, and the movements of the other major plates (South American, African, and so forth) are equally well charted. Destruction of the plates is not so well understood, partly because it is thought to occur deep beneath oceanic trenches, hidden from all but the most subtle human instruments. From the evidence provided by seismic and other instruments, however, it seems reasonable to assume that the plates are somehow forced down these trenches and recycled through the hot, somewhat plastic mantle. Simultaneously, new material from the mantle emerges to replace the sinking plate edges. This

Alan Anderson, Jr., is a free-lance writer specializing in science.

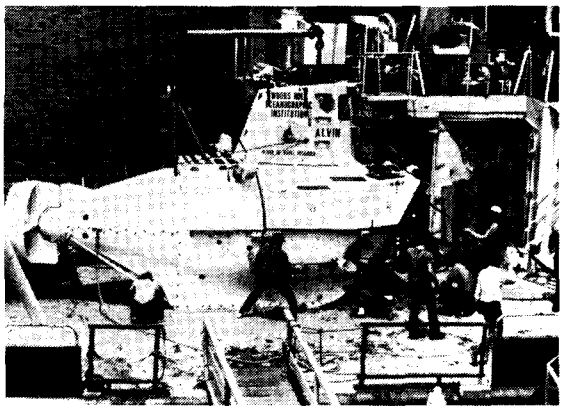
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WPIX has won the New York State Broadcasters Award for outstanding Editorial for the fourth time in five years...

As we said last year, some things speak for themselves.

WPIX 11 NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The research sub Alvin, *between dives.*

new material is thought to rise steadily to the surface of the earth's crust along the entire extent of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge and its extensions in the Pacific and Indian oceans, which girdle the globe like the seams of a giant baseball. This system comprises the largest geographic feature on the face of the earth, winding continuously for about 47,000 miles.

As the site of crustal formation, the mighty Atlantic Ridge system has offered, since its extent was verified in 1959, a unique chance for geologists to sample fresh mantle material. They suspect it may prove to be a kind of "window" to the interior of the earth, offering an opportunity for gaining clues about the nature of the geological engine that actually moves the crust. To plan a diving assault on this window, several dozen geologists gathered at Princeton University in 1971 and agreed to collaborate to reach the ridge with French scientists, who, since the early days of Piccard and Cousteau, have pioneered the field of deep ocean diving. The French-American Mid-Ocean Undersea Study (or Project FAMOUS) became operational in the summer of 1972, with support from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the National Science Foundation, and the office of Naval Research. Dr. James Heirtzler of Woods Hole, an old hand at plate-tectonics investigation, was selected to direct the U.S. attempt to verify by eye the spreading of the sea floor.

"We like to think we're objective about this issue," says Heirtzler, a calm, soft-spoken man with steely-gray hair. "I have asked myself what we would have concluded if we had made these dives without knowing anything about sea-floor spreading. I think we would have said the same thing we are saying now. There is clear evidence of volcanic activity, and the fissures seem to indicate that the ridge area is being pulled apart, rather than pushed apart, by magma upwelling along it. We wouldn't have raced home from the expedition coining phrases like 'sea-floor spreading,' but what we saw certainly seems to support that idea, and I suspect that when we have analyzed the rock samples we collected, the picture will be even clearer."

Parallels with the space program had already begun to suggest themselves, and after Heirtzler had mentioned rock samples, he went on to describe a series of accomplishments that sounded very much like those of the astronauts. "You might be interested in what we got done over the ridge," he said, reaching for a sheet of paper. "Last summer the *Alvin* made 17 dives, covering 29 kilometers of sea floor in 81 hours of submerged time. She stopped at 81 sampling stations, brought back 867 pounds of rock, and took 17,000 photographs. The surface ship *Knorr* made 45 dredging stops and covered 80 kilometers on the sea floor with a camera towed just above the bottom. Altogether we have about 50,000 photos of the sea floor as well as videotape and moving pictures."

Other parallels between the moon program and Project FAMOUS included the similarity between the lunar surface and the bottom-scape of a valley running down the crest of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. Like the moon, the bottom bore no vegetation, displayed little coloring of any kind, and was littered with jumbled, broken rocks. As the *Alvin* moved along, it stirred up a cloud of sediment, just as the lunar module threw up a shroud of moon dust as it settled onto the surface. The rocks themselves were all basalt, as most of the moon rocks have been, indicating intense volcanic activity.

Despite the crushing pressures outside their hull, the FAMOUS divers found the *Alvin* to be a more reassuring place than a spaceship and more congenial than solitary terrestrial exploration. "We had a few awkward moments when we tried to go down in a couple of the biggest fissures," said Ballard, "but we never really had a feeling that we were in danger. Having done 12 years of scuba diving, I felt a lot safer and more comfortable in the submarine. The most important thing was being able to talk with someone else about what we were seeing. You sometimes get off on a funny idea underwater, and it is good to have someone around who can bring you back. We could even eat lunch down there—break out some sandwiches and a bottle of Mateus, and cuss and talk about wha to do next." Is "flying" the *Alvin* lik maneuvering a spacecraft in orbit? "It' more like flying a helicopter—you don' want to tip over on your side. Everythin would spill—including the Mateus."

The divers noticed one problem tha was unique to the sea floor. "We neve got any perspective on where we were,' said Ballard. "We'd think, Wouldn't i be nice to perch ourselves up on the rin of the Mid-Atlantic Valley and lool down, as you can do above the Granc Canyon or in orbit around the moon' Well, it can't be done. All you can see through the porthole is a little bit o ground three or four feet away, which i moving by so fast that it takes all you concentration to assimilate it. It's like standing so close to a tree that all you can see is the bark—and from that information trying to make deductions about the nature of not only the whole tree but also the forest itself. That's why the surface work of the *Knorr* and other ships is so important—to sketch the forest."

After several decades of surface work, oceanographers are now reasonably familiar with the appearance of the "forest." The "bark," however, provided some surprises. "My impression of the sea floor," said Heirtzler, "is that a giant has been walking around crushing things. It's obviously a horrendous place to be, very busy with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. We recorded hundreds of tiny earthquakes. Big earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are less frequent if you're measuring by our everyday lunchtime time scale. But on a geologic time scale, they are very common.

"A big mystery is the absence of any very large or very small features. The biggest rocks we saw were about this big [he stretched his arms wide]. You don't find any marble-sized rocks or any house-sized rocks. Everything seems to be broken up—but only into several pieces, a few inches to a few feet in diameter. They're not crushed, and they're not eroded. It's a very simple geological environment in that sense."

Another mystery is the origin of the "toothpaste lava," so named because it looks like rough, blackened toothpaste that was slowly squeezed out of small openings in the sea floor. Whereas the cracks from which the lava issues are presumably of many shapes, all of the toothpaste lava is tubular in shape. A single piece looks like the leg of a mon-

(Continued on page 60.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 6.)

as a vernacular language if Tanzania is to be unified. Unfortunately English has been officially curtailed in other countries for nationalistic reasons, as in Pakistan following withdrawal from the Commonwealth.

There are, however, many more examples of countries where the use of English is expanding—in some very rapidly. This is particularly true all over Latin America, where a number of local organizations have been created for this purpose. It is true also in Japan. In Commonwealth countries it is true that fewer potential leaders are being drawn to Oxford and Cambridge; however, they still learn English. In few cases is the use of English as a second language politically undesirable. Canada and Wales are the only examples where the expansion of English has a controversial political connotation. They are quite relaxed about it in the former French colonies—and in France.

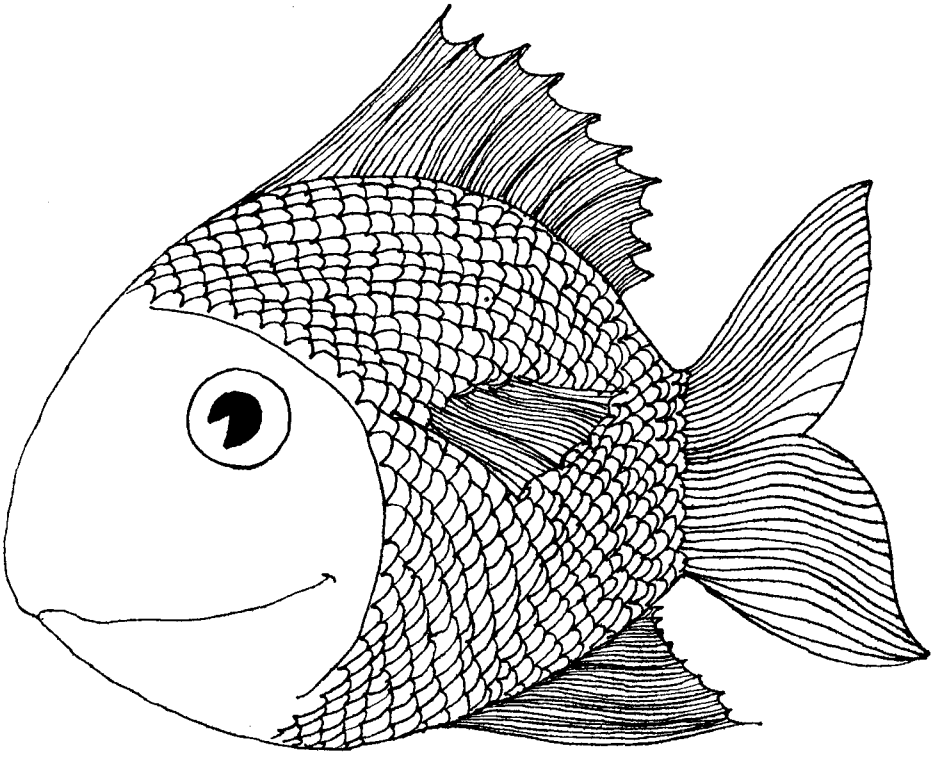
Indeed, in most countries the potential leaders, those with ambition and intellectual curiosity, are eager to learn English. The increasing scope of the multinational corporations, which conduct most of their business in English, makes a knowledge of the language a necessity for those who seek business advancement. In general people are quite willing to pay to learn; indeed, the majority of those learning English are doing so on a commercial basis. This is quite proper since learning English improves earnings.

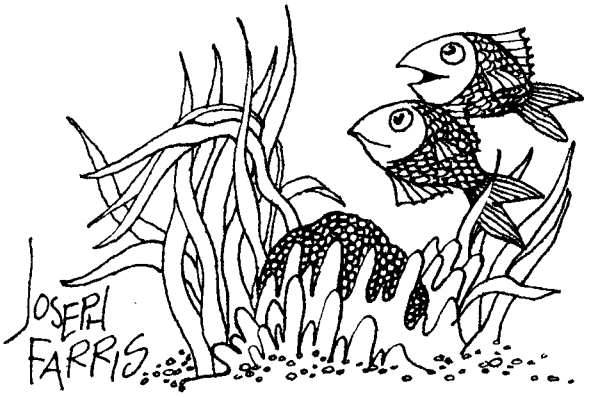
The British Council and the United States Information Service both have large programs for English-language instruction. Both conduct seminars, grant scholarships, and organize training schools for English teachers. Tens of thousands of Peace Corps volunteers have taught English in the developing countries. Throughout the world there is the daily drumbeat of news in simplified, slowly spoken "teaching English" over the Voice of America. Progress is being made in developing techniques that peoples whose primary language is not English employ in teaching their own citizens. These English-teaching programs are extremely valuable; indeed, one could not think of a better investment our government could make in aiding other countries.

OVER AND ABOVE the contribution of commercial instructors and governments there is an important contribution in furthering English to be made by universities and other private groups—particularly in politically sensitive areas. The newly formed International Council of The English-Speaking Union has accepted this as one of its key goals. The wave of nineteenth-century missionaries founded schools and colleges, like Robert College in Istanbul, all around the world. More recently American diplomatic and business communities have established schools such as that in Tangier, which have attracted local students. Many American universities have "twinning" arrangements involving exchanges of professors and scholarships with other universities around the world.

It is inevitable that those who learn English develop closer ties with English-speaking countries. They read books from these countries and learn about their history and culture. They are attracted to universities in English-speaking countries, and travel and do business there. It is unfortunate that this occasionally gives rise to the suspicion that we are promulgating our language for our own benefit. We should make it clear that we do not seek national advantage. We offer the world our language because it is the only one with the possibility for becoming a common medium for better understanding and cooperation—for the good of all. Indeed, it is our duty to do so.

GEORGE C. MCGHEE





"Don't let him scare you. He's all hyperbole."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Double Negatives

The final paragraph of *Light Refractions* in the October 5 *SR/W* started, "If there's one unshakably valid grammatical rule based on logic, it's the one against the double negative. . . ."

Three erudite gentlemen have taken issue. Michael J. Lahey of West Hartford, Conn., does it in Russian: "Russian is, overall, a more logical language than ours. Yet Russians delight in saying, *'Vwe nee znaeyetye neechovo,'* which translated literally means: 'You do not know nothing.' "

John F. Gummere of Philadelphia says, "If two people are before a magistrate, accused of something, and one of them says, 'I didn't do nothing,' while the other one says, 'I didn't do anything,' everyone in the court knows perfectly well that both are pleading innocent. There's no getting away from this fact. . . . This is not to object to pressing for the sociologically preferable single negative; it's only that we must state, if we record English as it's used by millions of native speakers, that native English employs the double negative all the time and not with the force of a positive."

Professor J. J. Lamberts of Arizona State referred me to the section on "Multiple Negation" in his excellent book *A Short Introduction to English Usage*. He says, "We use the expression 'double negative,' but it would be more accurate to call it a 'multiple negative' or 'redundant negative'. . . . In Old English a sentence with two negatives was permitted. . . . Alfred the Great, the most scholarly Englishman of his generation, wrote this line—here translated literally: *'Therefore shall* no *wise man* not *hate* no *man'* [Italics Lamberts's].

". . . It was during the period between Chaucer and Shakespeare that multiple negatives fell out of fashion. Elizabethan writers used them, to be sure, but with less gusto and abandon than writers a few centuries earlier had. Shakespeare's Celia could tell Rosalind, for instance: *'I pray you beare with me, I* cannot *goe* no *further'* [Italics Lamberts's]."

All right; my unshakably valid grammatical rule has been shaken.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lahey's example from Russian brings to my mind the image, in *The Gulag Archipelago*, of a character who mumbles, "I know nothing," and of a couple of N.K.V.D. huskies brandishing truncheons, insisting, "No, Comrade, you *don't* know nothing!" and utilizing the ways they have of making him talk.

But that's *my* problem. If the Russian way of saying "You know nothing" is "You don't know nothing," my fantasies are irrelevant.

Messrs. Gummere and Lamberts also have a point, but the plea, before a magistrate, of "I didn't do nothing" is readily understood as meaning "I didn't do anything," only if we understand the speaker's style.

Imagine two men, one of whom speaks what has been called "substandard English" and the other of whom speaks polished, professorial prose. If we're familiar with the speech of both men and they both say, "I didn't do nothing," Mr. Substandard and The Professor will be assumed to have meant diametrically opposite things.

Professor Lamberts, whose thoughts on language are generally excellent (meaning, among other things, that he and I usually agree), says, "Prohibition of the multiple negative has always been represented as being completely logical, but . . . the 'rule' that is offered in support states that two negatives make a positive on the grounds, one might presume, that this goes on in mathematics. But . . . the proper formulation is $-a+-a = -2a$. Two negatives, therefore, should be stronger than one."

The comparison of this logic to mathematics, I think, is an error. Try a little language logic on Alfred the Great's sentence, and you'll find that, with his triple negative, he bounces off a positive and back to the desired negative: "Therefore shall no wise man not hate no man."

No wise man shall not hate = All wise men shall hate (positive). Whom shall all wise men hate? No man. Therefore, a wise man shall hate no man (negative).

I doubt that Alfred went through that process, but it works out.

Shakespeare's Celia, on the other hand, judged by language logic, says what she evidently doesn't mean. In saying she cannot go no further, she indicates (logically) that she *must* go further. You and I and Rosalind know what she meant, but I think we're making a mistake if we accept the principle that because we understand what she meant, she expressed herself well. In fact, to understand Celia we must assume that she means just the opposite of what her words by themselves express. I don't mind doing that. We do it all the time. But if she'd said, "I cannot go further" or "I can go no further," there would be no question at all of what she meant.

I still think the rule against the double negative is logically sound, and no wise man shall not give me no guff. □

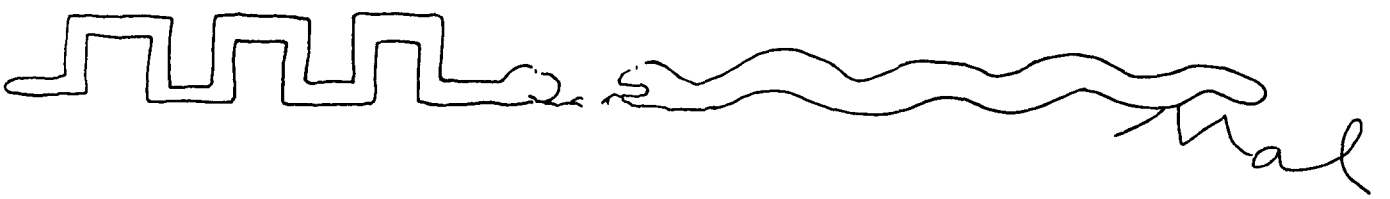
Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 39): armed, derma, dream.

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 22* (see page 36): The historian must have some conception of how men who are not historians behave. E. M. Forster

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 61

ROBERT SMITH:
BABE RUTH'S AMERICA

This was Jimmy Walker, whose very name became a sort of shibboleth in his campaign to separate the city-bred from the carpetbaggers. "Vote for Walker, a real New Yorker," went the slogan. And if you couldn't make that rhyme, why you'd better go back to Utica.



"Has anyone told you that you slither funny?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostic No. 62

by Thomas H. Middleton

1	I	2	S	3	B			4	M	5	J	6	X			7	Y			8	I	9	P	10	O	11	T			12	Z¹	13	K
14	C	15	R	16	Q	17	E	18	G	19	J			20	F	21	B	22	S	23	X			24	K	25	V	26	A	27	L		
28	Q	29	T	30	G	31	M			32	P	33	Z¹	34	B	35	Q			36	C	37	G	38	J	39	X	40	A	41	E	42	O
		43	K	44	V	45	D			46	B	47	J	48	Z	49	T			50	S	51	R	52	U			53	R	54	W	55	I
56	D			57	K	58	Q	59	S	60	T	61	G	62	O			63	H	64	V	65	S	66	E			67	X	68	J	69	F
		70	D	71	E	72	W			73	A	74	X	75	F	76	H			77	Q	78	E	79	P	80	G	81	L			82	T
83	Y	84	S	85	A	86	I	87	Q	88	Z			89	Y	90	R	91	P			92	V	93	B	94	C			95	G	96	T
97	X	98	F	99	R	100	S			101	W	102	Y	103	Q	104	U	105	M	106	S	107	N	108	P			109	G	110	T	111	C
112	Y	113	S	114	P	115	H	116	L	117	A	118	B	119	N	120	U	121	Z¹			122	S	123	E	124	U			125	A	126	J
127	U	128	F	129	C	130	Q			131	E	132	X			133	B	134	O	135	U			136	Y	137	Z	138	Z¹	139	C	140	P
141	K	142	N	143	D			144	V	145	F	146	S			147	Z¹	148	A	149	E			150	U	151	B	152	O	153	I	154	Q
155	R	156	D	157	P	158	L	159	X			160	O	161	P	162	V	163	R			164	E	165	W	166	Q			167	B	168	S
169	L	170	Z	171	K	172	W	173	R	174	Z¹	175	V	176	N																		

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each *numbered blank in its corresponding* numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Slightly nauseating	26 40 73 85 117 125 148
B. Formally sanction	151 34 46 93 133 167 21 118 3
C. Affect with disgust or abhorrence	14 94 36 111 129 139
D. Louis beat him in a 15-round decision bout in 1940	143 156 45 56 70
E. Single (comp.)	71 123 149 131 164 17 41 66 78
F. Agricultural market center, Shropshire, Eng.	98 128 69 75 145 20
G. Tapering at the front or tip, as an airplane wing	37 61 80 95 18 109 30
H Mischievous, roguish	63 76 115
I. Close-fitting tunic worn in the Middle Ages as an undergarment	153 1 8 55 86
J. U.S. Supreme Court associate justice, 1955–71	126 5 19 38 47 68
K. Uninjured, sound, whole	141 171 13 43 24 57
L. Hot, dry wind that blows from Morocco to Madeira and the Canaries	169 27 81 116 158
M. Small specimen, section, amount, or portion	4 31 105

CLUES	WORDS
N. Town of Yonne dept., France, called Lugdunensis by the Romans	107 119 142 176
O. Eat greedily	62 134 152 160 10 42
P. As far as possible (3 wds.)	79 114 140 108 161 91 157 9 32
Q. Misleading clue (2 wds.)	35 103 130 154 166 58 87 28 16 77
R. Tardy, not prompt	99 53 173 15 155 51 90 163
S. Of or pertaining to alms or charity	168 22 106 113 65 84 100 50 2 122 146 59
T. Northernmost town in Russia	29 96 110 60 11 82 49
U. Prove a greater attraction than	127 52 135 124 120 104 150
V. String of flowers, ribbon, etc., suspended in a curve	144 162 175 92 25 64 44
W. Porkfish, for instance	101 165 72 54 172
X. Good-natured ridicule, banter	159 67 74 23 39 132 97 6
Y. Place in which people meet for religious instruction or exercises (*Hinduism*)	7 112 136 102 89 83
Z. Turn about; swing around	88 48 137 170
Z¹. Ancient town on the Thracian shore of the Hellespont	12 174 121 147 33 138

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 61* appears on page 58.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will There Be a Los Angeles in the Year 60001974?

As the great undersea tectonic plates described in the accompanying article move away from spreading centers, such as the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, they carry with them the relatively lightweight continents, much as a conveyor belt carries suitcases. With clues supplied by ancient rocks and fossils, geologists have attempted to trace continental movement backward in time, reassembling land masses like pieces of a giant jigsaw puzzle. All the pieces came together about 200 million years ago in a single supercontinent known as Pangaea. Before that time the picture is less clear, but many geologists assume that the continents have been sliding slowly over the earth's surface since they were created more than 3 billion years ago.

Soon after the breakup of Pangaea began, the North Atlantic Ocean started to spread open at about an inch a year. The East Coast of the United States was gradually torn from what is now Morocco, Spanish Sahara, and Mauritania. Some 50 million years later, South America began to pull away from Africa, giving birth to the South Atlantic. Despite its later start, the South Atlantic is already as wide as its northern cousin, because it is spreading twice as fast. On the eastern side of Africa, India broke away from Antarctica and began a 4,300-mile journey that ended 140 million years later in a mighty collision with the Asian plate; that collision pushed up what we now know as the Himalayas. Australia split from Antarctica late—only about 40 million years ago—and began to move rapidly toward eastern Asia.

If continental drift continues at its present rate—and there is no reason to suppose that it will not—the world will have changed considerably in, say, 50 million years. The Atlantic and Indian oceans will continue to expand—and the Pacific to contract. Australia will have completed its journey northward, bumping against Malaysia. As Africa drifts to the north, it will close the Strait of Gibraltar and reduce the Mediterranean to a series of small inland seas. At the same time, the Suez Canal will become unnecessary as Eurasia pulls away from northeastern Africa, widening the Red Sea. Much of East Africa will break away, creating a new sea; Addis Ababa, now 350 miles from salt water, will become a seaport of the Indian Ocean.

North America will continue its journey westward, so that New York City will sit about where Cleveland is today. An ill-fated slice of the Far West, including Baja California and the section of California west of the San Andreas Fault, will secede from the lower 48 and head toward Alaska. In 10 million years Los Angeles will be opposite San Francisco, and in 60 million years Los Angeles will begin a slow but disastrous descent into the Aleutian Trench. A.A.

(Continued from page 56.)

strous submarine elephant. "We are guessing," says Heirtzler, "that the tremendous water pressure controls the shape of toothpaste lava, but this is just a guess. We haven't even begun to look at the rock samples or photographs or any of the data. For quite some time we are going to have more questions than answers."

GEOLOGISTS outside of Project FAMOUS have some questions of their own. Some critics argue that there is more publicity than science involved and that diving to the Mid-Atlantic Ridge is a frivolous goal. "It's kind of like a blind man's feeling his way over the skin of an elephant," says John Sanders of Barnard College. "It doesn't tell you much about evolution." Others say that instruments can do the job more cheaply, pointing out that the *Knorr* was able to take bottom photos and collect rock samples from the surface as well as to deploy floating earthquake detectors. "Some of us regard FAMOUS as a huge sink for resource funds," says an oceanographer at Columbia's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory. "There are a lot more things you can do with the amount of money they are spending, and you can cover a lot more distance. But FAMOUS is exciting for the general public, and it gets the funding."

Both the general public and the scientific community are, by that measure, in for a lot more excitement in the coming months. FAMOUS scientists are already booked into the *National Geographic*, which helped out with the undersea photography, as well as *Scientific American, Geotimes, American Scientist,* and several scientific journals. At the same time the funding agencies are producing a movie about the program and about plate tectonics in general for public consumption on television.

Heirtzler, who is "not entirely surprised" by all the commotion, defends the approach of FAMOUS as consistent with classic geologic technique. "Much of geology is an observational science, but it's a primitive science in the ocean, carried over from what you can see on land. This, of course, doesn't necessarily apply in the sea. We do know the Mid-Atlantic Ridge is one of the most energetic areas on earth, and yet it has never been examined in detail." The great mystery of the moment is the driving mechanism for sea-floor spreading—the force that is great enough to move the sea floor and whole continents thousands of miles. Virtually everyone agrees that this mechanism is located in the mantle. The Mid-Atlantic Ridge, whose yet-to-be-analyzed rocks could provide the nearest thing to a "window to the mantle," may indeed offer the best hope for clues to this deep geological riddle. "It is," says Heirtzler, "a very special place." □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mice: *continued from page 53.)*

is enthusiasm, reluctant to acknowledge rror. But fraud? No. He says this epiode has left him sadder, wiser, and less estful. It has also left him with a new ractice: New findings must be confirmed separately inside SKI before they re revealed for the rest of the world to ee.

The presence of simply too many ther disquieting elements prevents our iving credence to Summerlin's claim hat his work is basically sound and that e was pushed into foolishness by the ressures of the system and by the cruelty of Good. The likeliest explanation s that Summerlin got a hold on somehing that was real but beyond his scientific sophistication to exploit properly, that his ambition fit Bob Good's gusto like a hand to a glove, and that e then got in way over his head and *didn't know how to get out.*

But the open question is: What, if any, of his work stands up? Perhaps quite a bit. Lots of laboratories are pursuing leads on the changes that take place in tissue kept in organ culture. The course of Bill Summerlin's own career will not close the book on that question. Some of his other animal work looks good on the record, but because the animals are dead, research will have to be repeated before it can be accepted. Then there are the human grafts. Dr. Joseph H. Burchenal, who investigated Summerlin's work in this area for the Stock committee, says some of the grafts "stayed on a hell of a lot longer than they had any business to" and is trying to reevaluate the results on some of the transplant recipients.

Could the whole tragedy have been prevented? Conceivably, but in the freemasonry of science, it is unlikely. Good admits he could have kept a much tighter rein on Summerlin; but then again, he wouldn't have hired a worker for whom he thought that was necessary. "You simply don't expect a fellow scientist to lie to you."

It is probably unfair to extrapolate from this incident a general sickness in science. Just as Watergate evoked a political cleansing, so the science scandal of 1974 touched off a rejection reaction of its own at Sloan-Kettering. Politics lost a President, and science has lost a scientist—at least temporarily. But both adventures succeeded at least in reactivating sluggish natural defense systems, and both institutions seem the stronger for it. □

Classified

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates per contract year (10-word minimum): 1 time $2.00 per word; 6 times $1.95 per word, per insertion; 13 times $1.85 per word, per insertion; 26 times $1.75 per word, per insertion. $2.00 for U.S. box numbers, in addition to word count. $5.00 for overseas box numbers, in addition to word count. Copy deadlines, 6 weeks prior to date of issue. Full payment must accompany your order. Address: Classified Department, Saturday Review/World Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. *Replies to SR/W box numbers should be sent to the above address.*

PERSONALS

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $25.00 up; Purcell from $16.00. Student special. Corelli $7.50; recorder instruction kit, soprano recorder, method book, three 7" LP instruction records, boxed $9.95. Add sales tax plus shipping $1.50. Recorder music methods. Guitar music. Free catalogue. 4-3-C, HARGAIL, 28 W. 38th St., NYC 10018.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc., bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth W. Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells Ave., Newton, Mass. 02159.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., NYC, 10021. (212) 628-1666.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. SR/W Box 658.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS in depth. $10.00. Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th., NYC 10016.

WOODEN TOYS. Handcrafted, original design. Free brochure. Norman Ridenour, 1966 Thomas Ave., San Diego, Calif. 92109.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N. Y. 14619.

HARRIS TWEED, SHETLAND TWEED, WOOLEN WORSTED, and TARTANS tailored here into ladies', gentlemen's overcoats, suits, jackets, trousers, skirts, slacks. Workmanship guaranteed. Send $1.00 for patterns to: ALEXANDER GRAHAM, Borve, Isle of Lewis, Scotland.

MEDITATION evokes New Age consciousness. First year bimonthly course free. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566W, Ojai, Calif. 93023.

RECYCLE 50 CHRISTMAS cards with artistic sticker; make fitted envelopes. Kit, $3.00. Second Season, 627 Pleasant, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80904.

GIVE GIBBONS AT EUELLTIDE—he reads the best of Henry David Thoreau on Vantage Records. Flute background, of course! $5.25 includes shipping. Walden III, Box 75, Limerick, Pa. 19468.

LEARN SPANISH easy new way. First complete lesson by L. Molina Ph.D $1.00. Camaro, P. O. 90430T, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

MEGAVITAMIN HEALTH PLAN. PHYSICIAN-DESIGNED to boost energy, reduce depression, improve physical and mental performance. Specific dosages end vitamin confusions. Guaranteed authentic. Send only $2.25 plus (important!) age, sex, height, weight: MEGAVITAMINS, Suite 312-W, Madison Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

WILMA, wherever you are, please listen. Those terrible stories you heard about Singapore and Hoboken can be explained. You belong here with me in New Zealand. My mother agrees. Mortimer.

PERSONALS

NEW CARD GAME SENSATION: Introducing SMAD® BINGO. The unique — × + ÷ fun way to play BINGO. Exciting, educational. 52 cards, markers, 8 bingo cards, instructions. $2.75 postpaid. 2 sets $5.25. SMAD BINGO, 5621 Peabody, Long Beach, Calif. 90808. In California, add 6% tax.

FLOOR RUGS: woolen from Ireland and from India; linen pile from Belgium. Wall hangings. Upholstery fabrics. CAROL BROWN, Box W, Putney, Vt. 05346.

BEDSPREADS: what a collection! Use also for curtains, clothes, table cloths. Fabrics by the yard. CAROL BROWN, Box W, Putney, Vt. 05346.

CHILDREN'S BOOK CENTRE, London's famous bookstore offers families worldwide mail order service. To receive CHILDREN'S BOOK NEWSLETTER *quarterly*, send $5.00 to: *Children's Book* Centre, 140 Kensington Church Street, London W. 8, England.

COMPUTER ERROR has resulted in printer's oversupply of Gainesville, Florida telephone directories. Entire lot of 220,000 copies available at cost. SR/W Box D F.

SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES, mounted estate collection. Appraised $4,000. 1001 Dewey, Bartlesville, Okla. 74003.

THE BOOK THAT HITS HOME—every room of it! *THE CONCISE DICTIONARY OF INTERIOR DECORATING,* by LILLIAN WEISS (Doubleday). Illustrated from A to Z. $7.95 at your bookstore or mail order SR/W Box 867.

MOTIVATIONAL AUDIOCASSETTES. Based on Ari Kiev's best-selling book *A STRATEGY FOR DAILY LIVING.* Psychodynamic. Dept. BB, P.O. Box 1123, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.

MINERAL SPECIMENS for collectors & interior decoration. Collector liquidating own extensive collection of exceptional mineral specimens. Many are museum calibre. Call (212) 859-1234 or write SR/W Box 872.

EMERGENCY FOOD STORAGE PROGRAM. Free brochure: KRUMPE, 3129 Calle Noguera, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES. Exceptional values. Catalogue: PMP, Box 444, Gaithersburg, Md. 20760.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

ONLY THE WRETCHED MESS Calendar for 1975 brings you Omphaloskepsis Week. Large Curd Cottage Cheese Day, Terminal Hangnail Week plus 422 other equally lovely holidays! Also Poor Wretched's Almanac, Wretched Wripley's "Believe It—or else!" & oodles more. We'll enclose personalized gift certificates. A puny $2.50—20¢ shipping (too cheap) from Wretched Mess, 106 Mess St., West Yellowstone, Mont. 59758.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND, that song made famous by tenor Pepto Frangipanne, has been recovered from a garbage dump in Muncie, Ind. Slight water damage. Best offer. Write: SR/W Box GI.

CYBERNETIC MIND/BODY EXERCISES. Enjoyable. Handbook $5. Address MU-5, Dept. 2B, Suite 5020, 1629 K St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20006.

ARCHEOLOGY NEWSLETTER. "Fascinating!" says Library Journal. Send $7.50 for 8-issue subscription. (2 years) or ask for circular. O. R. Reiss Co., 243 East 39th, NYC 10016.

FOR THE COLLECTOR

OLD AND RARE MAPS AND PRINTS. Lists available based on your specific interests. Lawrence Lane, 1187-S. Dakota, North Brunswick, N.J. 08902.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIOFEEDBACK

ALPHAPHONE® headset—brainwave trainer. Free catalogue. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-C, Mendocino, Calif. 95460.

POSTCARD ALBUMS

BEAUTIFUL POSTCARD ALBUM—world's finest; holds 200 cards—$8.95 postfree. Satisfaction guaranteed. Writewell, 480 Transit Bldg., Boston 02115.

MEMO PADS

MATCH YOUR PERSONALITY to one of our 50 different exclusive personalized memo pad designs. Free catalogue, LEONARDO & MICHELANGELO, P.O. Box 24785 SR, Los Angeles 90024.

ART

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau, and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and master print supplement. (Mail $.25 for handling). Associated American Artists, Studio 9-B, 663 Fifth Avenut, NYC 10022.

GETTING STARTED in stained glass. $.50. Whittemore. Box 2065EG, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

LITERARY SERVICES

CREATIVE ASSISTANCE in speeches, articles, novels. Robert Hogrogian. (201) 489-0637.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, intellectual writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! RC Research, Box 147, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

WE INDEX business periodicals. Morse Index, Box 357, Soquel, Calif. 95073.

TYPING OF MANUSCRIPTS, large and small, any subject matter or length. Will do editing, rewrites, minor corrections. Free carbon copy. IBM Selectric (any type desired). Years experience. Accurate, reliable, quality work. Write: C. D. Paden, 53240 Placid Drive, South Bend, Ind. 46637. Or call: (219) 277-0860.

RESEARCH—SPECIALIST. R. Blumberg, One Rockefeller Plaza. (212) CI 6-6950.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Antioch Bookplate Co., Box 28B, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387. In Canada—Aleph Industries, Ltd., 4476 Chesswood, Downsview, Ont. M3J 2B9.

BOOKS

SAVE 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Readers' Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntington Valley, Pa. 19006.

30% DISCOUNT ON NEW BOOKS. Bookquick, B-3, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $1.00 for listing of 20,000 titles and prices. Editions, Box SW, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

GIANT FREE CATALOGUE. Nearly 4,500 scientific bargains. War surplus! Astronomical and spotting telescopes, binoculars, microscopes, magnifiers, lenses, prisms, project kits. Request Catalogue CR. Edmund Scientific Co., 300 Edscorp Building, Barrington, N.J. 08007.

SCHNEEMANN BOOKS, 5710 S. Dorchester, Chicago, Ill. 60637. Scholarly used books. Classified lists. Mail order only.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used, Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names and titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

BOOKS

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. Free catalogue. Write: Bookseller, 30-1 Chambers, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors in a complete, reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. WAK, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

PRIVATE COLLECTION—400 first editions—literary, others. Catalogue $2.00. Bayoff, 9618 Ingram, Livonia, Mich. 48150.

SWEETEN HOLIDAY GIVING! Bert Kruger Smith's gripping novel *"TEASPOON OF HONEY"* about Texan-transformed Russian Jew. $5.95. Autographed. Prepaid. Box 9116, Austin, Tex. 78766.

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC, 10021. Give French books as Christmas gifts. List sent on request.

J & S CATALOGUE 21. FIRST EDITIONS & RARE BOOKS. $3.50. Refundable. J & S Graphics, 1301 S. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60605.

HOW WERE SUCH UNPRECEDENTED abuses of presidential power possible? Read Vincent Ostrom's *The Intellectual Crisis in American Public Administration*. Paper $2.95 at your bookstore. University of Alabama Press, University, Ala. 35486.

GERMAN BOOKS AND CALENDARS mailed anywhere. Catalogue free. Gerard J. Fuchs, 2061 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10023.

SHAKESPEARE SCHOLARS—now available *SHAKESPEARE BOOKS IN PRINT* over 6,000 listings of currently available books written for, by and about The Bard. $3 postpaid from Bookstax of Britain Ltd., P.O. Box 708, Dept. SRW, East Hampton, N.Y. 11937.

PERIODICALS

THE ANTIOCH REVIEW. Critical and creative thought since 1941. A quarterly. $8/year, Box 1480, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and your satisfaction guaranteed! You name it—we find it. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, INC., Box 1-W, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

FREE QUOTES. Fair prices. Bookstock, Box 95S, Mendham, N.J. 07945.

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service if not in our large stock. Write: Q. M. Dabney & Co., Box 31061-W, Washington, D. C. 20031.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 636B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

COLOR SLIDES

ART—EDUCATIONAL—TRAVEL. 50,000 Individually sold. Samples—Listings $1.00. Visuals, 440 N.W. 130 Street, Miami, Fla. 33168.

MOTION PICTURE FILMS

SUPER 8MM, 16mm, 8mm silent and sound film classics. Free catalogue. NILES, 1141-SR Mishawaka, South Bend, Ind. 46615.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

THE HARPSICHORD quarterly. Definitive articles on buying, building, playing, tuning. Photographs. Drawings. Interviews. Letters. $8.00 annually (non-U.S. $9.00). Box 4323W. Denver Colo. 80204.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE. Quality instruments and kits: Dulcimers. Psalteries. Banjos, Thumb Pianos. HERE, Inc. #W, 410 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55040.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORD Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSI Sharon, Conn. 06069.

SABATHIL & SON Harpsichords, most beautif sound, great stability. Directly from maker, fro $1,195.00. Brochure $1.00. Dept. SR, 1084 Hom Street, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6B 2X4.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS, AND VI GINALS. Authentic classical designs for hon construction by the amateur builder. Write for fr brochure. Zuckermann Harpsichords Inc., Grand Street, P.O. Box 121, Stonington, Con 06378.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Hi torical replicas woodwinds, brass, strings. Lute gambas, harps, harpsichords. Dulcimers, kantele balalaikas, bouzoukis, fine guitars. Catalogue $1.0 refundable. Classical Instruments, Inc., Gatewa Building, New Orleans, La. 70130.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS-Professional instruments in kit form. Burton Jack (patented). Free brochure from Burton Harps chords, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222 W, Lincoln Nebr. 68501.

RECORDERS—FREE CATALOGUE. Recorder recorder music. Beginner's birchwood recorde Book $11.95. Amster Recorder Co., 1624-R Lavac Austin, Tex. 78701.

RECORDS AND TAPES

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 17C fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, classica romantic, and modern music. All stereo recording Highest quality at budget label prices. Availabl only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCI ETY, WM, Box 932, New York, N.Y. 10023.

BIG DISCOUNTS ON L.P.'s, cartridges, cassette "singles." Stereo and Quad, all labels, all artist No fees, no gimmicks. Same-day service, postpaic Send stamp for free details and Schwann Basi Record Library pamphlet listing 1000 pieces c classical music arranged by musical period an composer. Or, send $1.00 each (refundable) fo Schwann Record and Tape Guide; Harrison Tap Catalogue; or "Golden O'die" singles catalogu (listing over 5000 45 RPM's). DISCO-TAPE UN LIMITED, Mail Order Dept. SR, Box 817, LaPlace La. 70068.

GOURMET INTERESTS

TEA DEVOTEES savor world's rarest select teas Grace Tea Importers, Dept. WO11, 799 Broadway NYC, 10003. Free brochure.

VERMONT WOODCHUCK CHEESE. 3 lb. waxed wheel, moist, mellow year-old cheddar, $10.00 delivered in continental U.S.A. Mail check, list and card to Farmer Stevens, Box 561, Bellows Falls, Vt. 05101.

WILD RICE FANCY $4.00 pound prepaid. 5 pounc minimum. Eugene Floura, Blackduck, Minn. 56630.

SCHOOLS

PRIVATE SCHOOL PLACEMENT SERVICE. Student's individual requirements primary consideration. 163 High Street, Middletown, Conn. 06457. Telephone: (203) 346-5111.

THE VERSHIRE SCHOOL. Co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff backgrounds include Foreign Service, business, and Peace Corps. Blending Peace Corps approaches (field study Mexico and Europe), imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent thousand acres scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm outstanding education. S. Ingham, Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547.

HIGH MOWING SCHOOL co-ed, grades 9-12. College preparatory, Rudolf Steiner/Waldorf approach. Weaving, ceramics, organic gardening, animal care, auto mechanics, eurythmy, painting, drama, music, sculpture, driver ed., carpentry. Call/Write Mrs. Emmet, Wilton, N.H. 03086. (603) 654-2397.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS

EARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn panish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you ave the courage and stamina for intensive and isciplined study, then come for at least a month) CIDOC in Cuernavaca. One-time registration e $100.00. Weekly tuition $50.00. Participation in ther CIDOC events $3.00 weekly. For complete atalogue, write CIDOC, APDO, 479, Cuernavaca, lexico.

VOODSTOCK COUNTRY SCHOOL—a progres- ive, secondary, coeducational boarding school of bout 100 students, pioneer of the WOODSTOCK 'LAN of year-round, on-campus and off-campus erms. Founded in 1945 and located on a 300-acre 'ermont farm, the school offers a full elective aca- emic curriculum with special strengths in the hu- anities, arts, music, drama, the environmental and atural sciences, as well as opportunities for inde- endent study. Terms begin Jan. 5th, Mar. 30th, uly 1st and Sept. 21st. For further information rite or call: Robert C. Williams, Box S, Wood- tock Country School, South Woodstock, Vt. 05071. 802) 457-2670.

ALTERNATIVE SCHOOLS

OOKING FOR AN ALTERNATIVE? Join a losely-knit, coed, educational community (ages 17- 1) in the challenge of helping a growing farm hrough the winter. Beautiful setting on lake in ountains of central Vermont. Clarify personal alues in situation demanding individual initiative, ooperation with environment and peers. Farm/ ommunity chores: firewood, livestock, cooking.)pportunity for: gardening, forestry, studio arts & andicrafts, woodworking, carpentry, winter activi- ies, camping, maple-sugaring. Begins February 4th. A project of the Farm and Wilderness Foundation uided by Quaker ideals and leadership. John S. Clotz, Tamarack Farm Community, Plymouth, Vt. 5056.

CAMPS

SOUTHWESTERN EXPEDITIONS. Exploring nd observing in wilderness areas of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona, by young naturalists nd photographers. Base Camp. Resident archeolo- ist. Prairie Trek for boys (13-15); Turquoise Trail or girls (13-16); Little Outfit for boys (10-12). 6th year. Thomas M. Billings, Jr., Box 40451S, ndianapolis, Ind. 46240.

COLLEGES

ALTERNATIVE DOCTORAL PROGRAM for the full time professional. Individualized, self-paced, time-tailored, provocative programming. Prerequi- sites: M.A. + 16, 3 year's experience. Life experi- ence recognition. Write: Room S, Walden Univer- sity, Naples, Fla. 33940.

P-A-R-T-I-C-I-P-A-T-E in creating a work-study, world-study college community near San Francisco. Small. Co-ed. Residential. Undergraduate. Liberal Arts. Term's tuition $400. WORLD COLLEGE WEST, Box 3060 W, San Rafael, Calif. 94902.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for self-motivated adults. Two-week residencies in Vermont or Cali- fornia alternate with 6-month home study projects under faculty supervision leading to fully accred- ited B.A. Also unusual Residential, Graduate and Vermont teacher certification programs available. Approved for payment of Veteran's benefits. Write: Box S, A.D.P., Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt. 05667.

WORKSHOPS

PIAGETIAN THEORY: Helping Professions, Jan- uary 24. Monograph available. WPH600C, USC, L.A. 90007.

STUDIES ABROAD

SCHILLER COLLEGE EUROPE in Heidelberg, Strasbourg, Paris, London, Madrid. Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year and summer programs. American credit system. Also special programs: music, theatre, fine arts, religion, inter- national business administration, international rela- tions. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W 48th St., Oklahoma City, 73118. (405) 842-5979, or Admissions Office, Friedrich-Ebert-Anlage 4, 69 Heidelberg, Germany.

STUDIES ABROAD

FILM-PHOTOGRAPHY-VIDEO, PRAESTE- GAARD, a school, community & residential work- shop. Complete living and working facilities, sum- mer & winter semesters. Write: David Nelson, Director, Praestegaard, Kettrup pr. 9690 Fjerrit- slev, Denmark.

PHOTOGRAPHY, Aikido, Mime, Yoga. Write: YGGDRASIL, Torupvej 31, 8771 Hundslund, Den- mark.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—a 2-year American liberal arts University in Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum. Ameri- can faculty, dormitory boarding, Fall-Spring se- mesters. Write: Columbus International College, Avenida Victoria, 43, Seville, Spain.

UNIQUE COLLEGE IN MEXICO? Instituto Al- lende offers full undergraduate, graduate and serious non-credit program in English, specializing in arts, crafts, writing. Spanish and social studies. U. S. Office of Education and V. A. approval. Perpetual sunshine, inexpensive living. Mexico's most beauti- ful colonial town. Free illustrated prospectus. In- stitute Allende, Box A, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY, FRANCE, SPAIN, ENGLAND. See Schiller College Europe under "Studies Abroad". High School, undergraduate and graduate programs.

STUDENT TRAVEL

A GREAT SUMMER ABROAD—for young peo- ple 14-21. Live with a foreign family! Learn their language. See their country. College credit avail- able. Expert group leadership. Our world-wide or- ganization specializes in foreign homestays and travel. Write (stating age) for free information. The EXPERIMENT in International Living, 1 Kipling Road, Brattleboro, Vt. 05301.

VACATIONS

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33577.

PARADOR MARTORELL, family inn by world famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

VACATIONS

ANTIGUA, W.I. Falmouth Harbor. Studio Apart- ments. Maid and shopping service. Private Beach. Swimming, Fishing, Sailing. Boats and equipment gratis. Write for color brochure. Hancarib Ltd., 770 Welch Rd., Palo Alto, Calif. 94304. Phone (415) 325-5627. Rep: Howe, (212) 535-9530, N. Y. State. Toll free nation-wide (800) 223-5581.

TENNIS—FLORIDA KEYS: Excellent coaching. Quiet surroundings. Hawthorne Bissell, Pro. (305) 664-4884.

RETREAT—to the winter beach at Montauk—greet the dawn when the sun's first faint rays transform the sea and sand into sparkling jewels. Listen to the endless rumbling of the surf heralding the majesty of nature and the insignificance of man. Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn—A responsive on-premise ownership management—GURNEY'S INN—Ocean- front Resort Complex and Conference Center—1000' of the World's finest beach—Montauk, Long Island —Planet Earth—U.S.A.—(516) 668-2345—Open All Year—AAA "Excellent"—★★★★ Mobil Travel Guide.

UNSPOILED ST. VINCENT. Inexpensive, fine cui- sine, friendly staff, country charm, excellent swim- ming beach. Pool. $15. PP two meals daily until Jan. 16th, $22.50 until April 1st. SUGAR MILL INN, P. O. Box 119, St. Vincent, W. I.

PUERTO RICO, COSTA AZUL AT LUQUILLO. Have your own house and yard and enjoy the world's greatest beaches. 3 bedrooms. For rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 East 78th Street, New York City 10021 (212) 879-8870.

SKI! ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND, Jan. 31st; ASPEN, Feb. 22nd. First class accommodations. International night life. Regularly scheduled flights. Complete packages. Le Ski Club. (212) 533-8462. NYC.

ESCAPE to a thrifty vacation under the Florida sun. A warm "New England style" inn. American Plan. Two heated pools, shuffleboard, putting, lawn bowling, boating. Championship golf nearby. One hour to Disney World. For brochure, rates write: Richard Edgerton. President, Lakeside Inn, Mount Dora. Fla. 32757. (904) 383-2151.

DISCOVER YOURSELF—enjoy remote, beautiful beaches; delicious food and time for thinking and dreaming. La Casa del Francés, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. Toll free: (800) 241-5054.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, boating, skindiving, tennis, birdwatching, loafing. Congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Box 633, Islamorada, Fla. 33036. Phone (305) 664-2811.

Mail All Replies To SR/W Box Numbers To: 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Saturday Review/World—Change of Address Form

If you are going to move, please use this form and advise SR/World 60 days in advance. Both old and new address must be given. Enclose mailing label which gives full information and enables the Subscription Department to put the change into effect quickly. Many thanks.

PLEASE PRINT

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

NEW ADDRESS

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

OLD ADDRESS

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Mail to: **Saturday Review/World, P.O. Box 2043, Rock Island, Ill. 61206**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

CARIBEPLAYA. Patillas, Puerto Rico is enjoyed by everyone. TRULY REMARKABLE! (Efficiencies).

VILLAWORLD—Luxurious, personal, villa vacations. MEXICO, CARIBBEAN. Brochure available. Call: (212) 867-7586.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE—motel rooms, efficiencies, endless beach, pool. Write: Rod and Ruth Happel, Caribe Adventure Inn, Box 158S, Sanibel Island, Fla. 33957.

TRAVEL

THIS AD + $9.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$14.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

PROMINENT SCIENTISTS NEED YOUR HELP IN THE FIELD. Work and learn on scientific research expeditions throughout the world under the personal supervision of distinguished international scientists. Expedition fees (excluding air fare) from $390.00. For catalogue, write: Educational Expeditions International, 68 Leonard Street, Dept. SR10, Belmont, Mass. 02178.

WORLD-WIDE TOUR, hearty individuals. Men and women, for round-the-world tour in DC-3. Circumnavigation package and details. Please send $1.00 to Q.V.F.A., Box 336, Vista, Calif. 92083.

WORLDWIDE NATURE TOURS allow you to experience first-hand the natural history of 34 areas, with the guidance of a naturalist. All-inclusive tours from 8 to 36 days to all parts of the world including the U.S. Explore in depth new and exciting places: great for birders, photographers, and the nature-oriented traveler. Write *today* for our 1975 Directory. QUESTERS TOURS, Dept. SRW, 257 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010. (212) 673-3120.

MEDITERRANEAN MAJORCA—I'll help you find tranquil permanent/temporary island home. Davis, Fornalutx, Majorca, Spain.

SAN FRANCISCO on $5.00 a day including MEALS! Unique residence club beats the high cost of living. The Harcourt, 1105 Larkin St. 94109, (415) 673-7720.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE, $1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLTips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

CONFERENCE CENTERS

IF I WERE A MANUFACTURER, I would assemble a group of my top people and organize a conference at Gurney's Inn where they could observe how professionals create the proper quality control to guarantee optimum production. Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn—A responsive on-premise ownership management—Gurney's Inn—Ocean-front Resort Complex and Conference Center—1,000' of the World's finest beach—Montauk, Long Island—Planet Earth—U.S.A.—(516)-668-2345—Open All Year—AAA Excellent—★★★★ Mobil Guide.

SCHOOLS, FAMILIES, BUSINESSES, come in groups of 10-200 to confer, recreate. Air-conditioned and winterized conference rooms, theatre, sleeping facilities, sports. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 30, N.J. 08318. Phone for reservation (609) 358-2472.

REAL ESTATE

A HOME doesn't have to be a house. Read *47 CREATIVE HOMES THAT STARTED AS BARGAIN BUILDINGS.* Take a white elephant—barn, church, windmill, railroad station, or even a hot dog stand—and turn it into what you've always wanted, inexpensively. 400 photographs, floor plans, site drawings, and charts. By Jean & Cle Kinney, $10.00. At your book-seller or direct from FUNK & WAGNALLS, Dept. MTSR, 666 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR SALE

LAKE ATITLAN, large house, 2 bedrooms, baths, living, kitchen, terrace, workshop, approximately half acre, excellent climate—$35,000. Traiber, Panajachel, Guatemala.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR RENT

FURNISHED/UNFURNISHED

CUERNAVACA, MEXICO. Beautiful house for rent, heated pool, apartado 938.

COLORADO SKI CABIN—7 miles from Purgatory ski area. 22 miles north of Durango. Sleeps 5, 2 full bathrooms, fireplace, complete kitchen. Indicate dates preferred. Write: Jack M. Doyle Advertising, Inc., 305 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. 40202. Phone (502) 583-3816.

ST. MAARTEN—Spacious home on coral bank *overlooking Caribbean. Elegantly furnished. Maid* service. (301) 933-7317.

SAN MIGUEL ALLENDE, MEXICO. Graciously furnished Colonial, perfect location, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. $400. monthly includes superb cook. (213) 454-1166.

LOWER KEYS, FLORIDA. Owner's serene, ocean-side, furnished cottage. Available March-April, $425 monthly. SR/W Box 882.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 350 Broadway, New York 10013.

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home SR/W Box 635.

VACATIONS RENT-FREE through home/hospitality exchanges. Write: Your Personal Invitation, Dept. SRN, 485 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

FOR RENT

FURNISHED/UNFURNISHED

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

RETIREMENT

HISTORIC ST. AUGUSTINE: Relax in quiet comfort at St. Francis Inn (A.D. 1791). Housekeeping apartments and single units for retired persons in the beautiful Historic Area. 279 St. George Street, St. Augustine, Fla. 32084.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide". . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $1.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 6588-MT, Washington, D.C. 20009.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT . . . Europe, Australia, South America, Asia! All occupations! $700.00-$4,000.00 monthly! Employment International, Box 217-MV, Cumberland, Ind. 46229.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!!! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

1,000 EUROPE JOBS WITH THE WORLD TRAVEL CENTER. (18 plus, experienced, inexperienced, all professions, seasonal and regular jobs). 609 Fifth Avenue, Dept. S, New York City 10017. Send $1.00 for full information on our unique services!

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIA. Authentic information is free available WITHOUT CHARGE from the Austr lian Embassy in Washington D.C. (202) 797-30(and the Australian Consulate-General in New Yc (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, L Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-17-

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, 103 countries, occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax ber fits, latest computerized reports—$2.00. TRAN WORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, L Angeles, Calif. 90009.

AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES—50,000 Jot Paid Transportation! Complete Kit of 7 bookle covering employment, business, land, farming, ed cation, teaching . . . plus map, forms . . . or $3.00. INTERNATIONAL SERVICES, Box 2919 MV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

ALASKA PIPELINE JOBS. . . . Free Detai Wages, contractors, how to apply. Newzco, B 444-S, National City, Calif. 92050.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES—Now availabl Free transportation! Complete information . . . pl Directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worl wide . . . all occupations. Send $2.00. Internation Opportunities, Box 29232-MT, Indianapolis, In 46229.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—private indepe dent schools, all states; public schools, northeaste states; experienced, beginners with real potentia all levels; especially sciences, math, languages, a ministrators, business managers, fund raiser nurses; free booklet. SCHOOL SERVICE BU REAU, Box 278N, Windsor, Conn. 06095.

TEACHERS — ADMINISTRATORS. Curre school, college openings list in U.S. $5.00; abro $5.00. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.00; fo eign $4.00. EIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford A sociates. Box 225W, Springfield, Va. 22150.

ACADEMIC JOURNAL—Teacher's employmer magazine. Job clearing house, all levels. Details Education Exchange, Box 392S, Newtown, Con 06470.

FRIENDSHIP. Desire capable, attractive perso in her prime to make her home with me (countr Connecticut) and help recovery of my invali partneress. Very interesting arrangement availabl Please give full particulars. SR/W Box 883.

TEACHERS-MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. 9 Woodchester, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

SITUATIONS WANTED

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE. Lady. Foreign lar guages, varied experience: Teaching, radio, office SR/W Box 881.

GAL, 23, bilingual. French, Sorbonne, seeks pos translating, interpreting. VKZ, 1000 Oakton, Par Ridge, Ill. 60068.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—business of your own, or full- or part-time money making opportunities? Find out what's available Send name for FREE 5-month subscription t Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 282, 146 Hancock Center, Chicago 60611.

HOW TO make money writing short paragraphs Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-310-T, 6216 N Clark, Chicago 60660.

INFLATION-BUSTING PROGRAM!! Your prin cipal is safeguarded, high earnings, guaranteed mini mum! Free details. Send long, stamped self addressed envelope: Caravan Classics, 3315-S Wis consin, Wash., D.C. 20016.

FREE BOOK describing book "999 Successful Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth QEN, Box 1056, Weston, Conn. 06880.

SAVE A TREE. Microform publications can save thousands, offer many opportunities to concerned individuals. Informative newsletter, $1. Microform, Box 929 S, Estes Park, Colo. 80517.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRIDAY NIGHT IS NOW VEGASNITE *

DIRECT FROM LAS VEGAS EACH FRIDAY

The best of the world's greatest entertainers appearing in the world's most glamorous city.

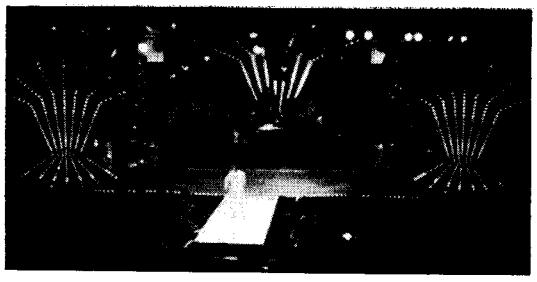
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A GREAT NEW PLUS TO THE NUMBER ONE NATIONALLY SYNDICATED TALK-VARIETY SHOW.**

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

And the nation's number one talk-service-variety show, winner of three Emmy awards as voted by The National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. ★

THE MERV GRIFFIN SHOW



MM
METROMEDIA TELEVISION
THE PROGRAMMING INNOVATORS

KTTV11 Los Angeles
WNEW TV5 New York
WTTG5 Washington, D.C.
KMBC TV9 Kansas City
WTCN-TV11 Minneapolis/St. Paul
WXIX-TV19 Newport-Cincinnati

Represented by Metro TV Sales

★ **EMMY FOR BEST Talk/Service/Variety Show (Producer Bob Murphy)**
EMMY FOR BEST Writing for a Talk/Service/Variety Show (Tony Garofalo, Bob Murphy, Merv Griffin)
EMMY FOR BEST Director of Talk/Service/Variety Show (Dick Carson)

* MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY ARE MERVNITES

Direct from Hollywood Palace the entertainment capitol's most articulate and talented stars.

**SOURCE:
NSI Report on Syndicated Programs 4 week period ending November 21, 1973, and 4 week period ending May 29, 1974. Subject to qualifications available on request.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

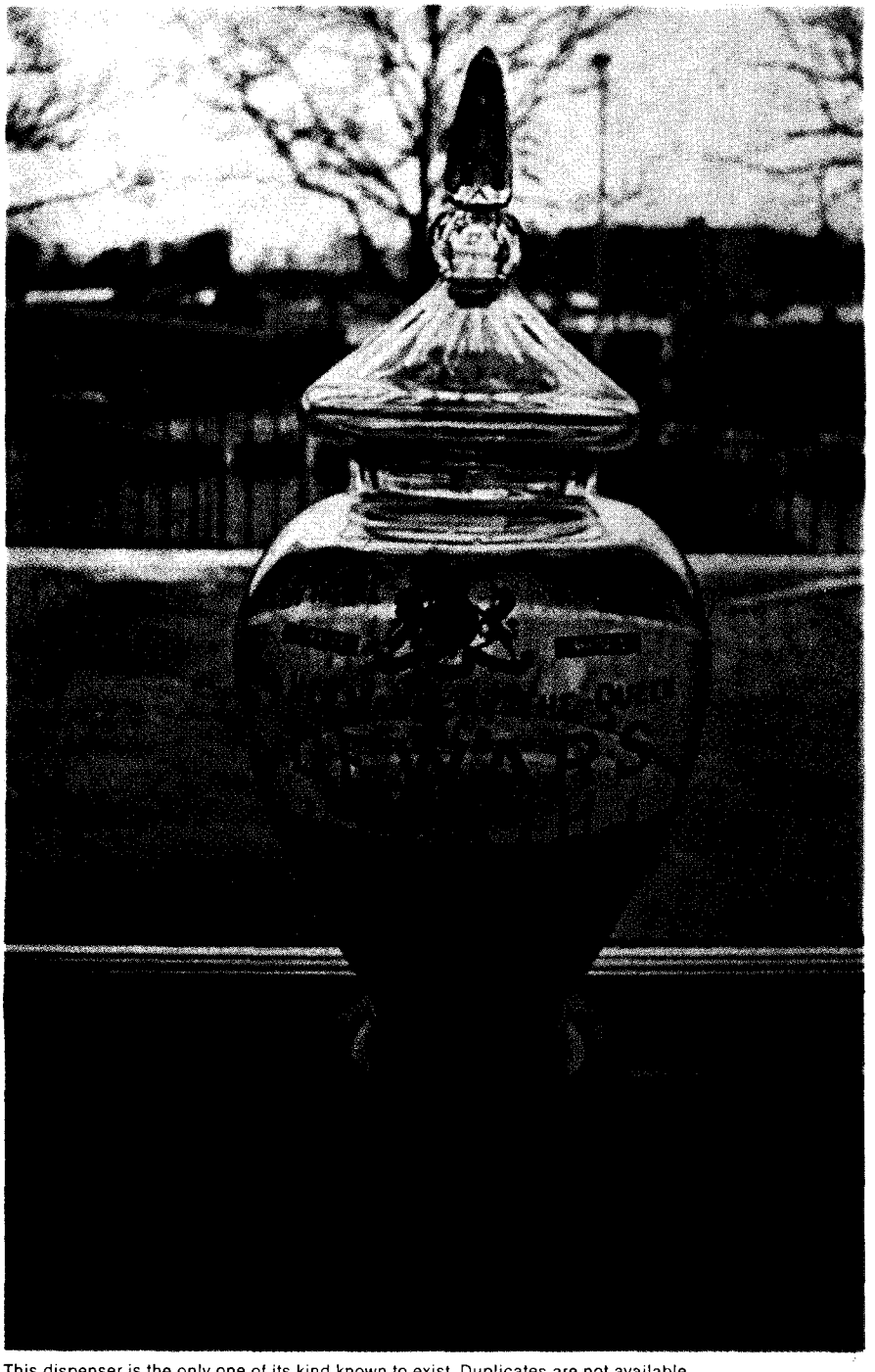
They don't change things much in Perth.

A hundred years ago a guest at the Royal George tavern would sit in this window and watch the ancient river flow by the ancient city. He would also see a large crystal dispenser. It contained a fine Scotch whisky that was famous even then.

The guest today sees nothing very different. And he too enjoys a drop of the same grand whisky dispensed from the same generous container.

They don't change things much in Perth. Especially their whisky. They see no reason to.

DEWAR'S®
"White Label"®
Dewar's never varies.



This dispenser is the only one of its kind known to exist. Duplicates are not available.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Authentic.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

READER'S DIGEST ONLINE INC.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED